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THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

ROBERT BURNS;

WITH HIS LIFE.

ORNAMENTED WITH

ENGRAVINGS ON WOOD BY MR. BEWICK,

FROM ORIGINAL DESIGNS BY MR THURSTON.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

ALNWICK:

Printed by Catnach and Davison.

SOLD BY THE BOOKSELLERS IN ENGLAND, SCOTLAND, AND IRELAND.

1808.

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DEDICATION.

TO THE

NOBLEMEN AND GENTLEMEN

OF THE

CALEDONIAN HUNT.

My Lords and Gentlemen,

A Scottish Bard, proud of the name, and whose highest ambition is to sing in his Country's service, where shall he so properly look for patronage as to the illustrious names of his native Land; those who bear the honours and inherit the virtues of their Ancestors? The Poetic Genius of my Country found me, as the prophetic bard Elijah did Elisha—at the plough; and threw her inspiring mantle over me. She bad me sing the loves the joys, the rural scenes and rural pleasures of my natal soil, in my native tongue: I tuned my wild, artless notes, as she inspired.—She whispered me to come to this ancient Metropolis of Caledonia, and lay my Songs under your honoured protection: I now obey her dictates.

Though much indebted to your goodness, I do not approach you, my Lords and Gentlemen, in the usual style of dedication, to thank you for past favours; that path is so hackneyed by prostituted learning, that honest rusticity is ashamed of it. Nor do I present this Address with the venal soul of a servile Author, looking for a continuation of those favours: I was bred to the Plough, and am independent. I come to claim the common Scottish name with you, my illustrious Countrymen; and to tell the world that I glory in the title. I come to congratulate my Country, that the blood of her ancient heroes still runs uncontaminated; and that from your courage, knowledge, and public spirit, she may expect protection, wealth, and liberty. In the last place, I come to proffer my warmest wishes to the Great Fountain of Honour, the Monarch of the Universe, for your welfare and happiness.

When you go forth to waken the Echoes, in the ancient and favourite amusement of your Forefathers, may Pleasure ever be of your party; and may Social Joy await your return: When harassed in courts or camps with the jostlings of bad men and bad measures, may the honest consciousness of injured worth attend your return to your native Seats; and may Domestic Happiness,

with a smiling welcome, meet you at your gates! May corruption shrink at your kindling indignant glance; and may tyranny in the Ruler, and licentiousness in the People, equally find you an inexorable foe!

I have the honour to be,
With the sincerest gratitude,
and highest respect,
My Lords and Gentlemen,
Your most devoted humble servant,

ROBERT BURNS.

EDINBURGH,
April 4, 1787.

THE

LIFE AND CHARACTER

OF

ROBERT BURNS.

LIFE

OF

ROBERT BURNS.

THIS celebrated Bard, was born on the 29th of January 1759, on the banks of the Doon, about two miles from Ayr, near to which stand the ruins of Alloway Kirk, rendered immortal by his admirable Tale of "Tam o'Shanter."

His Father, William Burns, was a farmer in Ayrshire, a man of very respectable character, and of more than ordinary information and capacity. It is stated by Burns, that to his father's observations and experience, he was indebted for most of his little pretensions to wisdom. From such a son this eulogium cannot be thought undeserving. In 1757, he married Agnes Brown. Our poet was the first fruit of this union. He was sent to school when about six years old, where he was taught to read English and write a little; and so great was his progress, that he became a critic in English Grammar at the age of eleven, and was also remarkable for the correctness of his pronunciation. His rudiments of arithmetic he got from his father in the winter evenings. He says of himself, in his letter to Dr. Moore "At those years I was by no means a favourite with

any body. I was a good deal noted for a retentive memory, a stubborn, sturdy something in my disposition, and an enthusiastic, ideot piety; I say, ideot piety, because I was then but a child. Though it cost the schoolmaster some threshings, I made an excellent English scholar; and by the time I was ten or eleven years of age, I was a critic in substantives, verbs, and participles. In my infant and boyish days too, I owed much to an old woman who resided in the family, remarkable for her ignorance, credulity, and superstition. She had, I suppose, the largest collection in the country, of tales and songs concerning devils, ghosts, faries, brownies, witches, warlocks, spunkies, kelpies, elf-candles, dead-lights, wraiths, apparations, cantraips, giants, enchanted towers, dragons, and other trumpery. This cultivated the latent seeds of poetry; but had so strong an effect on my imagination, that to this hour, in my nocturnal rambles, I sometimes keep a sharp look out in suspicious places; and though nobody can be more sceptical than I am in such matters, yet it often takes an effort of philosophy to shake of these idle terrors."

Before he was nine years of age, he had acquired a strong propensity for reading, which, however, was greatly checked by his want of access to books. He read the life of Hannibal through with great avidity and devoured every other book that came in his

way, with an eagerness truly astonishing. Even at this early period, his sensibility was extraordinary; yet he had not discovered any signs of that striking ready wit, for which he was afterwards remarkable, nor betrayed the smallest symptom of his inclination to music and poetry. Mr. Murdoch, to whom our Poet was indebted for the rudiments of his education, remarks, that "Gilbert, (his brother) always appeared to me to possess a more lively imagination, and to be more of the wit than Robert. I attempted to teach them a little church music. Here they were left far behind by all the rest of the school. Robert's ear, in particular, was remarkably dull, and his voice untunable. It was long before I could get him to distinguish one tune from another. Robert's face was generally grave, and expressive of a serious, contemplative, and thoughtful mind. Gilbert's face said, "Mirth, with thee I mean to live!" and certainly, if any person who knew the two boys, had been asked which of them was the most likely to court the Muses, he would surely never have supposed that Robert had a propensity of that kind." From this gentleman he likewise got a little smattering of French, of which he was very fond. He was now so far grounded in his education, that after Mr. Murdoch left that part of the country, he, at his leisure hours, undertook instructing his younger

brothers and sisters at home, in what he had himself acquired.

At whitsunday 1766, our poet's father, who for eight years had acted as gardener and overseer to Mr. Ferguson of Denholm, obtained from that gentleman a lease of the small farm of Mount Oliphant in Ayrshire, as an acknowledgement for his faithful services. He also advanced 100l. to enable him to stock his farm, Here he continued to struggle for the support, of his family, which consisted of a wife and six children, for the space of eleven years. The soil of this farm was extremely barren. This, with the loss of cattle and other accidents, involved them in many difficulties. To combat these, the whole family observed the most rigid economy, abstaining from butcher-meat for years together, and toiling early and late. However, notwithstanding of all their joint exertions, it proved a ruinous concern. To add to their misfortunes, their patron and friend Mr Ferguson died, and they fell into the hands of a merciles factor, whose picture is so ably drawn in the tale of the "Twa Dogs."

The first circumstance which induced our Poet to string his lyre, and taught him to warble "wood notes wild," at the age of fifteen, is extremely interesting "This kind of life (says he in his letter to Dr. Moore,) the cheerless gloom of a hermit, with the unceasing moil of a galley-slave, brought

me to my sixteenth year; a little before which period I first committed the sin of Rhyme. You know our country custom of coupling a man and woman together, as partners in the labours of harvest. In my fifteenth autumn, my partner was a bewitching creature, a year younger than myself. My scarcity of English denies me the power of doing her justice in that language; but you know the Scottish idiom; 'she was a bonnie, sweet sonsie, lass.' In short, she, altogether, unwittingly to herself, initiated me in that delicious passion, which, in spite of acid disappointment, gallhorse prudence, and luke-warm philosophy, I hold to be the first of human joys, our dearest blessing here below. Indeed, I did not know myself why I liked so much to loiter behind with her, when returning in the evening from our labours; why the tones of her voice made my heart-strings thrill, like an Æolian harp; and particularly, why my pulse beat such a furious rattan, when I looked and fingered over her little hand to pick out the cruel nettle-stings and thistles.

"Thus, with me began love and poetry; which at times have been my only, and till within the last twelve months, have been my highest enjoyment.

"It is during the time that we have lived on this farm that my little story is most eventful. I was, at the beginning of this period, perhaps the most ungainly awkward boy in the parish. No solitaire

was less acquainted with the ways of the world. What I knew of ancient story was gathered from Salmon's and Guthrie's Geographical Grammars; and the ideas I had formed of modern manners, of literature, and criticism, I got from the Spectator. A collection of songs was my vade mecum. I pored over them driving my cart, or walking to labour, song by song, verse by verse; carefully noting the true tender, or sublime, from affectation and fustian. I am convinced I owe to this practice much of my critic-craft, such as it is.

"In my seventeenth year, to give my manners a brush, I went to a country dancing-school. My father had an unaccountable antipathy against these meetings, and my going was, what to this moment I repent, in opposition to his wishes. My father was subject to strong passions; from that instance of disobedience in me, he took a dislike to me, which I believe was one cause of the dissipation which, marked my succeeding years. I say dissipation, comparitively with the strictness, and sobriety, and regularity of presbyterian country life; for though the ill-o-wisp meteors of thoughtless whim were almost the sole lights of my path, yet early engrained piety and virtue kept me several years afterwards within the line of innocence. The ea[illegible] of my life was to [illegible] an aim. I felt early stirrings of ambition, but they were

the blind gropings of Homer's Cyclops round the walls of his cave. I saw my father's situation entailed on me perpetual labour. The only two openings by which I could enter the temple of fortune, was the gate of niggardly economy, or the path of little chicaning bargain-making; the first is so contracted an aperture, I never could squeeze myself into it; the last I always hated. There was contamination in the very entrance. Thus abandoned of aim, or view in life, with a strong appetite for sociability, as well from native hiliarity, as from a pride of observation and remark; a constitutional melancholy or hypochondriasm that made me fly solitude; add to these incentives to social life, my reputation for bookish knowledge, a certain wild logical talent and strength of thought something like the rudiments of good sense, and it will not seem surprising that I was generally a welcome guest where I visited, or any great wonder that always where two or three met together, there was I among them. But far beyond all other impulses of my heart, was *unpecchant a l'adorable moitiee du genre humain*. My heart was completely tinder, and was eternally lighted up by some goddess or other; and as, in every other warfare in this world, my fortune was various, sometimes I was recieved with favour, and sometimes I was mortified with a repulse. At the

plough, scythe, or reap-hook, I feared no competitor, and thus I set absolute want at defiance; and as I never cared farther for my labours than while I was in actual exercise, I spent the evenings in the way after my own heart. A country lad seldom carries on a love adventure without an assisting confidant. I possessed a curiosity, zeal, and intrepid dexterity, that recommended me as a proper second on these occasions; and, I dare say, I felt as much pleasure in being in the secret of half the loves of the parish of Tarbolton, as ever did statesmen in knowing the intrigues of half the courts of Europe. The very goose-feather in my hand, seems to know instinctively the well-worn path of my imagination, the favourite theme of my song; and is with difficulty restrained from giving you a couple of paragraphs on the love-adventures of my compeers, the humble inmates of the farm-house and cottage: but the grave sons of science, ambition, or avarice, baptize these things by the name of Follies."

At Whitsunday 1777, William Burns removed from Mount Oliphant to the farm of Lochlea, in the parish of Tarbolton. Here he and his family resided nearly seven years. During the whole of this period our poet continued to assist his father in the most laborious operations of the farm, in which, says his brother, he excelled all competitors. The lease, however, not being extended on stamp-paper,

some misunderstanding arose about the conditions, which were submitted to arbitration. The decision involved his father's affairs in ruin. His health, which had long been on the decline, from the joint effects of hard labour, poverty, and sorrow, now sunk under the pressure. "My father," says Robbert, "was just saved from the horrors of a jail, by a consumption, which, after two years promises, kindly stepped in, and carried him away, 'to where the wicked cease from troubling, and where the weary are at rest."

About a twelvemonth previous to the death of his father, Burns, who had then attained his twenty-fourth year, became anxious to be fixed in a situation to enable him to marry. His brother Gilbert and he, had for several years held a small portion of land from their father, on which they chiefly raised flax. In disposing of the produce of their labours, our Author took it into his head to commence flax-dresser. "My twenty-third year (says he) was to me an important æra. Partly through whim, and partly that I wished to set about doing something in life, I joined a flax-dresser in a neighbouring town, to learn his trade. This was an unlucky affair. My ***, and to finish the whole, as we were giving a welcoming carousal to the new year, the shop took fire and burnt to ashes, and I was left, like a true poet, not worth a sixpence." This,

combined with a disappointment in an attachment he had formed with a young woman, (who, in his letter to Dr. Moore, he says, "had jilted him, with peculiar circumstances of mortification,") threw him almost into a state of despair, which shawdowed with a gloomy despondency a considerable period of his life, and induced him, in a strongly expressive letter to his father, to declare his weariness of life, and occasioned many errors in his future conduct, by forcing him to seek refuge from the keenness of his feelings, in company that he should have avoided, to indulge in excesses which he detested, and to plunge into the pollution of inebriation, "over which (Dr Currie observes,) humanity and delicacy draw the veil."

This complaint of "melancholy." or "low spirits," often induced him to retire from his companions, to indulge in solitary walks, and to bury himself in the recesses of his native woods—or "to ascend some eminence during the agitations of nature, to stride along its summit while the lightnings flashed around him; and amidst the howlings of the tempest, to apostrophise the spirit of the storm."

"Though when young, (says his brother Gilbert,) he was bashful and awkward in his intercourse with women, yet when he approached manhood, his attachment to their society became very strong, and he was constantly the victim of some fair enslaver.—

The symptoms of his passion were often such as nearly to equal those of the celebrated Sappho. I never indeed knew that he 'fainted, sunk, and died away,' but the agitations of his mind and body exceeded any thing of the kind I ever knew in real life. He had always a particular jealousy of people who were richer than himself, or who had more consequence in life. His love, therefore, rarely settled on persons of this description. When he selected any one out of the sovereignity of his good pleasure, to whom he should pay his particular attention, she was instantly invested with a sufficient stock of charms, out of the plentiful store of his own imagination; and there was often a great dissimilitude between his fair captivator, as she appeared to others, and as she seemed when invested with the attributes he gave her. One generally reigned paramount in his affections."

In Irvine the first seeds were sown of his future irregularity in life. Here he became acquainted with several freethinking, and as they termed themselves, liberal-minded companions, whose manner of life was quite the reverse of what he had hitherto been accustomed to. Here also he was entered a Free-Mason, which first introduced him to the life of a boon companion. Yet, notwithstanding all this, so frugal was he, for a considerable time afterwards that his brother affirms, he had never seen him

intoxicated; but, on the contrary, gives a striking proof of his general sobriety. During the whole time they lived with their father in the farm of Lochlea, he and his brother were allowed the common wages for their labour, in part of which, all the articles of cloathing manufactured in the family were included and accounted for. Immediately before the death of their father, they took the farm of Mossgiel, consisting of 118 acres, at 90l. per annum It was stocked by the property and individual savings of the whole family, and was a joint concern. The allowance to the two brothers was 7l. per annum each, and for four years at this time, as well as during the period of seven years residence with his father at Lochlea, his expenditure never in any year exceeded his income. His temperance and frugality were every thing that could be wished.

"I entered on this farm, says our Author in his letter to Dr. Moore, "with a full resolution, come, go to, I will be wise! I read farming books; I calculated crops; I attended markets; and in short, In spite of the devil, and the world, and the flesh, I believe I should have been, a wise man; but the first year, from unfortunately buying bad seed, the second from a late harvest, we lost half our crops. This overset all my wisdom, and I returned, like the dog to his vomit, and the sow that was washen, to her wallowing in the mire."

It was about this time that he formed the connection with Miss Jean Armour, afterwards Mrs. Burns. When the effects of this intimacy could no longer be concealed, our Poet, in order to screen his partner from the consequences of their imprudence, agreed to make a written acknowledgment of their marriage, and then endeavour to push his fortune in Jamaica, till Providence enabled him to support a family comfortably. This was, however, strenuously opposed by her relations; and her father, with whom she was a great favourite, advised her to renounce every idea of such an union, conceiving that a husband in Jamaica was little better than none. She was therefore prevailed on to cancel the papers, and thus render the marriage null and void. When this was mentioned to Burns, he was in a state bordering on distraction. He offered to stay at home, and provide for his family in the best manner possible; but even this was rejected. He then agreed with a Dr. Douglas to go to Jamaica, as an assistant overseer or clerk, and made every preperation to cross the Atlantic.

In the interim, urged by the solicitations of Mr. Gavin Hamilton (the gentleman to whom they were dedicated) and some other friends, he resolved to print his Poems at Kilmarnock by subscription. The event answered his higest expectations: what these expectations were, may be learnt from the let-

ter to Dr. Moore, already quoted. 'To know myself, (says he) had been all along my constant study. I weighed myself alone; I balanced myself with others; I watched every means of information, to see how much ground I occupied as a man and as a poet; I studied assiduously nature's design in my formation; where the lights and shades in my character were intended. I was pretty confident my poems would meet with some applause; but at the worst, the roar of the Atlantic would deafen the voice of censure; and the novelty of West Indian scenes make me forget neglect."—"My vanity was highly gratified by the reception I met with from the public; and besides I pocketed, all expences deducted, nearly 20l. This sum came very seasonably, as I was thinking of indenting myself, for want of money to procure my passage. As soon as I was master of nine guineas, the price of wafting me to the torrid zone, I took a steerage passage in the first ship that was to sail from the Clyde; for

"*Hungry ruin had me in the wind.*"

"I had been for some days sculking from covert to covert, under all the terrors of a jail; as some ill-advised people had uncoupled the merciless pack of the law at my heels. I had taken the last farewell of my friends; my chest was on the road to

Greenock; I had composed the last song I should ever measure in Caledonia, "The gloomy night is gathering fast," when a letter from Dr. Blacklock to a friend of mine, overthrew all my schemes, by opening new prospects to my poetic ambition. The Doctor belonged to a set of critics, for whose applause I had not dared to hope. His opinion, that I would meet with encouragement in Edinburgh for a second edition, fired me so much, that away I posted for that city, without a single acquaintance, or a single letter of introduction."

Burns arrived at Edinburgh early in December 1786. His fame had reached the metropolis before him, and he was caressed by every one into whose society he was introduced. He immediately began to prepare his poems for a second edition, which was to be considerably improved and enlarged. At this time, it might with justice be said, that "he was steeped in poverty to the very lips." The following circumstance which occurred only two months after his arrival, will therefore do him the more honour. Hitherto no public mark of attention had ever been paid to the memory of the young unfortunate Fergusson, whose poetical abilities will never cease to be the theme of admiration, while a spark of true taste remains. Fired with just indignation at this national neglect, Burns addressed the following letter to

the magistrates of Canongate, of the date 6th February 1787.——"Gentlemen, I am sorry to be told that the remains of Robert Fergusson, the so justly celebrated poet, a man whose talents for ages to come will do honour to our Caledonian name, lie in your church-yard among the ignoble dead, unnoticed and unknown. Some memorial to direct the steps of the lovers of Scottish song, when they wish to shed a tear over the 'narrow house' of the bard who is no more, is surely a tribute due to Fergusson's memory: a tribute I wish to have the honour of paying. I petition you then, gentlemen, to permit me to lay a simple stone over his revered ashes, to remain an unalienable property to his deathless fame."

On the 26th of the same month, Burns having got the required permission, he caused a head-stone to be erected, at his sole expence, with the following inscription:—

"Here lies ROBERT FERGUSSON, Poet.
Born, September 5th, 1751——Died, 16th October
1774.

No sculptur'd marble here, nor pompous lay,
'No storied urn nor animated bust;'
This simple stone directs pale Scotia's way
To pour her sorrows o'er her Poet's dust."

The following effusion of Burns, on this occasion, does honour to his feelings: "Poor Fergusson! If there is a life beyond the grave, which I trust there is; and if there be a good God presiding over all nature, which I am sure there is; thou art now enjoying existence in a glorious world, where worth of the heart alone is distinction in the man; where riches, deprived of all their pleasure-purchasing powers, return to their native sordid matter; where titles and honours are disregarded reveries of an idle dream; and where that heavy virtue, which is the negative consequence of steady dullness, and those thoughtless, though often destructive follies, which are the unavoidable aberrations of frail human nature, will be thrown into equal oblivion as if they had never been!"

On Wednesday the 22d of April 1787, the second edition made its public appearance. The fame of our Poet, which had hitherto begun to dawn, now burst forth in meridian splendor. From the palace to the cottage, nothing was heard but his praises; his company was universally courted, and every person vied with another in rendering him civilities.

"The attention (says Professor Stewart,) which he received during his stay in town, from all ranks and descriptions of persons, were such as would have turned any head but his own. I cannot say that I

could perceive any unfavourable effect that they left on his mind. He retained the same simplicity of manners and appearance, which had struck me so forcibly when I first saw him in the country; nor did he seem to feel any additional self-importance from the number and rank of his new acquaintance."

The late Principal Robertson, Dr. Blair, and many other eminent literary characters, paid him particular attention. He was introduced by the Earl of Glencairn to the festivals of the Caledonian Hunt; and to the gentlemen who composed it, he dedicated the improved and enlarged edition of his Poems.

From the extraordinary success of this edition, Burns acquired a sum of money which enabled him not only to indulge in the luxuries of the metropolis, but to gratify a long-formed propensity for visiting those parts of his native country which were either renowned in song, or celebrated for the beauty and sublimity of their scenery. Having spent some weeks in a delightful tour through the south of Scotland, and part of Northumberland, he returned to his friends in Ayrshire, after an absence of six months, by whom he was received with emotions of admiration and rapture. In July 1787, he again proceeded to Edinburgh, from whence he set out on a journey to the Highlands, in company with Dr.

Adair of Harrowgate. They rode by Linlithgow, visited the Carron works, and then proceeded to Stirling; from thence they explored the romantic, scenery of the Devon, in the shire of Clackmannan and beheld the much-admired falls of the Rumbling Bridge and Cauldron Linn.

They returned to Edinburgh by Kinross, and stopped at Dumferline, where they visited the magnificent ruins of that venerable Abbey. "In the churchyard (says Dr. Adair,) two broad flag-stones marked the grave of Robert Bruce, for whose memory Burns had more than common veneration. He knelt and kissed the stone with sacred fervour, and heartily execrated the worse than Gothic neglect of this first of Scottish heroes."

These journeys, however, so far from satisfying our Bard's curiosity, served only to redouble it. Accordingly, about the end of August 1787, he again set off in a post-chaise from Edinburgh, on a more extensive tour to the Highlands, in company with Mr. William Nicol, one of the masters of the Edinburgh Grammar School. This gentleman, who was indebted to his parents for little more than existence, had raised himself by his own abilities and perseverance, to the highest pitch of classical eminence.

Mr. Nicol and our poet having in the course of this journey visited the most remarkable parts of

the Highlands as far north as Inverness, they
ed along the shore of the German ocean t
burgh, where Burns arrived on the 17th Sept
and spent the following winter amid the g
festive society of the metropolis.

Towards the end of this year, he was
with a severe attack of the rheumatism, which
fined him upwards of six weeks to his room.
spirits became so low, that he was unable to r
write, or think. He therefore resolved to le
Edinburgh, as soon as the state of his health wo
permit.

Having settled accounts with his publisher,
February 1788, Burns became master of nearly 500
With this sum he returned to Ayrshire, where h
found his brother Gilbert struggling to support thei
aged mother, a younger brother, and three sisters,
in the farm of Mossgiel. He immediately advanced
200l. to their relief. With the remainder, and
what further profits might accrue to him from his
poems, Burns seriously resolved to settle for life, and
resume the occupation of agriculture.

Mr. Miller of Dalswinton offered him the choice
of a farm on his estate, at his own terms. Burns
readily accepted this generous offer. He took with
him two friends to value the land, and fixed on
the farm of Ellisland, about six miles above Dum-
fries, on the banks of the Nith.—Previously to

this period, however, he had been recommended to the Board of Excise, by Mr Graham of Fintry, and had his name enrolled among the list of candidates for the humble office of an exciseman. Expecting that the Board would appoint him to act in the district where his farm was situated, he began assiduously to qualify himself for the proper exercise of the employment, in the fond hopes of soon uniting with success the labours of the farmer with the duties of his new profession.

It has already been observed that the heart of Burns was replete with honour and sensibility. Often would the forlorn condition of his "lovely Jean" obtrude on his mind, amid the gayest scenes of mirth and festivity, and imbitter all his enjoyments. No sooner had he arranged the plan of his future pursuits, than his whole thoughts were bent towards the object who had ever been nearest and dearest to his heart. Her relations now endeavoured to promote their union with more zeal than they had formerly opposed it: and they were immediately united by a regular marriage, and thus their union made permanent for life.

By this laudable step, he not only restored that long lost tranquility to the bosom of her he adored, but annihilated those corroding reflections which had often embittered his peace, even amid the gayest scenes of mirth and festivity. He had now found a

comfortable residence for his family, which he hoped would prove an asylum for his old age. As a Poet, his fame had reached the most distant corners of the earth. He had enlarged his happiness by relieving the wants of his aged mother, his brothers and sisters. He had seen the fleeting vanities of life, and resolved to bestow his whole future attention in promoting the welfare of his family. His resolutions at the actual time of his entering on his farm, and his confidence in their stability, appear in this extract from his common-place book.

"*Ellisland, Sunday, 14th, June*, 1788.

"This is now the third day that I have been in this country.—Farewell now to those giddy follies, those varnished vices, which, though sanctified by the bewitching levity of wit and humour, are at best but thriftless idling with the precious current of existence; nay, often poisoning the whole, that, like the plains of Jericho, the water is naught, and the ground barren, and nothing short of a supernaturally-gifted Elisha, can ever after heal the evils.———Come then! let me act up to my favourite motto, that glorious passage in Young:

———'On reason build resolve,
That column of true Majesty in Man!"

Had his family, as Dr. Currie observes, been with him during the first part of his residence of Ellisland, it is probable their presence, would have given

strength to his resolutions. But their arrival was unavoidably delayed till towards the end of Autumn, and he took possession of his farm alone.

In this pleasant retreat, Burns spent several happy months, amidst the polite attentions and esteem of a genteel neighbourhood. Their social parties, however, too often seduced him from his rustic labours, and his rustic fare, overthrew the unsteady fabric of his resolutions, and inflamed those propensities which temperance might have weakened, and prudence ultimately suppressed. It was not long, therefore, before Burns, began to view his farm with dislike and despondency, if not with disgust. Unfortunately, too, he at length received his appointment as an exciseman. The duties of this disagreeable situation, besides exposing him to numberless temptations, occupied that part of his time which ought to have been bestowed in cultivating his farm; which, after this, was in a great measure abandoned to servants. It is easy to conjecture the consequences. Notwithstanding the moderation of the rent, and the prudent management of Mrs. Burns, he found it convenient, if not necessary, to resign his farm into the hands of Mr. Miller, after having possessed it for the space of three years and a half. The stock and crop being afterwards sold

by public auction, he removed with his family, to a small house in Dumfries, about the end of the year 1791, to devote himself to an employment, which seemed from the first to afford but little hope of future happiness.

He resided four years at Dumfries. During this time he had hoped for promotion in the excise; but the eagerness in politics to which his warm feelings betrayed him, defeated these hopes.

The extraordinary events which ushered in the revolution of France, were beheld with delight and astonishment by men in every corner of Europe. Burns' generous soul embraced with ardour those hopes of happiness which seemed to dawn upon mankind And even after the career of guilt and of blood commenced, he could not immediately, it may be presumed, withdraw his partial gaze from a people who had so lately breathed the sentiments of universal peace and benignity, or obliterate the ideas to which those sentiments had given birth. Under these impressions he did not always conduct himself with the circumspection and prudence which his dependent situation seemed to demand' Information of this was given to the Board of Excise, with the exaggerations so general in such cases. A superior Officer in that department was authorized to enquire into his conduct. Burns defended him-

self in a letter addressed to one of the Board, written with great independence of spirit, and with more than his accustomed eloquence. The officer appointed to enquire into his conduct gave a favourable report. His steady friend, Mr. Graham of Fintry, interposed his good offices in his behalf; and he was suffered to retain his situation, but given to understand that his promotion was deferred and must depend on his future behaviour.

This circumstance made a deep impression on the mind of Burns. Fame exaggerated his misconduct, and represented him as actually dismissed from his office. And this report induced a gentleman of much respectability to propose a subscription in his favour. The offer was refused by our poet in a letter of great elevation of sentiment, in which he gives an account of the whole of this transaction, and defends himself from the imputations of disloyal sentiments on the one hand, and on the other from the charge of having made submission, for the sake of office, unworthy of his character.

"The partiality of my countrymen," he observes, "has brought me forward as a man of genius, and has given me a character to support. In the poet I have avowed manly and independent sentiments, which I hope have been found in the Man. Reasons of no less weight than the support of a wife and

children have pointed out my present occupation as the only eligible line of life within my reach. Still my honest fame is my dearest concern; and a thousand times have I trembled at the idea of the degrading epithets that malice or misrepresentation may affix to my name. Often in blasting anticipation have I listened to some future hackney scribbler, with the heavy malice of savage stupidity, exultingly asserting that Burns, notwithstanding the *fanfaronade* of independence to be found in his works, and after having been held up to public view, and to public estimation, as a man of some genius; yet quite destitute of resources within himself to support his borrowed dignity, dwindled into a paltry exciseman, and slunk out the rest of his insignificant existence in the meanest of pursuits, and among the lowest of mankind.

"In your illustrious hands, Sir, permit me to lodge my strong disavowal and defiance of such slanderous falsehoods. BURNS was a poor man from his birth, and an Exciseman by necessity: but—I WILL say it! THE STERLING OF HIS HONEST WORTH, POVERTY COULD NOT DEBASE; AND HIS INDEPENDENT BRITISH SPIRIT, OPPRESSION MIGHT BEND, BUT COULD NOT SUBDUE."

A MONODY

ON THE DEATH OF ROBERT BURNS

THE SCOTS BARD.

WRITTEN BY S. KEMBLE ESQ.

For two Voices.—Tune Gaffer Gray.

AH! what is there ill news, speak old
Robin Gray,
That thy blue bonnet's pluck'd o'er thy brow?
O! sad news I have read,
Roby Burns, man, is dead,
And the plough-man weeps over his plough,
Well, a well a day,
And the plough-man weeps over his plough.

Is he gone then for aye, and for aye,
Robin Gray?
No more shall we list to his song?
No, cold as a clod,
Beneath a green sod,
Poor Robin they've lain all along,
Well, a well a day,
Poor Robin they've lain all along.

Adieu then, the forest and hill,
Robin Gray,
And farewell, the vallies and grove!
Why the forest and hill,
And the vallies ring still,
Still echo his ditties of love,
Well, a well a day,
Still echo his ditties of love.

The sad sound of echo I'll shun,
Robin Gray,
Its dying notes live on my mind:
Can you then as you roam
From your forefathers home.
Leave your forefathers feelings behind,
Well, a well a day,
Leave your forefathers feelings behind.

Still the blackbird will sing on the thorn,
Robin Gray,
And the lark early carol on high,
But the lowly lodg'd swain,
As he scatters the grain,
Will chaunt Robin's verse with a sigh,
Well, a well a day,
Will chaunt Robin's verse with a sigh.

Softly lie on his bosom the turf,
Robin Gray,
Rest his ashes unmingled and pure;
May the tomb of his urn
Caledonia adorn,
And his much-lov'd remains so secure,
Well, a well a day.
And his much-lov'd remains so secure.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

ROBERT BURNS.

POEMS.

THE TWA DOGS.

A TALE.

'TWAS in that place o' Scotland's isle
That bears the name o' *Auld King Coil*,
Upon a bonie day in June,
When wearing thro' the afternoon,
Twa dogs, that were na thrang at hame,
Forgather'd ance upon a time.

The first I'll name, they ca'd him *Cæsar*.
Was keepit for his Honor's pleasure:
His hair, his size, his mouth, his lugs,
Shew'd he was nane o' Scotland's dogs,
But whalpit some place far abroad,
Where sailors gang to fish for cod.

His locked, letter'd, braw brass collar,
Shew'd him the gentleman and scholar:

But tho' he was o' high degree,
The fient a pride na pride had he;
But wad hae spent an hour caressin,
Ev'n wi' a tinkler-gipsey's messin;
At kirk or market, mill or smiddie,
Nae tawted tyke, tho' e'er sae duddie,
But he wad stan't, as glad to see him,
And stroan't on stanes an' hillocks wi' him.

The tither was a ploughman's collie,
A rhyming, ranting, raving billie,
Wha' for his friend an' comrade had him,
And in his freaks had *Luath* ca'd him,
After some dog in Highland sang, (1)
Was made lang syne,—Lord knows how lang.

He was a gash an' faithful tyke,
As ever lap a sheugh or dyke.
His honest, sonsie, baws'nt face,
Ay gat him friends in ilka place.
His breast was white, his touzie back
Weel clad wi' coat o' glossy black;
His gawcie tail, wi' upward curl,
Hung o'er his hurdies wi' a swirl.

Nae doubt but they were fain o' ither,
An' unco pack an' thick thegither;

Wi' social nose whyles snuff'd an' snowkit,
Whyles mice an' moudieworts they howkit;
Whyles scour'd awa in lang excursion,
An' worry'd ither in diversion;
Until wi' daffin weary grown,
Upon a knowe they sat them down,
And there began a lang digression
About the *lords o' the creation.*

CÆSAR.

I've often wonder'd, honest *Luath*,
What sort o' life poor dogs like you have;
An' when the gentry's life I saw,
What way poor bodies liv'd ava.

Our laird gets in his racked rents,
His coals, his kain, and a' his stents:
He rises when he likes himsel;
His flunkies answer at the bell;
He ca's his coach? he ca's his horse;
He draws a bonie silken purse,
As lang's my tail, whare, through the steeks,
The yellow letter'd Geordie keeks.

Frae morn to e'en its nought but toiling
At baking, roasting, frying, boiling;
An' tho' the gentry first are stechin,
Yet e'en the ha' folk fill their pechan

Wi' sauce, ragouts, an' sicklike trashtrie,
That's little short o' downright wastrie.
Our Whipper-in, wee blastit wonner,
Poor worthless elf, it eats a dinner,
Better than ony tenant man
His Honor has in a' the lan':
An' what poor cot-folk pit their painch in,
I own it's past my comprehension.

LUATH.

Trowth, *Cæsar*, whyles they're fash't enou
A cottar howkin in a sheugh,
Wi' dirty stanes biggin a dyke,
Baring a quarry, and sicklike,
Himsel, a wife, he thus sustains,
A smytrie o' wee duddie weans,
An' nought but his han' daurg, to keep
Them right and tight in thack an' rape.

An' when they meet wi sair disasters,
Like loss o' health, or want o' masters,
Ye maist wad think, a wee touch langer,
An' they maun starve o' cauld and hunger;
But, how it comes, I never kend yet,
They're maistly wonderfu' contented;
An' buirdly chiels, an' cliver bizzies,
Are bred in sick a way as this is.

CÆSAR.

hen to see how ye're negleckit,
ff'd, and cuff'd, and disrespeckit!
ıan, our gentry care as little
'ers, ditchers, an' sick cattle;
ıg as saucy by poor folk,
l by a stinking brock.

otic'd, on our Laird's court-day,
ıy a time my heart's been wae,
ıant bodies, scant o' cash,
:y maun thole a factor's snash:
ımp an' threaten, curse an' swear,
prehend them, poind their gear;
hey maun stan', wi' aspect humble,
r it a', an' fear an' tremble!

how folk live that hae riches;
ely poor folk maun be wretches;

LUATH.

're nae sae wretched's ane wad think;
onstantly on poortith's brink,
e sae accustom'd wi' the sight,
ew o't gies them little fright.

ı chance an' fortune are sae guided,
e ae in less or mair provided;

An' tho' fatigu'd wi' close employment,
A blink o' rest's a sweet enjoyment.

The dearest comfort o' their lives,
Their grushie weans an' faithfu' wives;
The prattling things are just their pride,
That sweetens a' their fire-side.

An' whyles twalpennie worth o' nappy
Can mak the bodies unco happy;
They lay aside their private cares,
To mind the Kirk and State affairs:
They'll talk o' patronage and priests.
Wi' kindling fury in their breasts,
Or tell what new taxation's comin,
An' ferlie at the folk in *Lon'on*.

As bleak-fac'd Hallowmass returns,
They get the jovial, rantin kirns,
When *rural life* o' ev'ry station,
Unite in common recreation;
Love blinks, Wit slaps; an' social Mirth
Forgets there's Care upo' the earth.

That merry day the year begins,
They bar the door on frosty winds;
The nappy reeks wi' mantling ream,
An' sheds a heart-inspiring steam;

The luntin pipe, an' sneeshin mill,
Are handed round wi' right guid will;
The cantie auld folks, crackin crouse,
The young anes rantin thro' the house,—
My heart has been sae fain to see them,
That I for joy hae barkit wi' them.

Still it's owre true that ye hae said,
Sic game is now owre aften play'd.
There's monie a creditable stock
O' decent, honest, fawsont folk,
Are riven out baith root and branch,
Some rascal's pridefu' greed to quench,
Wha thinks to knit himsel the faster
In favour wi' some gentle Master,
Wha, ablins, thrang a-parliamentin,
For Britain's guid his soul indentin——

CÆSAR.

Haith, lad, ye little ken about it;
For Britain's guid! guid faith! I doubt it.
Say rather, gaun as *Premiers* lead him,
An' saying *aye* or *no's* they bid him:
At operás an' plays parading,
Mortgaging, gambling, masquerading;
Or maybe, in a frolic daft,
To *Hague* or *Calais* takes a waft,

To mak a tour, an' tak a whirl,
To learn *bon ton* an, see the worl'

There, at *Vienna* or *Versailles*,
He rives his father's auld entails:
Or by *Madrid* he takes the road,
To thrum guitars, and fecht wi' nowt;
Or down Italian vista startles,
Wh--re-hunting among groves o' myrtles:
Then bouses drumly German water,
To mak himsel look fair and fatter'
An' clear the consequential sorrows,
Love-gifts of Carnival signoras.
For Britain's guid! for her destruction!
Wi' dissipation, feud, an' faction.

LOATH.

Hech man! dear sirs! is that the gate
They waste sae mony a braw estate!
Are we sae foughten an harass'd
For gear to gang that gate at last!

O would they stay aback frae courts,
An' please themselves wi' countra' sports,
It wad for ev'ry ane be better,
The Laird, the Tenant, an' the Cotter!
For thae frank, rantin, ramblin billies
Fient heat o' them's ill-hearted fellows;

Except for breaking o' their timmer,
Or speakin lightly o' their limmer,
Or shootin o' a hair or moor-cock,
The ne'er a bit they're ill to poor folk.

But will ye tell me, Master *Caesar*,
Sure great folk's life's a life o' pleasure;
Nae cauld or hunger e'er can steer them,
The vera thought o't need na fear them.

CAESAR.

L—d, man, were ye but whyles where I am,
The gentles ye wad ne'er envy 'em.

It's true, they need na starve or sweat,
Thro' winter's cauld, or simmer's heat;
They've nae sair wark to craze their banes,
An' fill auld age wi' grips an' granes:
But human bodies are sic fools,
For a' their colleges and schools,
That when nae real ills perplex them,
They mak enow themselves to vex them;
An' ay the less they hae to sturt them,
In like proportion less will hurt them.
A country fellow at the pleugh,
His acre's till'd, he's right enough;
A country girl at her wheel,
Her dizzen's done, she's unco weel:

But Gentlemen, an' Ladies warst,
Wi' ev'ndown want o'wark are curst.
They loiter, lounging, lank an' lazy;
Tho' deil haet ails them, yet uneasy;
Their days insipid, dull, an' tasteless;
Their nights unquiet, lang, an' restless;
An' ev'n their sports, their balls an' races,
Their galloping through puplic places,
There's sic parade, sic pomp, an' art,
The joy can scarcely reach the heart.
The men cast out in party matches,
Then sowther a' in deep debauches;
Ae night they're mad wi' drink an' wh--ring,
Niest day their life is past enduring.
The Ladies arm-in-arm in clusters,
As great and gracious, a' as sisters:
But hear their absent thoughts o' ither,
They're a' run deils an' jads thegither.
Whyles, owre the wee bit cup an' platie,
They sip the scandal potion pretty;
Or lee-lang nights, wi' crabbit leuks;
Pore owre the devil's pictur'd beuks;
Stake on a chance a farmer's stackyard,
An' cheat like onie unhang'd blackguard.

There's some exception, man an' woman;
But this is Gentry's life in common.

By this, the sun was out o' sight,
An' darker gloaming brought the night:
The bum-clock humm'd wi' lazy drone;
The kye stood rowtin i' the loan;
Then up they gat, and shook their lugs,
Rejoic'd they were na *men* but *dogs*;
An' each took aff his several way,
Resolv'd to meet some ither day.

SCOTCH DRINK.

Gie him strong drink, until he wink,
That's sinking in despair;
An' liquor guid to fire his bluid,
That's prest wi grief an' care;
There let him bouse, an' deep carouse,
Wi' bumpers flowing o'er.
Till he forgets his loves *or* debts,
An' minds his grief no more.

SOLOMON'S PROV. XXXi. 6,

LET other Poets raise a fracas
'Bout vines, an' wines, an' druken *Bacchus*,
An' crabbit names an' stories wrack us,
An' grate our lug,
I sing the juice Scots bear can mak us,
In glass or jug.

O thou, my *Muse!* guid auld *Scotch Drink!*
Whether thro' wimpling worms thou jink,
Or, richly brown, ream o'er the brink,
In glorious faem,
Inspire me, till I lisp and wink,
To sing thy name!

Let husky Wheat the haughs adorn,
An' Aits set up their awnie horn,
An' Pease and Beans at e'en or morn,
Perfume the plain,
Leeze me on thee, *John Barleycorn*,
Thou king o' grain!

On thee aft Scotland chows her cood,
In souple scones, the wale o' food!
Or tumblin in the boiling flood
Wi' kail an beef;
But when thou pours thy strong heart's blood,
There thou shines chief.

Food fills the wame, an' keeps us livin;
Tho' life's a gift no worth receivin,
When heavy dragg'd wi' pine an' grievin;
But, oil'd by thee,
The wheels o' life gae down-hill, scrievin,
Wi' rattlin glee.

Thou clears the head o' doited Lear;
Thou cheers the heart o' drooping Care;
Thou strings the nerves o' Labor sair,
At's weary toil;
Thou ev'n brightens dark Despair
Wi' gloomy smile,

Aft, clad in massy siller weed,
Wi' Gentles thou erects thy head;
Yet humbly kind in time o' need,
The poor man's wine,
His wee drap parritch, or his bread,
Thou kitchens fine.

Thou art the life o' public haunts;
But thee, what were our fairs and rants?
Ev'n godly meetings o' the saunts,
By thee inspir'd
When gaping they besiege the tents,
Are doubly fi

That merry night we get the corn in,
O sweetly then thou reams the horn in!
Or reekin on a New-year morning
In cog or bicker,
An' just a wee drap sp'ritual burn in,
An' gusty sucker!

When Vulcan gies his bellows breath,
An' ploughmen gather wi' their graith,
O rare! to see thee fizz an' freath
I' th' lugget caup!
Then *Burnewin* comes on like death
At ev'ry chaup.

Nae mercy, then, for aim or steel;
The brawnie, banie, ploughman chiel,
Brings hard owrehip, wi' sturdy wheel,
The strong forehammer,
Till block and studdie ring an' reel
Wi' dinsome clamour.

When skirlin weanies see the light,
Thou maks the gossips clatter bright,
How fumblin cuifs their dearies slight;
Wae worth the name!
Nae howdie gets a social night,
Or plack frae them.

When neebors anger at a plea,
An' just as wud as wud can be,
How easy can the *barley-bree*
Cement the quarrel!
It's aye the cheapest lawyer's fee,
To taste the barrel.

Alake! that e'er my muse has reason
To wyte her countrymen wi' treason
But monie daily weet their weason
Wi' liquors nice,
An' hardly, in a winter's season,
E'er spier her price.

Wae worth that *brandy*, burning trash!
Fell source o' monie a pain an' brash!
Twins monie a poor, doylt, drunken hash,
O' half his days;
An' sends, beside, auld Scotland's cash
To her warst faes.

Ye Scots, wha wish auld Scotland well!
Ye chief, to you my tale I tell,
Poor plackless devils like mysel!
It sets you ill,
Wi' bitter, dearthfu' wines to mell,
Or foreign gill.

May gravels round his blather wrench,
An' gouts torment him inch by inch,
Wha twists his gruntle wi' a glunch
O' sour disdain,
Out owre a glass o' *whisky punch*
Wi' honest men.

O *Whisky!* soul o' plays an' pranks!
Accept a Bardie's humble thanks!
When wanting thee, what tuneless cranks
Are my poor verses!
Thou comes——they rattle i' their ranks
At ither's a—s!

Thee, *Ferintosh!* O sadly lost!
Scotland lament frae coast to coast!
Now colic grips, an' barkin hoast
May kill us a'
For loyal Forbes' charter'd boast
Is ta'en awa!

Thae curst horse-leeches o' th' Excise,
Wha mak the *Whisky stells* their prize!
Haud up thy han', Deil! ance, twice, thrice!
There, seize the blinkers!
An' bake them up in brunstane pies
For poor d—n'd drinkers.

Fortune! if thou'll but gie me still
Hale breeks, a scone, an' *Whisky gill*,
An' rowth o' rhyme to rave at will,
Tak' a' the rest,
An' deal't about as thy blind skill
Directs thee best.

THE AUTHOR'S

EARNEST CRY AND PRAY

TO THE SCOTCH REPRESENTATIVES IN THE
OF COMMONS. (2)

Dearest of Distillation! last and best!
How art thou lost!

PARODY ON M

YE Irish lords, ye Knights an' 'Squires,
Wha *represent* our brughs an' shires,
An' doucely manage our affairs
In parliament,
To you a simple Poet's prayers
Are humbly sent.

Alas! my roupet Muse is hearse!
Your Honors heart wi' grief 'twad pierce,
To see her sittin on her arse
Low i' the dust,
An' scrieghin out prosaic verse,
An' like to burst!

Tell them who hae the chief directions,
Scotland an' *me's* in great affliction,
E'er sin' they laid that curst restriction
On *Aquavitæ*;
An' rouse them up to strong conviction,
An' move their pity.

Stand forth, an' tell yon *Premier Youth*,
The honest, open, naked truth:
Tell him o' mine an' Scotland's drouth,
His servants humble:
The muckle devil blaw ye south,
If ye dissemble!

Does ony great man glunch an' gloom;
Speak out, an' never fash your thumb!
Let posts an' pensions sink or soom
Wi' them wha grant 'em:
If honestly they canna come,
Far better want 'em.

In gath'rin votes you were na slack;
Now stand as tightly by your tack;
Ne'er claw your lug, an' fidge your back,
An' hum an' haw;
But raise your arm, an' tell your crack
Before them a'.

Paint Scotland greeting owre her thrissle
Her mutchkin stoup as toom's a whissle;
An' d-mn'd Excisemen in a bussle,
Seizen a *Stell*,
Triumphant crushn't like a mussel
Or lampit shell.

Then on the tither hand present her,
A blackguard Smuggler right behint her,
An' cheek-for-chow, a chuffie Vintner
Colleaguing join,
Picking her pouch as bare as Winter,
Of a' kind coin.

Is there, that bears the name o' *Scot*,
But feels his heart's bluid rising hot,
To see his poor auld Mither's *pot*
Thus dung in staves
An' plunder'd o' her hindmost groat
By gallows knaves?

Alas! I'm but a nameless wight,
Trode i' the mire out o' sight!
But cou'd I like *Montgom'ries* fight,
Or gab like *Boswell*
There's some sark-necks I wad draw tight,
An' tie some hose w

God bless your Honors, can ye see't,
The kind, auld, cantie Carlin greet,
An' no get warmly to your feet,
An' gar them hear it,
An' tell them wi' a patriot-heat,
Ye winna bear it!

Some o' you nicely ken the laws,
To round the period an' pause,
An' wi' rhetoric clause on clause
To mak harangues;
Then echo thro' Saint Stephen's wa's
Auld Scotland's wrangs.

Dempster, a true blue Scot I'se warran;
Thee, aith-detesting, chaste *Kilkerran*;
An' that glib-gabbet Highland Baron,
The Laird o' *Graham*;
An' ane, a chap that's d-mn'd auldfarran,
Dundas his name,

Erskine, a spunkie Norland billie,
True *Campbell's*, *Frederick*, an' *Ilay*;
An' *Livingstone*, the bauld *Sir Willie*;
An' monie ithers,
Wham auld Demosthenes or Tully
Might own for brithers.

Arouse, my boys! exert your mettle,
To get auld Scotland back her *kettle*;
Or faith! I'll wad my new pleugh-pettle
Ye'll see't or lang,
She'll teach you, wi' a reekin whittle,
Anither sang.

This while she's been in crankous mood,
Her *lost Militia* fir'd her bluid;
(Deil na they never mair do guid,
Play'd her that pliskie!
An' now she's like to rin red-wud
About her Whisky.

An' L—d, if ance they pit her till't,
Her tartan petticoat she'll kilt,
An' durk an' pistol at her belt,
She'll tak the streets,
An' rin her whittle to the hilt
I' the first she meets!

For God sake, Sirs! then speak her fair,
An' straik her cannie wi' the hair,
An' to the muckle house repair
Wi' instant speed,
An' strive, wi' a' your Wit an' Lear,
To get remead.

Yon ill-tongu'd tinkler, *Charlie Fox*,
May taunt you wi' his jeers an' mocks;
But gie him't het, my hearty cocks!
E'en cowe the caddie!
An' send him to his dicing box
An' sportin lady.

Tell you guid bluid o' auld *Beconnock's*
I'll be his debt twa mashlum bonnocks,
An' drink his health in auld *Nanse Tinnocks*(3)
Nine times a-week,
If he some scheme, like tea an' winnocks,
Wad kindly seek.

Could he some *commutation* broach,
I'll pledge my aith in guid braid Scotch,
He need na fear their foul reproach
Nor erudition,
Yon mixtie-maxtie, queer hotch-potch,
The *Coalition*.

Auld Scotland has a raucle tongue;
She's just a devil wi' a rung;
An' if she promise auld or young
To tak their part,
Tho' by the neck she should be strung,
She'll no desert.

An now, ye chosen Five-and-Forty,
May still your Mither's heart support ye;
Then, though a Minister grow dorty,
An' kick your place,
Ye'll snap your fingers, poor an' hearty,
Before his face.

God bless your Honor's a' your days,
Wi' sowps o' kail and brats o' claise,
In spite o' a' the thievish kaes
That haunt *St. Jamie*
Your humble Poet sings an' prays
While *Rab* his name i

Postscript.

Let half-starv'd slaves in warmer skies
See future wines, rich-clust'ring, rise;
Their lot auld Scotland ne'er envies,
But blythe and frisky,
She eyes her freeborn, martial boys
Tak aff their Whisky.

What tho' their Phœbus kinder warms,
While Fragrance blooms and beauty charms!
When wretches range in flunish'd swarms,
The scented groves.
Or hounded forth, dishonor arms
In hungry droves.

Their gun's a burden on their shoulders,
They downa bide the stink o' powther;
Their bauldest thought's a hank'ring swither
To stan' or rin,
Till skelp—a shot—they're aff, a' throuther,
To save their skin.

But bring a *Scotsman* frae his hill,
Clap in his cheek a Highland gill,
Say, Such is royal *George's* will,
An' there's the foe;
He has nae thought but how to kill
Twa at a blow.

Nae [illegible] him;
Death [illegible]
Wi' [illegible]
An' when he fa's,
His latest draught o' breathin lea'es him
In faint huzzas.

Sages, their solemn e'en may steek,
An' raise a philosophic reek,
An' physically causes seek,
In clime an' seaso
But tell me *Whisky*'s name in Greek,
I'll tell the reason

Scotland, my auld, respected Mither!
Tho' whyles ye moistify your leather,
Till whare ye sit, on craps o' heather,
Ye tine your dam
Freedom and *Whisky* gang thegither,
Tak aff your dram

[illegible]

AND

DOCTOR HORNBOOK.

A TRUE STORY.

SOME books are lies frae end to end,
And some great lies were never penn'd:
Ev'n Ministers they hae been kenn'd,
In holy rapture,
A rousing whid, at times, to vend,
And nail't wi' Scripture.

But this that I am gaun to tell,
Which lately on a night befel,
Is just as true's the Deil's in h-ll,
Or Dublin-city:
That e'er he nearer comes oursel
'S a muckle pity.

The Clachan yill had made me canty,
I was na fou, but just had plenty:
I stacher'd whyles, but yet took tent ay
To free the ditches;
An' hillocks, stanes, an' bushes, kenn'd ay
Frae ghaists an' witches.

The rising Moon began to glowr
The distant *Cumnock* hills out-owre:
To count her horns wi' a' my pow'r,
I set mysel;
But whether she had three or four,
I cou'd na tell.

I was come round about the hill,
And todlin down on *Willie's Mill*,
Setting my staff wi' a' my skill,
To keep me sicker;
Tho' leeward whyles, against my will,
I took a bicker.

I there wi something did forgather,
That put me in an eerie swither;
An' awfu' scythe, out-owre ae shouther,
Clear-dangling, hang;
A three-tae'd leister on the ither
Lay, large an' lang.

Its stature seem'd lang Scotch ells twa,
The queerest shape that e'er I saw,
For fient a wame it had ava;
And then its shanks.
They were as thin, as sharp an' sma'
As cheeks o' branks.

'Guid-een,' quo' I; 'Friend! hae ye been mawin,
'When ither folk are busy sawin?'(4)
It seem'd to mak a kind o' stan',
But naething spak;
At length, says I, 'Friend, whare ye gaun,
'Will ye go back?'

It spak right howe,—'My name is *Death*,
'But be na' fley'd.'—Quoth I, 'Guid faith
'Ye're maybe come to stap my breath;
'But tent me billie;
'I red ye weel, tak care o' skaith,
'See there's a gully!'

'Gudeman,' quo' he, 'put up your whittle,
'I'm no design'd to try its mettle;
'But if I did, I wad be kittle
'To be mislear'd,
'I wad na mind it, no that spittle
'Out-owre my beard.'

'Weel, weel!' says I, a bargain be'
'Come, gies your hand, an' sae we'r
'We'll ease our shanks an' tak a sea
'Come, gies
'This while (5) ye hae been mony a
'At mony a l

'Ay, ay!' quo he, an' shook his h
'It's e'en a lang, lang time indeed
'Sin I began to nick the thread,
'An' choke t
'Folk maun do something for their
'An' sae mau

'Sax thousand years are near han
'Sin I was to the butching bred,
'An' mony a scheme in vain's been
'To stap or s
'Till ane *Hornbook's* (6) ta'en up th
'An' faith, h

'Ye ken *Jock Hornbook* i' the Clach
'Deil mak his king's-hood in a spleu
'He's grown sae weel acquaint wi' *B*
'An' ither ch
'The weans had out their fingers lan
'And pouk m

'See, here's a scythe, and there's a dart,
'They hae pierc'd mony a gallant heart;
'But Doctor *Hornbook*, wi' his art
'And cursed skill,
'Has made them baith no worth a f—t,
'D-mn'd haet they'll kill!

'Twas but yestreen, nae farther gaen,
'I threw a noble dart at ane;
'Wi' less, I'm sure, I've hundreds slain;
'But deil ma-care,
'It just play'd dirl on the bane,
'But did na mair.

'*Hornbook* was by, wi' ready art,
'And had sae fortify'd the part,
'That when I looked to my dart,
'It was sae blunt,
'Fient haet o't wad hae pierc'd the heart
'Of a kail-runt.

'I drew my scythe in sic a fury,
'I nearhand coupit wi' my hurry,
'But yet the bauld *Apothecary*
'Withstood the shock;
'I might as weel hae try'd a quarry
'O' hard whin rock.

'Ev'n them he canna get attended,
'Altho' their face he ne'er had kend it,
'Just ——— in a kail-blade, and send it,
'As soon's he smells't,
'Baith their disease, and what will mend it,
'At once he tells't.

'And then a' doctors saws and whittles,
'Of a' dimensions, shapes an' mettles,
'A' kinds o' boxes, mugs, an' bottles,
'He's sure to hae;
'Their Latin names as fast he rattles
'As A B C.

'Calces o' fossils, earths, and trees;
'True Sal marinum o' the seas;
'The Farina of beans and pease,
'He has't in plenty;
'Aqua-fontis, what you please,
'He can content ye.

'Forbye some new, uncommon weapons,
'Urinus Spiritus of Capons;
'Or mite-horn shavings, filings, scrapings,
'Distill'd *per se*;
'Sal-alkali o' Midge-tail-clippings,
'And mony mae.'

'Woes me for *Johnny Ged's Hole* (8) now,'
Quoth I, 'if that thae news be true!
'His braw calf-ward whare gowans grew,
'Sae white and bonie,
'Nae doubt they'll rive it wi' the plew;
They'll ruin *Johnie*!

The creature grain'd an eldritch laugh,
And says, 'Ye needna yoke the plough,
'Kirkyards will soon be till'd enough,
'Tak ye nae fear:
'They'll a' be trench'd wi' mony a sheugh,
'In twa-three year.

'Whare I kill'd ane a fair strae death,
'By loss o' blood or want of breath,
'This night I'm free to tak my aith,
'That *Hornbook*'s skill
'Has clad a score i' their last claith,
'By drap an' pill.

'An honest Wabster to his trade,
'Whase wife's twa nieves were scarce weel bred,
'Gat tippence-worth to mend her head,
'When it was sair;
'The wife slade cannie to her bed,
'But ne'er spak mair.

'A countra Laird had ta'en the batts,
'Or some curmurring in his guts,
'His only son for *Hornbook* sets,
'An' pays him w
'The lad, for twa guid gimmer-pets,
'Was Laird hims

'A bonie lass; ye kend her name,
'Some ill-brewn drink had hov'd her wi
'She trusts hersel, to hide the shame,
'In *Hornbook*'s c
'*Horn* sent her aff to her lang hame,
'To hide it there

'That's just a swatch o' *Hornbook*'s w
'Thus goes he on from day to day,
'Thus does he poison, kill, an' slay,
'An's weel paid
'Yet stops me o' my lawfu' prey,
Wi' his d-mn'd d

'But, hark! I'll tell you of a plot,
'Tho' dinna ye be speakin o't;
'I'll nail the self-conceited Sot,
'As dead's a herr
'Niest time we meet, I'll wad a groat,
'He gets his fairi

But just as he began to tell,
The auld kirk-hammer strak the bell
Some wee short hour ayont the *twal.*
Which rais'd us baith:
I took the way that pleas'd mysel,
And sae did *Death.*

THE

HOLY FAIR. (9)

A robe of seeming truth and trust
Hid crafty observation;
And secret hung, with poison'd crust,
The dirk of Defamation:
A mask that like the gorget show'd,
Dye-varying on the pigeon;
And for a mantle large and broad,
He wrapt him in Religion.

HYPOCRISY A-LA-MOD

1

UPON a simmer Sunday morn,
When Nature's face is fair,
I walked forth to view the corn,
An' snuff the caller air,
The rising sun owre *Galston* muirs,
Wi' glorious light was glintin;
The hares were hirplin down the furs,
The lav'rocks they were chantin
Fu' sweet that day.

2

As lightsomely I glowr'd abroad,
To see the scene sae gay,
Three Hizzies, early at the road,
Cam skelpin up the way:
Twa had manteeles o' dolefu' black,
But ane wi' lyart lining;
The third, that gaed a-wee a-back,
Was in the fashion shining,
Fu' gay that day.

3

The twa appear'd like sisters twin,
In feature, forms, an' claes!
Their visage, wither'd, lang an' thin,
An' sour as ony slaes;
The third cam up, hap-step-an'-lowp,
As light as onie lambie,
An' wi' a curchie low did stoop,
As soon as e'er she saw me,
Fu' kind that day.

4

Wi' bonnet aff, quoth I, 'Sweet lass,
'I think ye seem to ken me;
'I'm sure I've seen that bonie face,
'But yet I canna name ye.'

Quo', she, an' laughin as she spak,
An' taks me by the hands,
'Ye, for my sake, hae gi'en the feck
'Of a' the ten commands
'A screed some day.

5

'My name is *Fun*—your cronie dear,
'The nearest friend ye hae;
'An' this is *Superstition* here,
'An' that's *Hypocrisy*.
'I'm gaun to ********* *Holy Fair*,
'To spend an hour in daffin:
'Gin ye'll go there, yon runkl'd pair,
'We will get famous laughin
'At them this day!

6

Quoth I, 'With a' my heart, I'll do't;
'I'll get my Sunday's sark on,
'An' meet you on the holy spot;
'Faith we'se hae fine remarkin!'
Then I gaed hame at crowdie-time,
An' soon I made me ready;
For roads were clad, frae side to side,
Wi' monie a wearie body,
In droves that day.

7

Here farmers gash, in ridin graith,
Gaed hoddin by their cottars;
There, swankies young, in braw braid-claith,
Are springin o'er the gutters.
The lasses, skelpin barefit, thrang,
In silks an' scarlets glitter;
Wi' *sweet-milk cheese*, in monie a whang,
An' *farls* bak'd wi' butter
Fu' crump that day.

8

When by the *plate* we set our nose,
Weel heaped up wi' ha'pence,
A greedy glowr Black Bonnet throws,
An' we maun draw our tippence.
Then in we go to see the show,
On ev'ry side they're gath'rin;
Some carrying dales, some chairs an' stools,
An' some are busy blethrin
Right loud that day.

9

Here stands a shed to fend the show'rs,
An' screen our countra Gentry,
There, *racer Jess*, an' twa-three wh-res,
Are blinkin at the entry.

Here sits a raw of tittlin jades,
Wi' heaving breast and bare neck,
An' there a batch o' wabster lads,
Blackguarding frae K——————ck
For *fun* this day.

10

Here some are thinkin on their sins,
An' some upo' their claes;
Ane curses feet that fyl'd his shins,
Anither sighs an' prays:
On this hand sits a chosen swatch,
Wi' screw'd up grace-proud faces;
On that a set o' Chaps at watch,
Thrang winkin on the lasses
To chairs that day.

11

O happy is that man an' blest!
Nae wonder that it pride him!
Wha's ain dear lass, that he likes best,
Comes clinkin down beside him!
Wi' arm repos'd on the chair back,
He sweetly does compose him;
Which, by degrees, slips round her neck,
An's loof upon her bosom
Unkend that day.

12

Now a' the congregation o'er
Is silent expectation;
For ****** speels the holy door,
Wi' tidings o' d-mn-t-n.
Should *Hornie*, as ancient days,
'Mang sons o' G— present him,
The vera sight o' ******'s face,
To's ane het hame had sent him
Wi' fright that day.

13.

Hear how he clears the points o' faith
Wi' rattlin an' thumpin!
Now meekly calm,—now wild in wrath,
He's stampin an' he's jumpin!
His lengthen'd chin, his turn'd-up snout,
His eldritch squeel and gestures,
O how they fire the heart devout,
Like cantharidian plasters,
On sick a day!

14.

But, hark! the *tent* has chang'd its voice;
There's peace an' rest nae langer:
For a' the *real judges* rise,
They canna sit for anger.

***** opens out his cauld harangues,
On practice and on morals;
An' aff the godly pour in thrangs,
To gie the jars an' barrels
A lift that day.

15

What signifies his barren shine,
Of moral pow'rs and reason?
His English style, an' gesture fine,
Are a' clean out o' season.
Like *Socrates* or *Antonine*,
Or some auld pagan Heathen,
The moral man he does define,
But ne'er a word o' faith in
That's right that day.

16.

In guid time comes an antidote
Against sic poison'd nostrum;
For *******, frae the water-fit,
Ascends the holy rostrum;
See, up he's got the word o' G—,
An' meek an' mim has view'd it;
While *Common-Sense* has ta'en the road,
An' aff, an' up the Cowgate, (10)
Fast, fast, that day.

17

*****, niest, the Guard relieves,
' Orthodoxy raibles,
in his heart he weel believes,
' thinks it auld wives' fables:
faith! the birkie wants a Manse,
cannily he hums them;
' his carnal wit an' sense
e hafflins-ways o'ercomes him
At times that day.

18

butt an' ben, the Change-house fills,
' yill-caup Commentators:
s crying out for bakes and gills,
' there the pint-stowp clatters;
thick an' thrang, an' loud an' lang,
' Logic, an' wi' Scripture,
raise a din, that, in the end,
ike to breed a rupture
O' wrath that day.

19

me on Drink! it gies us mair
n either School or College:
dles Wit, it wakens Lair,
angs us fou o' Knowledge.

Be't whisky gill, or penny wheep,
Or ony stronger potion,
It never fails, on drinking deep,
To kittle up our notion
By night or day.

20

The lads an' lasses blythely bent
To mind baith saul an' body,
Sit round the table, weel content,
An' steer about the toddy.
On this ane's dress, an' that ane's leuk
They're making observation;
While some are cozie i' the neuk,
An' formin assignations
To meet some day.

21

But now the L—d's ain trumpet touts,
Till a' the hills are rairin,
An' echoes back return the shouts:
Block ****** is na spairin:
His piercing words, like Highlan' swords
Divide the joints an' marrow;
His talk o' H-ll, whare devils dwell,
Our very sauls does harrow,(11)
Wi' fright that day.

22

A vast, unbottom'd, boundless pit,
Fill'd fou o' lowin brunstane,
Wha's ragin flame, an' scorchin heat,
Wad melt the hardest whun-stane!
The half asleep start up wi' fear,
An' think they hear it roarin,
When presently it does appear,
'Twas but some neebor snorin
Asleep that day.

23

'Twad be owre lang a tale, to tell
How monie stories past,
An' how they crouded to the yill,
When they were a' dismist:
How drink gaed round, in cog, an' caups,
Amang the furms and benches;
An' cheese an' bread, frae women's laps,
Was dealt about in lunches,
An' dawds that day.

24

In comes a gaucie, gash Guidwife,
An' sits down by the fire,
Syne draws her kebbuck an' her knife;
The lasses they are shyer.

The auld Guidman, about the *grace*,
Frae side to side they bother,
Till some ane by his bonnet lays,
An' gies them't like a tether,
Fu' lang that day.

25

Waesucks? for him that gets nae lass,
Or lasses that hae naething!
Sma' need has he to say a grace,
Or melvie his braw claithing!
O Wives be mindfu', ance yoursel
How bonie lads you wanted,
An' dinna, for a kebbuck-heel,
Let lasses be affronted
On sick a day!

26

Now *Clincumbell*, wi' rattlin tow,
Begins to jow an' croon;
Some swagger hame, the best they dow,
Some wait the afternoon'
At slaps the billies halt a blink,
Till lasses strip their shoon:
Wi' faith an' hope, an' love an' drink,
They're a' in famous tune,
For crack that day.

27

w mony hearts this day converts
' Sinners and o' Lasses?
ir hearts o' stane gin night are gane,
s saft as ony flesh is.
re's some are fou o' love divine;
ere's some are fou o' brandy;
ionie jobs that day begin,
r end in houghmagandie
Some ither day

THE

BRIGS OF AYR.

A POEM.

INSCRIBED TO J. B*********, ESQ. AYR.

THE simple Bard, rough at the rustic plough,
Learning his tuneful trade from ev'ry bough;
The chanting linnet, or the mellow thrush,
Hailing the setting sun, sweet, in the green thorn bush;
The soaring lark, the perching red-breast shrill,
Or deep-toned plovers, grey, wild whistling o'er the hill;
Shall he, nurst in the Peasent's lowly shed,
To hardy Independance bravely bred,
By early Poverty to hardship steel'd,
And train'd to arms in stern misfortune's field;
Shall he be guilty of their hireling crimes,
The servile, mercenary Swiss of rhymes?

labour hard the panegyric close,
ith all the venal soul of dedicating Prose!
s! though his artless strains he rudely sings,
nd throws his hand uncouthly o'er the strings,
e glows with all the spirit of a Bard,
ame, honest fame, his great, his dear reward.
ill, if some Patron's gen'rous care he trace,
kill'd in the secret, to bestow with grace;
When B********* befriends his humble name,
nd hands the rustic stranger up to fame,
With heart-felt throes his grateful bosom swells,
The godlike bliss, to give, alone excels.

'Twas when the stacks get on their winter-hap,
And thack and rape secure the toil-worn crap;
Potato-bings are snugged up frae skaith
Of coming Winter's biting frosty breath;
The bees rejoicing o'er their summer toils,
Unnumber'd buds an' flow'rs' delicious spoils,
Seal'd up with frugal care in massive waxen piles,
Are doom'd by man, that tyrant o'er the weak,
The death o' devils smoor'd wi' brimstane reek;
The thundering guns are heard on ev'ry side,
The wounded coveys, reeling, scatter wide;
The feather'd field-mates, bound by Nature's tie,

Sires, mother's, children, in one carnage l
(What warm, poetic heart but inly bleeds
And execrates man's savage, ruthless deed
Nae mair the flow'r in field or meadow spr
Nae mair the grove with airy concert ring
Except perhaps the Robin's whistling glee,
Proud o' the height o' some bit half lang tr
The hoary morn precede the sunny days,
Mild, calm, serene, wide-spreads the noo
blaze,
While thick the gossamour waves wanton in th
'Twas in that season, when a simple Bard,
Unknown and poor, simplicity's reward,
Ae night, within the ancient brugh of *Ayr*,
By whim inspir'd, or haply prest wi' care,
He left his bed, and took his wayward rout,
And down by *Simpson's* (12) wheel'd the left ab
(Whether impell'd by all-directing Fate,
To witness what I after shall narrate;
Or whether, rapt in meditation high,
He wander'd out he knew not where nor why,)
The drowsy *Dungeon-clock* (13) had number'd
And *Wallace Tow'r* (14) had sworn the fact was
The tide-swoln Firth, with sullen-sounding roa
Through the still night dash'd hoarse along
shore;
All else was hush'd as Nature's closed e'e;
The silent moon shone high o'er tow'r and tre

he chilly frost, beneath the silver beam,
:ept, gently-crusting, o'er the glittering stream.—

Then, lo! on either hand the list'ning Bard,
The clanging sugh of whistling wings is heard;
Two dusky forms dart thro' the midnight air,
Swift as the *Gos* (15) drives on the wheeling hare;
One on th' *Auld Brig* his airy shape uprears,
The ither flutters o'er the *rising piers*:
Our warlock Rhymer instantly descry'd
The Sprites that owre the *Brigs of Ayr* preside.
(That Bards are second-sighted is nae joke,
And ken the lingo of the sp'ritual folk;
Fays, Spunkies, Kelpies, 'a, they can explain them,
And ev'n the vera deils they brawly ken them.)
Auld Brig appear'd of ancient Pictish race,
The vera wrinkles Gothic in his face:
He seem'd as he wi' Time had warstl'd lang,
Yet teughly doure, he bade an unco bang.
New Brig was buskit in a braw new coat,
That he, at *Lon'on*, frae ane *Adams*, got;
In's hand fine taper staves as smooth's a bead,
Wi' virls and whirlygigums at the head.
The Goth was stalking round with anxious search,
Spying the time-worn flaws in every arch;
It chanc'd his new-come neebor took his e'e,
And e'en a vex'd and angry heart had he!

Wi' thieveless sneer to see his modish mien,
He, down the water, gies him this guideen—

AULD BRIG.

I doubt na, frien', ye'll think ye're nae cheap
Ance ye were streekit o'er frae bank to bank!
But gin ye be a brig as auld as me,
Tho' faith that day, I doubt, ye'll never see;
There'll be, if that date come, I'll wad a bodle
Some fewer whigmeleeries in your noddle.

NEW BRIG.

Auld Vandal, ye but shew your little mense,
Just much about it wi' your scanty sense;
Will your poor, narrow foot-path of a street,
Where twa wheel-barrows tremble when they
Your ruin'd, formless bulk o' stane an' lime,
Compare wi' bonie *Brigs* o' modern time?
There's men o'taste wou'd tak the *Ducat stree*
Tho' they should cast the vera sark and swin
E'er they would grate their feelings wi' the v
Of sic an ugly, Gothic hulk as you.

AULD BRIG.

Conceited gowk! puff'd up wi' windy pride!
This mony a year I've stood the flood an' tid
And tho' wi' crazy eild I'm sair forfairn,
I'll be a *Brig*, when ye're a shapeless cairn!

As yet ye little ken about the matter,
But twa-three winters will inform ye better.
When heavy, dark, continued, a'-day rains,
Wi' deepening deluges o'erflow the plains;
When from the hills where springs the brawling *Coil*,
Or stately *Lugar*'s mossy fountains boil,
Or where the *Greenock* winds his moorland course,
Or haunted *Garpal* (17) draws his feeble source,
Arous'd by blust'ring winds an' spotting thowes,
In many a torrent down the sna-broo rowes;
While crashing ice, borne on the roaring speat,
Sweeps dams, an' mills, an' brigs, a' to the gate;
And from *Glenbuck*, (18) down to the *Ratton-Key*, (19)
Auld *Ayr* is just one lengthen'd, tumbling sea;
Then down ye'll hurl,—deil nor ye never rise!
And dash the gumlie jaups up to the pouring skies.
A lesson sadly teaching, to your cost,
That Architecture's noble art is lost!

NEW BRIG.

Fine *Architecture*, trowth, I needs must say't o't!
The L—d be thankit that we've tint the gate o't!
Aaunt, ghastly, ghaist-alluring edifices,
Hanging, with theat'ning just, like precipices;
O'er-arching mouldy, gloom-inspiring coves:
Supporting roofs fantastic, stony groves:
Windows and doors, in nameless sculptures drest,

With order, symmetry, or taste unblest;
Forms like some bedlam-Statuary's dream,
The craz'd creations of misguided whim;
Forms might be worship'd on the bended knee
And still the *second* dread *command* be free,
Their likeness is not found on earth, in air, or sea.
Mansions that would disgrace the building taste
Of any mason reptile, bird or beast!
Fit only for a doited Monkish race,
Or frosty maids forsworn the dear embrace,
Or Cuifs of latter times, wha held the notion
That sullen gloom was sterling true devotion;
Fancies that our guid Brugh denies protection,
And soon may they expire, unblest wi' resurrection

AULD BRIG.

O ye, my dear-remember'd, ancient yealings,
Were ye but here to share my wounded feelings:
Ye worthy *Proveses*, an' mony a *Bailie*,
Wha in the paths o' righteousness did toil ay;
Ye dainty *Deacons*, an' ye douce *Conveeners*,
To whom our moderns are but causey-cleaners;
Ye godly *Councils* wha hae blest this town;
Ye godly *Brethren* of the sacred gown,
Wha meekly gae your *hurdies* to the *smiters!*
And (what would now be strange) ye *godly Writers*
A' ye douce folk I've born aboon the broo,
Were ye but here, what would ye say or do!

How would your spirits groan in deep vexation,
To see each melancholy alteration;
And agonizing, curse the time and place
When ye begat the base degen'rate race!
Nae langer Rev'rend Men, their country's glory,
In plain braid Scots hold forth a plain braid story!
Nae langer thrifty Citizens, an' douce,
Meet owre a pint, or in the Council-house;
But staumrel, corky-headed, graceless Gentry,
The herryment and ruin of the country;
Men, three-parts made by Tailors and by Barbers,
Wha' waist your weel-hain'd gear on d——d *new*
Brigs and *Harbours!*

NEW BRIG.

Now haud you there! for faith ye've said enough,
And muckle mair than ye can mak to through.
As for your priest-hood, I shall say but little,
Corbies and *Clergy* are a shot right kittle:
But, under favour o' your langer beard,
Abuse o' Magistrates might weel be spar'd:
To liken them to your auld-warld squad,
I must needs say, comparisons are odd.
In *Ayr*, Wag-wits nae mair can hae a handle
To mouth 'a Citizen,' a term o' scandal:
Nae mair the Council waddles down the street,
In all the pomp of ignorant conceit;
Men wha grew wise priggin owre hops an' raisins,

Or gather'd lib'ral views in Bonds and Seisins,
If haply Knowledge, on a random tramp,
Had shor'd them with a glimmer of his lamp,
And would to Common-sense, for once betray'd them,
Plain, dull Stupidity stept kindly in to aid them.

What farther clishmaclaver might been said,
What bloody wars, if Sprites had blood to shed,
No man can tell; but all before their sight,
A fairy train appear'd in order bright:
Adown the glittering stream they featly danc'd;
Bright to the moon their various dresses glanc'd:
They footed o'er the wat'ry glass so neat,
The infant ice scarce bent beneath their feet:
While arts of Minstrelsy among them rung,
And soul enobbling Bards heroic ditties sung.
O had *M'Lauchlan*, (20) thairm-inspiring Sage,
Been there to hear this heavenly band engage,
When thro' his dear *Strathspeys* they bore with Highland rage;
Or when they struck old Scotia's melting airs,
The lover's raptur'd joys or bleeding cares;
How would his Highland lug been nobler fir'd,
And ev'n his matchless hand with finer touch inspir'd!

No guess could tell what instrument appear'd,
But all the soul of Music's self was heard;
Harmonious concert rung in every part,
While simple melody pour'd moving on the heart.
The Genius of the Stream in front appears,
A venerable Chief advanc'd in years;
His hoary head with water lilies crown'd,
His manly leg with garter tangle bound.
Next came the loveliest pair in all the ring,
Sweet Female Beauty hand in hand with Spring;
Then, crown'd with flow'ry hay, came Rural Joy,
And Summer, with his fervid-beaming eye:
All-cheering Plenty, with her flowing horn,
Led yellow Autumn wreath'd with nodding corn:
Then Winter's time-bleach'd locks did hoary show,
By Hospitality with cloudless brow.
Next follow'd Courage with his martial stride,
From where the *Feal* wild-woody coverts hide;
Benevolence, with mild, benignant air,
A female form, came from the tow'rs of *Stair*:
Learning and Worth in equal measures trode.
From simple *Catrine*, their long-lov'd abode:
Last, white-rob'd Peace, crown'd with a hazel wreath,
To rustic Agriculture did bequeath
The broken, iron instruments of death;
At sight of whom our Sprites forgat their kindling wrath.

ADDRESS

TO THE DEIL.

O Prince! O chief of many throned Pow'rs,
That led th' embattl'd Seraphim to war—

MILTON

O Thou! whatever title suit thee,
Auld Hornie, Satan, Nick, or Clootie,
Wha in yon cavern grim an' sootie,
Clos'd under hatches,
Spairges about the brunstane cootie,
To scaud poor wretches!

Hear me, auld *Hangie*, for a wee,
An' let poor damned bodies be;
I'm sure sma' pleasure it can gie,
Ev'n to a *deil*,
To skelp an' scaud poor dogs like me,
An' hear us squeel!

Great is thy pow'r, an' great thy fame;
Far kend an' noted is thy name;
An' tho' yon lowin heugh's thy hame,
Thou travels far;
An' faith! thou's neither lag nor lame,
Nor blate nor scaur.

Whyles, ranging like a roarin lion,
For prey, a' holes an' corners tryin;
Whyles, on the strong-wing'd tempest flyin,
Tirling the kirks;
Whyles, in the human bosom pryin,
Unseen thou lurks.

I've heard my rev'rend *Graunie* say,
In lanely glens ye like to stray;
Or where auld-ruin'd castles, gray,
Nod to the moon,
Ye fright the nightly wand'rers' way,
Wi' eldritch croon.

When twilight did my *Graunie* summon
To say her pray'rs, douce, honest woman!
Aft yont the dyke she's heard you bummin,
Wi' eerie drone;
Or, rustlin, thro' the boortries comin,
Wi' heavy groan.

Ae dreary, windy, winter night,
The stars shot down wi' skientin light,
Wi' you, mysel, I gat a fright,
Ayont the lough:
Ye, like a rash-bush, stood in sight,
Wi' waving sugh.

The cudgel in my nieve did shake,
Each bristl'd hair stood like a stake,
When, wi' an' eldritch, stoor quaick, quaick,
Amang the springs,
Awa ye squatter'd, like a drake,
On whistling wings.

Let *warlocks* grim, an' wither'd *hags*,
Tell how wi' you on rag-weed nags,
They skim the muirs, and dizzy crags,
Wi' wicked speed;
And in kirk-yards renew their leauges,
Owre howkit dead.

Thence countra wives, wi' toil an' pain,
May plunge an' plunge the kirn in vain;
For, Oh! the yellow treasure's taen
By witching skill;
An' dawtit, twal-pint *Hawkie's* gaen
As yell's the Bill.

Thence mystic knots mak great abuse,
On young guidmen, fond, keen, an' crouse;
When the best wark-lume i' the house,
By cantraip wit,
Is instant made no worth a louse,
Just at the bit.

When thowes dissolve the snawy hoord,
An' float the jinglin icy-boord,
Then *Water-kelpies* haunt the foord,
By your direction,
An' nighted Trav'llers are allur'd
To their destruction.

An' aft your moss-traversing *Spunkies*
Decoy the wight that late an' drunk is:
The bleezin, curst, mischievous monkies
Delude his eyes,
Till in some miry sleugh he sunk is,
Ne'er mair to rise.

When *Masons* mystic *word* an' *grip*,
In storms an' tempests raise you up,
Some cock or cat your rage maun stop,
Or, strange to tell!
The youngest brother ye wad whip
Aff straught to h-ll.

Lang syne, in *Eden's* bonie yard,
When youthfu' lovers first were pair'd,
An' all the Soul of Love they shar'd,
The raptur'd hour,
Sweet on the fragrant, flow'ry swaird,
In shady bow'r:

Then you, ye auld, snick-drawing dog!
Ye came to Paradise incog,
An' play'd on man a cursed brogue,
(Black be your fa'!)
An' gied the infant warld a shog,
'Maist ruin'd a'.

D'ye mind that day, when in a bizz,
Wi' reekit duds, an' reestit gizz,
Ye did present your smoutie phiz,
'Mang better folk,
An' sklentit on the *man of Uzz*
Your spitefu' joke?

An' how ye gat him i' your thrall,
An' brak him out o' house an' hall,
While scabs an' blotches did him gall,
Wi' bitter claw,
An' lows'd his ill-tongued, wicked Scawl,
Was warst ava?

But a' your doings to rehearse,
Your wily snares an' fechtin fierce,
Sin that day *Michael* (21) did you pierce,
Down to this time,
Wad ding a' Lallan tongue, or Erse,
In prose or rhyme.

And now, auld *Cloots*, I ken ye're thinkin,
A certain Bardie's rantin, drinkin,
Some luckless hour will send him linkin,
To your black pit;
But, faith! he'll turn a corner jinkin,
An cheat you yet.

But, fare you weel, auld *Nickie-ben*!
O wad ye tak a thought an' men'!
Ye aiblins might—I dinna ken—
Still hae a *stake*—
I'm wae to think upo' yon den,
Ev'n for your sake!

A DREAM.

Thoughts, words, and deeds, the Statute bla
reason,
But surely Dreams *were ne'er indicted Tre*

(On reading, in the public papers, the *J*
Ode, with the other parade of June 4, 1
Author was no sooner dropt asleep, than
gined himself transported to the Birth-
vee: and in his dreaming fancy, made th
ing *Address*.)

I

GUID-MORNIN to your *Majesty*,
May heav'n augment your blisses,
On ev'ry new *Birth-day* ye see,
A humble Poet wishes!
My Bardship here, at your Levee,
On sic a day as this is,
Is sure an uncouth sight to see,
Amang the Birth-day dresses
Sae fine this day.

2

See ye're complimeated thrang,
By mony a lord and lady;
God save the King!'s a cuckoo sang
That's unco easy said ay;
The *Poets*, too, a venal gang,
Wi' rhymes, weel-turn'd and ready,
Wad gar you trow ye ne'er do wrang,
But ay unerring steady,
On sic a day.

3

For me! before a Monarch's face,
Ev'n *there* I winna flatter;
For neither Pension, Post, nor Place,
Am I your humble debtor:
So, nae reflection on *Your Grace*,
Your Kingship to bespatter;
There's monie waur been o' the Race,
And aiblins ane been better
Than You this day.

4

'Tis very true, my sov'reign King,
My skill may weel be doubted:
But Facts are cheels that winna ding,
An' downa be disputed:

Your Royal Nest, beneath Your wing,
Is e'en right reft an' clouted,
And now the third part of the string,
An' less, will gang about it
Than did ae day.

5

Far be't frae me that I aspire
To blame your Legislation,
Or say, ye wisdom want, or fire,
To rule this mighty nation!
But, faith! I muckle doubt, my *Sire*,
Ye've trusted Ministration
To chaps, wha, in a barn or byre,
Wad better fill'd their station
Than courts yon day.

6

And now ye've gien auld *Britain* peace,
Her broken shins to plaister;
Your sair taxation does her fleece,
Till she has scarce a tester;
For me, thank God, my life's a *lease*,
Nae *bargain* wearing faster,
Or, faith! I fear, that, wi' the geese,
I shortly boost to pasture
I' the craft some day.

7

I'm no mistrusting *Willie Pitt*,
When taxes he enlarges,
(An' *Will's* a true guid fallow's Get,
A Name not Envy spairges,)
That he intends to pay your debt,
An' lessen a' your charges;
But, G-d-sake! let nae *saving-fit*
Abridge your bonie Barges
An' Boats this day.

8

Adieu, my *Liege!* may Freedom geck
Beneath your high protection;
An' may Ye rax Corruption's neck,
And gie her for dissection!
But since I'm here, I'll no neglect,
In loyal, true affection,
To pay your *Queen*, with due respect,
My fealty an' subjection
This great Birth-day.

9

Hail, *Majesty Most Excellent!*
While nobles strive to please Ye,
Will ye accept a compliment
A simple Poet gies Ye?

Thae bonie Bairntime, Heav'n has lent,
Still higher may they heeze Ye
In bliss, till Fate some day is sent,
For ever to release Ye
Frae care that day.

10

For you, young Potentate o' W———,
I tell your *Highness* fairly,
Down Pleasure's stream, wi' swelling sails,
I'm tauld ye're driving rarely;
But some day ye may gnaw your nails,
An' curse your folly fairly,
That e'er ye brak *Dianna's* pales,
Or rattl'd dice wi' *Charlie*,
By night or day.

11

Yet aft a ragged *Cowte's* been known
To mak a noble *Aiver*;
So, ye may doucely fill a Throne,
For a' their clish-ma-claver:
There, Him (22) at *Agincourt* wha shone,
Few better were or braver;
And yet, wi' funny, queer *Sir John*, (23)
He was an unco shaver
For monie a day.

12

For you, right rev'rend O————,
Nane sets the *lawn-sleeve* sweeter,
Altho' a ribban at your lug
Wad been a dress completer:
As ye disown yon paughty dog
That bears the Keys of Peter,
Then, swith! an' get a wife to hug,
Or, trouth! ye'll stain the Mitre
Some luckless day.

13

Young, royal *Tarry Breeks*, I learn,
Ye've lately come athwart her;
A glorious *Galley*, (24) stem an' stern,
Weel rigg'd for *Venus* barter;
But first hang out, that she'll discern,
Your hymeneal charter,
Then heave aboard your grapple airn,
An', large upo' her quarter,
Come full that day.

14

Ye, lastly, bonie blossoms a',
Ye royal Lasses dainty,
Heav'n mak you guid as weel as braw,
An' gie you lads a-plenty:

But sneer na *British boys* awa',
'For Kings are unco scant ay;
An' German Gentles are but sma',
They're better just than *want ay*
On onie day.

15

God bless you a! consider now,
Ye're unco muckle dautet;
But ere the *course* o' life be through,
It may be bitter sautet:
An' I hae seen their *coggie* fou,
That yet hae tarrow't at it;
But or the *day* was done, I trow,
The laggen they hae clautet
Fu' clean that day.

THE

INVENTORY.

In answer to a Mandate by a Surveyor of the Taxes.

SIR, as your mandate did request,
I send you here a faithfu' list,
O' gudes an' gear, an' a' my graith,
To which I'm clear to gie my aith.

Imprimis then, for carriage cattle,
I have four brutes o' gallant mettle,
As ever drew afore a pettle.
My (25) *Lan' afore's* a gude auld *has been*,
An' wight an' wilfu' a' his days been.
My (26) *Lan'-ahin's* a weel gaun fillie,
That aft has borne me hame frae Killie, (27)
An' your auld burrough mony a time,
In days when riding was nae crime—
But ance whan in my wooing pride
I like a blockhead boost to ride,
The wilfu' creature sae I pat to,
(L—d pardon a' my sins an' that to!).

I play'd my fillie sic a shavie,
She's a' bedevil'd wi' the spavie.
My (28) *Furr ahin's* a wordy beast,
As e'er in tug or tow was trac'd.—
The fourth's a Highland Donald hastie,
A d—n'd red-wud Kilburnie blastie;
Foreby a *Cowt*, o' *Cowt's* the wale,
As ever ran afore a tail.
If he be spar'd to be a beast,
He'll draw me fifteen pun' at least.—
Wheel carriages I ha'e but few,
Three carts, an' twa' are feckly new;
Ae auld wheelbarrow, mair for token,
Ae leg an' baith the trams are broken:
I made a poker o' the spin'le,
An my auld mother brunt the trin'le.—
For men, I've three mischievous boys,
Run deils for rantin and for noise;
A gaudsman ane, a thrasher t'other,
Wee Davock hauds the nowt in fother.
I rule them as I ought, discreetly,
An' aften labour them completely.
An' ay on Sunday's duly nightly,
I on the questions *targe* them tightly;
Till faith, wee Davock's turn'd sae gleg,
Tho' scarcely langer than your leg,

aff Effectual Calling,
the dwalling.—
ıle servan' station,
y frae a' temptation!)
and that my bliss is,
nae tax on misses;
folks dinna clutch me,
lare na touch me.
air than weel contented,
ne mae than I wanted.
ıg dear-bought Bess,
ddy in her face,
ye like but grace;
ıie sweet wee lady,
for her already,
:r on her mither,
ıe get them a' thegither.

mber Mr A-k-n,
ce out I'm takin';
th, I do declare,
ıe nor hizzie mair;
b for life I'll paidle,
y for a saddle;
oot I'll shank it,
:s, Gude be thankit.—
ı may tak' you that,

It puts but little in your pat:
See dinna put me in your beuke,
Nor for my ten white-shillings-luke.

This list wi' my ain haun' I wrote it,
Day an' date as under notit,
Then know all ye whom it concerns,
Subscripsi huic, ROBERT BURN

Mossgiel, Feb. 22d, 1786.

THE

VISION.

DUAN FIRST. (29)

un had clos'd the winter day,
lers quat their roaring play,
ger'd Maukin taen her way
To kail-yards green,
aithless snaws ilk step betray
Whare she has been.

Threshers weary *flingin-tree*
lang day had tired me:
an the Day had clos'd his e'e,
Far i' the West,
the *Spence*, right pensivelie,
I gaed to rest.

There, lanely, by the ingle-cheek,
I sat and ey'd the spewing reek,
That fill'd, wi' hoast-provoking smeek,
The auld, clay biggin;
An' heard the restless ratton's squeek
About the riggin.

All in this mottie, misty clime,
I backward mus'd and wasted time,
How I had spent my youthfu' prime,
An' done nae-thing,
But stringin blethers up in rhyme,
For fools to sing.

Had I to guid advice but harkit,
I might, by this, hae led a market,
Or struttet in a Bank an' clarkit
My cash-account;
While here, half-mad, half-fed, half-sarkit,
Is a' th' amount.

I started, mutt'ring, blockhead! coof!
And heav'd on high my waukit loof,
To swear by a' yon starry roof,
Or some rash aith,
That I, henceforth, would be *rhyme-proof*
Till my last breath—

en click! the string the snick did draw:
ee! the door gaed to the wa';
)y my ingle-lowe I saw,
Now bleezin bright,
ht, outlandish *Hizzie*, braw,
Come full in sight.

: need na doubt, I held my whisht;
infant aith, half-form'd, was crusht;
wr'd as eerie's I'd been dusht
In some wild glen;
n sweet, like modest Worth, she blusht,
And stepped ben.

:een, slender, leaf-clad *Holly-boughs*
: twisted, gracefu', round her brows,
k her for some *Scottish Muse*,
By that same token:
come to stop those reekless vows;
Wou'd soon been broken.

'hair-brain'd sentimental trace'
strongly marked in her face;
ildly-witty, rustic grace
Shone full upon her;
eye, ev'n turn'd on empty space,
Beam'd keen with Honor.

Down flow'd her robe, a tartan sheen,
Till half a leg was scrimply seen;
And such a leg! my bonie *Jean*
Could only peer it;
Sae straught, sae taper, tight and clean,
Nane else came near it.

Her *Mantle* large, of greenish hue,
My gazing wonder chiefly drew;
Deep *lights* and *shades*, bold-mingling, threw
A lustre grand;
And seem'd, to my astonish'd view,
A *well known* Land.

Here, rivers in the sea were lost;
There, mountains to the skies were tost:
Here, tumbling billows mark'd the coast,
With surging foam;
There, distant shone Art's lofty boast,
The lordly dome.

Here, *Doon* pour'd down his far-fetch'd floods;
There, well-fed *Irwine* stately thuds:
Auld hermit *Ayr* staw thro' his woods,
On to the shore;
And many a lesser torrent scuds,
With seeming roar.

a sandy valley spread,
Berough rear'd her head;
Scottish story read,
She boasts a race,
ble virtue bred,
And polish'd grace.

y tow'r or palace fair,
ndent in the air,
of Heroes, here and there,
I could discern;
d to muse, some seem'd to dare,
With feature stern.

did glowing transport feel,
ace (30) heroic wheel,
sh round the deep-dy'd steel
In sturdy blows;
-recoiling seem'd to reel
Their Suthron foes.

TRY'S SAVIOUR, (31) mark him well!
dion's (32) heroic swell;
a *Sark* (33) who glorious fell,
In high command;
m ruthless Fates expel
His native land.

There, where a sceptr'd *Pictish* shade (34
Stalk'd round his ashes lowly laid,
I mark'd a martial race, pourtray'd
In colours strong;
Bold, soldier-featur'd, undismay'd
They strode along.

(35) Thro' many a wild, romantic grove,
Near many a hermit-fancy'd cove,
(Fit haunts for Friendship or for Love,
In musing mood)
An *aged Judge*, I saw him rove,
Dispensing good.

(36) With deep-struck reverential awe
The learned *Sire* and *Son* I saw,
To Nature's God and Nature's law
They gave their lor
This, all its source and end to draw,
That, to adore.

Brydon's brave Ward (37) I well could s
Beneath old *Scotia's* smiling eye;
Who call'd on Fame, low standing by,
To hand him on,
Where many a Patriot-name on high
And Hero shone.

DUAN SECOND.

With musing-deep, astonish'd stare,
I view'd the heavenly-seeming Fair;
A whisp'ring throb did witness bear
Of kindred sweet,
When with an elder Sister's air
She did me greet.

'All hail! my own inspired Bard!
'In me my native Muse regard!
'Nor longer mourn thy fate is heard,
'Thus poorly low!
'I come to give thee such reward
'As we bestow.

'Know, the great Genius of this Land
'Has many a light, aerial band,
'Who, all beneath his high command,
'Harmoniously,
'As Arts or Arms they understand,
'Their labours ply.

'They Scotia's race among them share;
'Some fire the soldier on to dare;
'Some rouse the Patriot up to bare
'Corruption's heart:
'Some teach the Bard, a darling care,
'The tuneful art,

'Mong swelling floods of reeking gore,
'They ardent, kindling spirits pour;
'Or, mid the venal Senate's roar,
They, sightless, stan
'To mend the honest Patriot-lore,
'And grace the hun

'And when the Bard, or hoary Sage,
'Charm or instruct the future age,
'They bind the wild, poetic rage
'In energy,
'Or point the inconclusive page
'Full on the eye.

'Hence Fullarton, the brave and young;
'Hence Dempster's zeal-inspired tongue;
'Hence, sweet harmonious Beattie sung
'His "Minstrel lays
'Or tore, with noble ardour stung,
'The Sceptic's bays.

'To lower orders are assign'd
'The humbler ranks of Human-kind,
'The rustic Bard, the lab'ring Hind,
'The Artisan;
'All chase, as various they're inclin'd,
'The various man.

re, 'When yellow waves the heavy grain,
'The threat'ning storm some, strongly, rein,
'Some teach to meliorate the plain,
nd, 'With tillage-skill;
'And some instruct the shepherd-train,
nd. Blythe o'er the hill.

'Some hint the Lover's harmless wile;
'Some grace the Maiden's artless smile;
'Some soothe the Lab'rer's weary toil,
'For humble gains,
'And make his cottage-scenes beguile
'His cares and pains.

'Some, bounded to a district-space,
'Explore at large Man's infant race,
'To mark the embryotic trace,
'Of *rustic Bard;*
'And careful note each op'ning grace,
'A guide and guard.

'*Of these am I—Coila* my name;
'And this district as mine I claim,
'Where once the *Campbells*, chiefs of fame,
'Held ruling pow'r;
'I mark'd thy embryo tuneful flame,
'Thy natal hour.

'With future hope, I oft would gaze,
'Fond, on thy little early ways,
'Thy rudely caroll'd, chiming phrase,
'In uncouth rhymes,
'Fir'd at the simple, artless lays
'Of other times.

'I saw thee seek the sounding shore,
'Delighted with the dashing roar;
'Or when the North his fleecy store
'Drove thro' the sky,
'I saw grim Nature's visage hoar
'Struck thy young eye

'Or When the deep green-mantl'd Earth
'Warm cherish'd ev'ry flow'ret's birth,
'And joy and music pouring forth
'In ev'ry grove,
'I saw thee eye the gen'ral mirth
'With boundless love.

'When ripen'd fields, and azure skies,
'Call'd forth the Reapers' rustling noise,
'I saw the leave their ev'ning joys,
'And lonely stalk,
'To vent thy bosom's swelling rise
'In pensive walk.

outhful Love, warm-blushing, strong,
ering shot thy nerves along,
ents, grateful to thy tongue,
'Th' adored Name,
hee how to pour in song,
'To soothe thy flame.

y pulse's maddening play,
thee Pleasure's devious way,
Fancy's meteor-ray,
'By Passion driven;
e *light* that led astray
'Was *light* from Heaven.

: thy manners-painting strains,
the ways of simple swains,
o'er all my wide domains
'Thy fame extends;
the pride of *Coila's* plains,
'Become thy friends.

ust not learn, nor can I show,
ith *Thomson's* landscape glow;
he bosom-melting throe,
'With *Shenstone's* art;
ith *Gray*, the moving flow
'Warm on the heart.

'Yet all beneath th' unrivall'd Rose,
'The lowly Daisy sweetly blows;
'Tho' large the forest's Monarch throws
'His army shade,
'Yet green the juicy Hawthorn grows,
'Adown the glade.

'Then never murmur nor repine;
'Strive in thy humible sphere to shine;
'And trust me, not *Potosi's* mine,
'Nor King's regard,
'Can give a bliss o'ermatching thine,
'A *rustic Bard*.

'To give my counsels all in one,
'Thy tuneful flame still careful fan;
'Preserve *the Dignity of Man*,
'With soul erect;
'And trust, the *Universal Plan*
'Will all protect.

'*And wear thou this*'—she solemn said,
And bound the *Holly* round my head:
The polish'd leaves, and berries red,
Did rustling play;
And, like a passing thought she fled
In light away.

THE

DEATH AND DYING WORDS

OF

POOR MAILIE,

THE AUTHOR'S ONLY PET YOWE.

An unco mournfu' Tale.

As *Mailie*, an' her lambs thegither,
Was ae day nibbling on the tether,
On her cloot she coost a hitch,
An' owre she warsl'd in the ditch:
There, groaning, dying, she did lie,
When *Hughoc* (31) he came doytin by.

Wi' glowrin een, an' lifted han's,
Poor *Hughoc* like a statue stan's;

He saw her days were near hand ended,
But, waes my heart! he could na mend it!
He gaped wide, but naething spak;
At length poor *Mailie* silence brak.

'O thou, whase lamentable face
Appears to mourn my woefu' case!
My *dying words* attentive hear,
An' bear them to my Master dear.

'Tell him, if e'er again he keep,
As muckle gear as buy a sheep,
O, bid him never tie them mair
Wi' wicked strings o' hemp or hair!
But ca' them out to park or hill,
An' let them wander at their will:
So may his flock increase, an' grow
To scores o' lambs, an' packs o' woo!

'Tell him, he was a Master kin',
An' aye was guid to me and mine;
An' now my dying charge I gie him,
My helpless lambs I trust them wi' him.

'O, bid him save their harmless lives,
Frae dogs, an' tods, an' butchers knives!
But gie them guid cow-milk their fill,
Till they be fit to fend themsel;

nt them duly, e'en an' morn,
eats o' hay an' ripps o' corn.

i' may they never learn the gaets
her vile, wanrestfu' *pets!*
link thro' slaps, an' reave an' steal,
tacks o' pease, or stocks o' kail.
nay they, like their great Forbears,
monie a year come thro' the sheers:
wives will gie them bits o' bread,
bairns greet for them when they're dead.

My poor *toop-lamb*, my son an' heir,
bid him breed him up wi' care!
if he live to be a beast,
pit some havins in his breast!
warn him, what I winna name,
stay content wi' yowes at hame;
no to rin an' wear his cloots,
e ither [illegible], [illegible], brutes.

An' mest, my *yowie*, silly thing,
le keep thee frae a tether string!
may thou ne'er forgather up
ony blastit, moorland toop;
t ay keep mind to moop an' mell,
' sheep o' credit like thysel!

'And now, my bairns, wi' my last breath,
I lea'e my blessin wi' you baith:
An' when you think upo' your Mither,
Mind to be kin' to ane anither.

'Now, honest *Hughoc*, dinna fail
To tell my Master a' my tale;
An' bid him burn this cursed tether,
An' for thy pains, thou'se get my blether.'

This said, poor *Maillie* turn'd her head,
An' clos'd her een amang the dead.

POOR MAILIE'S

ELEGY.

T in rhyme, lament in prose,
ears trickling down your nose;
e's fate is at a close,
Past a' remead;
ad cap-stane of his woes;
Poor Mailie's dead!

he loss o' warl's gear,
d nae bitter draw the tear,
ur Bardie, dowie, wear
The mourning weed:
friend and neebor dear,
In *Mailie* dead.

i' the toun she trotted by him;
lf-mile she could descry him;
y bleat, when she did spy him,
She ran wi' speed:
mair faithfu' ne'er cam nigh him,
Than *Mailie* dead.

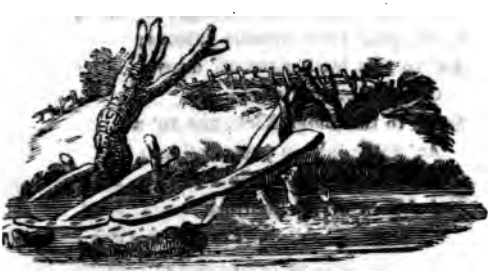
I wat she was a sheep o' sense,
An' could behave hersel wi' mense:
I'll say't, she never brak a fence,
Thro' thievish greed.
Our Bardie, lanely, keeps the Spence
Sin' *Mailie's* dead.

Or, if he wanders up the howe,
Her living image in her *yowe*,
Comes bleating to him, owre the knowe,
For bits o' bread;
An' down the briny pearls rowe
For *Mailie* dead.

She was nae get o' moorland tips,
Wi' tawted ket, an' hairy hips;
For her forbears were brought in ships
Frae yont the *Tweed*:
A bonier *fleesh* ne'er cross'd the clips
Than *Mailie* dead.

Wae worth the man wha first did shape
That vile, wanchancie thing—*a rape!*
It maks guid fellows girn an' gape,
Wi' chokin dread;
An' *Robin's* bonnet wave wi' crape,
For *Mailie* dead.

O, a' ye Bards on bonie *Doon!*
A' wha on *Ayr* your chanters tune!
Come, join the melancholious croon
O' *Robin's* reed!
His heart will never get aboon!
His *Mailie's* dead!



THE

ORDINATION.

For sense they little owe to frugal Heav'n—
To please the Mob, they hide the little giv'n.

I.

K********* Wabsters fidge an' claw,
An' pour your creeshie nations;
An' ye wha leather rax an' draw,
Of a' denominations;
Swith to the *Laigh Kirk*, ane an' a',
An' there tak up your stations;
Then aff to *B—gh—'s* in a raw,
An' pour divine libations
For joy this day.

II.

Curst Common-sense, that imp o' h-ll,
Cam in wi' Maggie Lauder: (39)
But O******* aft made her yell,
An' R***** sair misca'd her;

is day M'*******taks the flail,
An' he's the boy will blaud her!
e'll clap a *shangan* on her tail,
An' set the bairns to daud her
Wi' dirt this day.

III.

fak haste an' turn king David owre,
An' lilt wi' holy clangor;
)' double verse come gie us four,
An' skirl up the Bangor:
This day the Kirk kicks up a stoure,
Nae mair the knaves shall wrang her,
For Heresy is in her pow'r,
And gloriously she'll whang her
Wi' pith this day.

IV.

'ome, let a proper text be read,
An' touch it aff wi' vigour,
low graceless *Ham* (40) leugh at his Dad,
Which made *Canaan* a niger;
r *Phineas* (41) drove the murdering blade,
Wi' wh-re-abhorring rigour;
r *Zipporah*, (42) the scauldin jade,
Was like a bluidy tiger
I' th' inn that day.

V

There, try his mettle on the creed,
And bind him down wi' caution,
That *stipend* is a carnal weed
He taks but for the fashion;
And gie him o'er the flock, to feed,
And punish each transgression;
Especial, *rams* that cross the breed,
Gie them sufficient threshin,
Spare them nae day.

VI

Now auld K********* cock thy tail,
And toss thy horns fu' canty:
Nae mare thou'lt rowte out-owre the dale,
Because thy pasture's scanty;
For lapfu's large o' *gospel kail*
Shall fill thy crib in plenty,
An' *runts* o' *grace* the pick and wale,
No gi'en by way o' dainty,
But ilka day,

VII

Nae mair by *Babel's streams* we'll weep,
To think upon our *Zion;*
And hing our fiddles up to sleep,
Like baby-clouts a-dryin:

ie, screw the pegs wi' tunefu' cheep,
nd o'er the thairms be tryin;
rare! to see our elbucks wheep,
nd a' like lamb-tails dyin
Fu' fast this day!

VIII

ng *Patronage*, wi' rod o' airn,
Has shor'd the Kirk's undoin,
s lately *F-rw-ck*, sair forfairn,
Has proven to its ruin;
Our Patron, honest man! Gl*******,
He saw mischief was brewin;
And like a godly elect bairn,
He's wal'd us out a true ane,
And sound this day.

IX

Now R******* harangue nae mair,
But steek your gab for ever:
Or try the wicked town of A**,
For there they'll think you clever:
Or, nae reflection on your lear,
Ye may commence a Shaver;
Or to the *N-th-rt-n* repair,
And turn a Carpet-weaver
Aff-hand this day.

X

M***** and you were just a match,
We never had sic twa drones:
Auld *Hornie* did the *Leigh Kirk* watch,
Just like a winkin baudrons;
And ay he catch'd the tither wretch,
To fry them in his cauldrons:
But now his Honor maun detach,
Wi' a' his brimstone squadrons,
Fast, fast, this day.

XI.

See, see auld Orthodoxy's faes
She's swingin thro' the city;
Hark, how the nine-tail'd cat she plays!
I vow its unco pretty:
There, Learning with his Greekish face,
Grunts out some Latin ditty;
And common Sense is gaun, she says,
To mak to *Jamie Beatie*
Her plaint this day.

XII.

But there's Morality himsel,
Embracing all opinions,
Hear, how he gies the tither yell,
Between his twa companions;

See, how she peels the skin an' fell,
As ane were peelin onions!
Now there, they're packed aff to hell,
And banish'd our dominions,
Henceforth this day.

XIII

O happy day! rejoice, rejoice!
Come bouse about the porter!
Morality's demure decoys
Shall here nae mair find quarter:
M*******, R*****, are the boys
That Heresy can torture;
They'll gie her on a rape a hoyse,
And cow her measure shorter
By th' head some day.

XIV

Come, bring the tither mutchkin in,
And here's, for a conclusion,
To every *New-light* (43) mother's son,
From this time forth, Confusion:
If mair they deave us with their din,
Or Patronage intrusion,
We'll light a spunk, and, ev'ry skin,
We'll rin them aff in fusion
Like oil, some day,

TO

J. S****

Friendship! Mysterious cement of the soul!
Sweet'ner of Life, and solder of Society!
I owe thee much.———

BLAIR.

DEAR S****, the sleest, paukie thief,
That e'er attempted stealth or rief,
Ye surely hae some warlock-breef
Owre human hearts;
For ne'er a bosom yet was prief
Against your arts.

For me, I swear by sun an' moon,
And ev'ry star that blinks aboon,
Ye've cost me twenty pair o' shoon
Just gaun to see you;
And ev'ry ither pair that's done,
Mair taen I'm wi' you,

That auld capricious carlin, Nature,
To mak amends for scrimpit stature,
She's turn'd you off, a human creature
On her *first* plan,
And in her freaks, on ev'ry feature,
She's wrote, *the Man*.

Just now I've taen the fit o' rhyme,
My barmie noddle's working prime,
My fancy yerkit up sublime
Wi' hasty summon:
Hae ye a leisure-moment's time
To hear what's comin?

Some rhyme a neebor's name to lash;
Some rhyme (vain thought!) for needfu' cash;
Some rhyme to court the countra clash,
An' raise a din;
For me, an *aim* I never fash:
I rhyme for fun.

The star that rules my luckless lot,
Has fated me the russet coat,
An' damn'd my fortune to the groat;
But in requit,
Has blest me wi' a random shot
O' countra wit.

This while my notion's taen a sklent;
To try my fate in guid black *prent*;
But still the mair I'm that way bent,
Something cries, 'Hoolie!
'I red you, honest man, tak tent!
'Ye'll shaw your folly.

'There's ither Poets, much your betters,
'Far seen in *Greek*, deep men o' letters,
'Hae thought they had ensur'd their debtors,
'A' future ages;
'Now moths deform in shapeless tatters,
'Their unknown pages.'

Then farewel hopes o' laurel-boughs,
To garland my poetic brows!
Henceforth I'll rove where busy ploughs
Are whistling thrang,
An' teach the lanely heights an' howes
My rustic sang.

I'll wander on with tentless heed
How never-halting moments speed,
Till fate shall snap the brittle thread;
Then, all unknown,
I'll lay me with the inglorious dead,
Forgot and gone!

But why o' Death begin a tale?
Just now we're living sound and hale,
Then top and maintop crowd the sail,
Heave *Care* o'er-side!
And large, before Enjoyment's gale,
Let's tak the tide.

This life, sae far's I understand,
Is a' enchanted fairy land,
Where Pleasure is the Magic Wand,
That, weilded right,
Maks Hours like Minutes, hand in hand,
Dance by fu' light.

The magic wand then let us wield;
For, ance that five-an'-forty's speel'd,
See, crazy, weary, joyless Eild,
Wi' wrinkl'd face,
Comes hostin, hirplin owre the field,
Wi' creepin pace.

When ance *life's day* draws near the gloamin,
Then fareweel vacant careless roamin;
An' fareweel chearfu' tankards foamin,
An' social noise;
An' fareweel dear, deluding *woman*,
The joy of joys!

O Life! how pleasant in thy morning,
Young Fancy's rays the hills adorning;
Cold-pausing Caution's lesson scorning,
We frisk away,
Like school-boys, at the expected warning,
To joy and play.

We wander there, we wander here,
We eye the rose upon the brier,
Unmindful that the thorn is near,
Among the leaves;
And tho' the puny wound appear,
Short while it grieves.

Some, lucky, find a flow'ry spot,
For which they never toil'd nor swat;
They drink the sweet and eat the fat,
But care or pain;
And, haply, eye the barren hut
With high disdain.

With steady aim, some Fortune chase;
Keen hope does ev'ry sinew brace;
Thro' fair, thro' foul, they urge the race,
And seize the prey:
Then canie, in some cozie place,
They close the *day*.

›thers, like your humble servan',
ıghts ! nae rules nor roads observin ;
t or left, eternal swervin,
They zig zag on ;
st with age, obscure an' starvin,
They aften groan.

what bitter toil an' straining—
ce with peevish, poor complaining !
ıne's fickle *Luna* waning ?
E'en let her gang !
ı what light she has remaining,
Let's sing our sang.

en I here fling to the door,
eel, ' Ye pow'rs !' and warm implore,
should wander *Terra* o'er,
' In all her climes,
me but this, I ask no more,
' Ay rowth o' rhymes.

dreeping roasts to countra Lairds,
cles hing frae their beards ;
ıe braw claes to fine Life-guards,
' And Maids of Honor ;
ill an' whisky gie to Cairds,
' Until they sconner.

'A Title, *Dempster* merits it;
'A garter gie to *Willie Pitt*;
'Gie wealth to some be-ledger'd Cit,
'In cent. per cent.
'But gie me real, sterling Wit,
'And I'm content.

'While Ye are pleas'd to keep me hale,
'I'll sit down o'er my scanty meal,
'Be't *Water-brose* or *muslin-kail*,
'Wi chearfu' face,
'As lang's the Muses dinna fail
'To say the grace.'

An anxious e'e I never throws
Behint my lug, or by my nose;
I jouk beneath Misfortune's blows
As weel's I may;
Sworn foe to Sorrow, Care and Prose.
I rhyme away.

O ye douce folk, that live by rule,
Grave, tideless-blooded, calm and cool,
Compar'd wi' you—O fool! fool! fool!
How much unlike!
Your hearts are just a standing pool,
Your lives, a dyke!

Nae hair-brain'd, sentimental traces
In your unletter'd, nameless faces!
In *arioso* trills and graces
Ye never stray,
But *gravissimo*, solemn basses
Ye hum away.

Ye are sae *grave*, nae doubt ye're *wise*;
Nae ferly tho' ye do despise
The hairum-scairum ram-stam boys,
The rattlin squad:
I see you upward cast your eyes—
—Ye ken the road.—

Whilst I—but I shall haud me there—
Wi' you I'll scarce gang *ony where*—
Then, *Jamie*, I shall say nae mair,
But quat my sang,
Content wi' *You* to mak a pair,
Whare'er I gang.

ADDRESS

TO THE

UNCO GUID,

OR THE

RIGIDLY RIGHTEOUS.

My son, these Maxims make a rule,
And lump them ay thegither;
The Rigid Righteous *is a fool,*
The Rigid Wise *anither:*
The cleanest corn that e'er was dight
May hae some pyles o' caff in;
So ne'er a fellow-creature slight
For random fits o' daffin.
SOLOMON.—Eccles. ch. vii. ver

O YE wha are sae guid yoursel,
Sae pious and sae holy,
Ye've nought to do but mark and tell
Your Neebor's fauts and folly!
Whase life is like a weel-gaun mill,
Supply'd wi' store o' water,
The heapet happer's ebbing still,
And still the clap plays clatter.

II.

ye venerable Core,
sel for poor mortals,
ient pass douce Wisdom's door
ikit Folly's portals;
r thoughtless, careless sakes,
here propone defences,
sie tricks, their black mistakes,
ailings and mischances.

III.

ur state wi' their's compar'd,
idder at the niffer,
a moment's fair regard,
naks the mighty differ;
what scant occasion gave,
urity ye pride in,
t's aft mair than a' the lave)
etter art o' hiding.

IV.

hen your castigated pulse
ow and then a wallop,
ings must his veins convulse,
till eternal gallop;
and tide fair i' your tail,
an ye could your sea-way;

But in the teeth o' baith to sail,
It maks an unco leeway.

V.

See Social-life and Glee sit down,
All joyous and unthinking,
Till, quite transmugrify'd, their grown
Debauchery and Drinking:
O would they stay to calculate
Th' eternal consequences;
Or your more dreaded h-ll to state,
D—mnation of expences!

VI.

Ye high, exalted, virtuous Dames,
Ty'd up in godly laces,
Before ye gie poor *Frailty* names,
Suppose a change o' cases;
A dear-lov'd lad, convenience snug
A treacherous inclination——
But, let me whisper i' your lug,
Ye'er aiblins nae temptation.

VII.

Then gently scan your brother Man,
Still gentler sister Woman;
Tho' they may gang a kennin wrang,
To step aside is human:

oint must still be greatly dark,
e moving *Why* they do it:
ust as lamely can ye mark,
ow far perhaps they rue it.

VIII.

made the heart, 'tis *He* alone
ecidedly can try us,
nows each chord its various tone,
ach spring its various bias:
n at the balance let's be mute,
e never can adjust it;
t's *done* we partly may compute,
ut know not what's *resisted*.

DESPONDENCY.

AN ODE.

I.

OPPRESS'D with grief, oppress'd with care,
A burden more than I can bear,
I set me down an' sigh;
O Life! thou art a galling load,
Along a rough, a weary road,
To wretches, such as I!
Dim-backward as I cast my view,
What sick'ning Scenes appear!
What Sorrows *yet* may pierce me thro',
Too justly I may fear!
Still caring, despairing,
Must be my bitter doom;
My woes here shall close ne'er
But with the closing tomb!

II.

one of Busy-life,
l to the bustling strife,
view regard!
the wished *end's* deny'd,
he busy *means* are ply'd,
ng their own reward:
hope abandon'd wight,
with an *aim*,
sad returning night,
ss morn the same,
ustling, and justling,
yet each grief and pain;
s, yet restless,
ev'ry prospect vain.

III.

he Solitary's lot,
rgetting, all-forgot,
is humble cell,
wild with tangling roots,
newly-gather'd fruits,
s crystal well!
s his ev'ning thought,
quented stream,
f men are distant brought,
ollected dream:

While praising, and raising
His thoughts to Heav'n on high,
As wand'ring, meand'ring,
He views the solemn sky.

IV.

Than I, no lonely Hermit plac'd
Where never human footstep trac'd,
Less fit to play the part;
The lucky moment to improve,
And *just* to stop, and *just* to move,
With self-respecting art;
But ah! those pleasures, Loves, and joys,
Which I too keenly taste,
The *Solitary* can despise,
Can want, and yet be blest!
He needs not, he heeds not,
Or human love or hate,
Whilst I here must cry here,
At perfidy ingrate!

V.

Oh! enviable, early days,
When dancing thoughtless Pleasure's maze,
To Care, to guilt unknown!
How ill-exchang'd for riper times,
To feel the follies, or the crimes,
Of others, or my own!

tiny elves that guiltless sport,
Like linnets in the bush,
e little know the ills ye court,
When manhood is your wish!
The losses, the crosses,
That *active man* engage!
The fears all, the tears all,
Of dim-declining *Age!*

TO

MISS L——,

WITH

BEATTIE'S POEMS,

For a New-year's Gift. Jan. 1, 1787.

AGAIN the silent wheels of time
Their annual round have driv'n,
And you, tho' scarce in maiden prime,
Are so much nearer Heav'n.

No gifts have I from Indian coast
The infant year to hail;
I send you more than India boasts
In *Edwin's* simple tale.

Our sex with guile and faithless love
Is charg'd, perhaps too true;
But may, dear Maid, each Lover prove
An *Edwin* still to you.

TAM SAMSON'S

ELEGY.

An honest man's the noblest work of God.

POPE.

AS auld K*********(44) seen the Deil?
Or great M'*******(45) thrawn his heel?
Or R*******(46) again grown weel,
To preach an' read?
Na, waur than a'! cries ilka chiel,
'*Tam Samson's* dead!'

K********* lang may grunt an' grane,
An' sigh an' sab, an' greet her lane,
An' clead her bairns, man, wife an' wean,
In mourning weed;
Death, she's dearly paid the kane,
Tam Samson's dead!

The Brethren of the mystic *level*
May hing their head in wofu' bevel,
While by their nose the tears will revel,
Like ony bead;
Death's gien the Lodge an unço devel,
Tam Samson's dead!

When Winter muffles up his cloak,
And binds the mire like a rock,
When to the loughs the Curlers flock,
Wi' gleesome speed,
Wha will they station at the *cock*,
Tam Samson's dead?

He was the King o' a' the Core.
To guard, or draw, or wick a bore,
Or up the ring like *Jehu* roar
In time of need;
But now he lags on Death's *hog-score*,
Tam Samson's dead!

Now safe the stately Sawmont sail,
And Trouts bedropp'd wi' crimson hail,
And Eels weel ken'd for souple tail,
And Geds for greed,
Since dark in Death's *fish-creel* we wail
Tam Samson's dead!

oice ye birring Paitricks a';
otie Moorcocks, crousely craw;
aukins, cock your fud fu' braw,
Withouten dread;
nortal foe is now awa',
Tam Samson's dead!

it wofu' mote be ever mourn'd
im in shootin graith adorn'd,
Pointers round impatient burn'd,
Frae couples freed;
Och! he gaed and ne'er return'd!
Tam Samson's dead!

vain Auld-age his body batters;
in the Gout his ancles fetters;
in the burns came down like waters,
An acre braid!
ev'ry auld wife, greetin, clatters,
Tam Samson's dead!

re mony a weary hag he limpit,
y the tither shot he thumpit,
oward Death behind him jumpit,
Wi' deadly feide;
he proclaims, wi' tout o' trumpit,
Tam Samson's dead!

When at his heart he felt the dagger,
He reel'd his wonted bottle-swagger,
But yet he drew the mortal trigger
Wi' weel-aim'd heed
'L—d, five!' he cry'd, an' owre did stagger
Tam Samson's dead!

Ilk hoary hunter mourn'd a brither;
Ilk Sportsman-youth bemoan'd a father;
Yon auld gray stane, amang the heather,
Marks out his head,
Whare *Burns* has wrote, in rhyming blether
Tam Samson's dead.!

There, low he lies, in lasting rest;
Perhaps upon his mould'ring breast
Some spitefu' muirfowl bigs her nest,
To hatch an' breed:
Alas! nae mair he'll them molest!
Tam Samson's dead!

When August winds the heather wave,
And Sportsman wander by yon grave,
Three vollies let his mem'ry crave
O' pouther an' lead,
Till Echo answer frae her cave,
Tam Samson's dead!

av'n rest his saul, whare'er he be!
' wish o' mony mae than me:
ıad twa' fauts, or may be three,
Yet what remead?
ıocial, honest man want we:
Tam Samson's dead!

THE EPITAPH.

Tam Samson's weel-worn clay here lies,
Ye canting Zealots, spare him!
If Honest Worth in Heav'n rise,
Ye'll mend or ye win near him.

PER CONTRA.

Go, Fame, an' canter like a filly
Thro' a' the streets an' neuks o' *Killie*, (47)
Tell ev'ry social, honest billie
To cease his grievin,
For yet, unskaith'd by Death's gleg gullie,
Tam Samson's livin.

HE following POEM will, by many Readers, ell enough understood; but for the sake of e who are unacquainted with the manners and itions of the country where the scene is cast, es are added, to give some account of the cipal Charms and Spells of that Night, so big ı Prophecy to the Peasantry in the West of land. The passion of prying into futurity es a striking part of the History of Human ure in its rude state, in all ages and nations; it may be some entertainment to a philosophic d, if any such should honor the Author with a usal, to see the remains of it, among the more nlightened in our own.

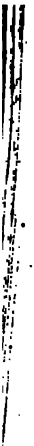
HALLOWEEN. (48)

Yes! let the Rich deride, the Proud disdain,
The simple pleasures of the lowly train:
To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm, than all the gloss of art.

GOLDSMITH.

I.

UPON that night, when Fairies light,
On *Cassilis Downans* (49) dance,
Or owre the lays, in splendid blaze,
On sprightly coursers prance;
Or for *Colean* the rout is ta'en,
Beneath the Moon's pale beams;
There, up the *Cove*, (50) to stray an' rove
Amang the rocks an' streams
To sport that night.



II.

ıg the bony, winding banks,
ıere *Doon* rins, wimplin, clear,
re Bruce (51) ance rul'd the martial ranks,
ı' shook his *Carrick* spear,
: merry, friendly, countra folks,
ıgether did convene,
urn their nits, an' *pou* their stocks,
ı' haud their *Hallowees*
Fu' blythe that night.

III.

lasses feat, an' cleanly neat,
air braw than when they're fine;
ir faces blythe, fu' sweetly kythe.
earts leal, an' warm, an' kin':
lads sae trig, wi' wooer-babs,
'eel knotted on their garten,
e unco blate, an' some wi' gabs,
ar lasses hearts gang startin
Whiles fast at night.

IV.

n first and foremost, thro' the kail,
'heir *stocks* (52) maun a' be sought ance;
:y steek their e'en, an' graip an' wale,
'or muckle anes and straught anes.

Poor hav'rel Will fell aff the drift,
An' wander'd thro' the *Bow-kail*,
An' pow't, for want o' better shift,
A *runt* was like a sow-tail,
Sae bow't that night.

V.

Then, straught or crooked, yird or nane,
They roar an' cry a' throu'ther;
The vera wee-things, todlin, rin
Wi' stocks out-owre their shoulder:
An' gif the *cootie's* sweet or sour,
Wi' joctelegs they taste them;
Syne coziely, aboon the door,
Wi' cannie care, they've plac'd them
To lie that night.

VI.

The lasses straw frae 'mang them a',
To pou their *stalks o' corn;* (53)
But Rab slips out, an' jinks about,
Behint the muckle thorn:
He grippet Nelly hard an' fast;
Loud skirl'd a' the lasses;
But her *tap-pickle* maist was lost,
When kiutlin in the Fause-house (54)
Wi' him that night.

VII.

ıd Guidwife's wheel-hoordet *nits* (55)
:ound an' round divided,
ɔnie lads and lasses fates
there that night decided.
kindly, couthie, side by side,
burn thegither trimly;
: start awa' wi' saucy pride,
ıd jump out-owre the chimlie
Fu' high that night.

VIII.

an slips in twa wi' tentie e'e;
Wha 'twas, she wadna tell;
at this is *Jock* an' this is *me*,
She says in to hersel:
e bleez'd owre her, an' she owre him,
As they wad never mair part,
'ill fuff! he started up the lum,
An' Jean had e'en a sair heart
To se't that night.

IX

Poor Willie, wi' his *bow-kail runt*,
Was *brunt* wi' primsie Mallie;
An' Mary, nae doubt, took the drunt,
To be compar'd to Willie:

Mall' nit lap out wi' pridefu' fling,
An' her ain fit it brunt it;
While Willie lap, and swoor by jing,
'Twas just the way he wanted
To be that night.

X.

Nell had the Fause-house in her min',
She pits hersel an' Rob in;
In loving bleeze they sweetly join,
Till white in ase they're sobbin:
Nell's heart was dancin at the view,
She whisper'd Rob to leuk for't:
Rob, stownlins, prie'd her bonie mou,
Fu' cozie in the neuk for't,
Unseen that night.

XI

But Merran sat behint their backs,
Her thoughts on Andrew Bell;
She lea'es them gashin in their cracks,
And slips out by hersel:
She thro' the yard the nearest taks,
An' to the kiln she goes then,
An' darklins grapit for the bauks,
And in the *bluc-clue* (56) throws then,
Right fear't that night.

XII.

An' ay she win't, an' ay she swat,
I wat she made nae jaukin;
Till something held within the pat;
Guid L—d! but she was quakin!
But whether 'twas the Deil himsel,
Or whether 'twas a bauk-en',
Or whether it was Andrew Bell,
She did na wait on talkin.
To spier that night.

XIII.

Wee Jenny to her Graunie says,
'Will ye go wi' me, Graunie?
'I'll *eat the* (57) *apple at the glass*,
'I gat fra uncle Johnie:'
She fuff't her pipe wi' sic a lunt,
In wrath she was sae vap'rin,
She notic't na, an aizle brunt
Her braw new worset apron
Out thro' that night.

XIV.

'Ye little Skelpie-limmer's face!
'I daur you try sic sportin,
'As seek the foul Thief ony place,
'For him to spae your fortune:

'Nae doubt but ye may get a *sight!*
'Great cause ye hae to fear it;
'For monie a ane has gotten a fright,
'An' liv'd an di'd deleeret.
'On sic a night.

XV.

'Ae Hairst afore the Sherra-muir,
'I mind't as weel's yestreen,
'I was a gilpey then, I'm sure
'I was na past fyfteen:
'The Simmer had been cauld an' wat,
'An' stuff was unco green;
'An' ay a rantin kirn we gat,
'And just on *Hallowe'en*
'It fell that night.

XVI.

'Our Stibble-rig was Rab M'Graen,
'A clever, sturdy fallow;
'His Sin gat Eppie Sim wi' wean,
'That liv'd in Achmacalla:
'He gat *hemp-seed* (58), I mind it weel,
'An' he made unco light o't;
'But monie a day was *by himsel*,
'He was sae fairly frighted
'That vera night.'

XVII.

gat fechtin Sawnie Beck,
swoor by his conscience,
:ould *saw hemp-seed* a peck;
as s' but nonsense;
guidman raught down the pock,
; a handfu' gied him;
him slip free 'mang the folk,
me when nae ane see'd him,
An' try't that night.

XVIII.

es thro' amang the stacks,
: was something sturtin;
he for a *harrow* taks,
irls at his curpin:
now an' then, he says,
-seed I saw thee,
that is to be my lass,
after me, and draw thee
'As fast this night.'

XIX.

'd up Lord Lenox' march,
p his courage cheary;
hair began to arch,
sae fley'd an' eerie:

Till presently he hears a squeak,
An' then a grane an' gruntle;
He by his shouther gae a keek
An' tumbl'd wi' a wintle
'Out-owre that night.'

XX.

He roar'd a horrid murder-shout,
In dreadfu' desperation!
An' young an auld came rinnin out,
To hear the sad narration:
He swoor 'twas hilchin Jean M'Craw,
Or crouchie Merran Humphie,
Till stop! she trotted thro' them a';
An' wha' was it but *Grumphie*,
Asteer that night!

XXI.

Meg fain wad to the *Barn* hae gaen,
To *winn three wechts o' naething* (59);
But for to meet the Deil her lane,
She pat but little faith in:
She gies the Herd a pickle nits,
An' twa red cheekit apples,
To watch, while for the *barn* she sets,
In hopes to see Tam Kipples
That vera night.

XXII.

ns the key wi' canie thraw,
)wre the threshold ventures;
it on Sawnie gies a ca',
bauldly in she enters:
s rattl'd up the wa',
ie cry'd, L—d preserve her!
thro' midden-hole an' a'
)ray'd wi' zeal and fervour,
Fu' fast that night.

XXIII.

oy't out Will, wi' fair advice;
hecht him some fine braw ane;
c'd the *Stack* he *faddom't thrice* (60),
timmer-propt for thrawin;
s a swirlie, auld moss-oak,
)ome black, grousome Carlin'
)t a winze, an' drew a stroke,
kin in blypes came haurlin
Affs' nieves that night.

XXIV.

)on widow Leezie was,
anty as a kittlen;
)ch! that night, amang ths shaws,
gat a fearfu' settlin!

She thro' the whins, an' by the cairn,
An' owre the hill gaed scrivin,
Whare *three Laird's lands met at a burn* (61),
To dip her left sark-sleeve in,
Was hant that night.

XXV.

Whyles owre a linn the burnie plays,
As thro' the glen it wimpl't;
Whyles round a rocky scar it strays;
Whyles in a wiel it dimpl't;
Whyles glitter'd to the nightly rays,
Wi' bickering, dancing dazzle;
Whyles cookit underneath the braes,
Below the spreading hazle,
Unseen that night.

XXVI.

Amang the brachens, on the brae,
Betweeen her an' the moon,
The Deil, or else an outler Quey,
Gat up an' gae a croon:
Poor Leezie's heart maist lap the hool;
Near lav'rock-height she jumpit,
But mist a fit, an' in the *pool*
Out-owré the lugs she plumpit,
Wi' a plunge that night.

XXVII.

er, on the clean hearth-stone,
Luggies three (62) are ranged,
r'ry time great care is ta'en,
ee them duly changed:
mole John, wha wedlock's joys
Mar's-year did desire,
e he gat the toom-dish thrice,
heav'd them on the fire
In wrath that night.

XXVIII.

erry sangs, an' friendly cracks,
at they did na weary:
ieo tales, an' funnie jokes,
ir sports were cheap an' cheary;
utter'd So'ns (63), wi' fragrant lunt,
a' their gabs a-steerin;
wi' a social glass o' strunt,
ey parted aff careerin
Fu' blythe that night.

THE

AULD FARMER'S

NEW-YEAR'S MORNING SALUTATION

TO HIS

AULD MARE MAGGIE,

On giving her the accustomed Ripp of Corn to hansel in the New-Year.

A *Guid New-year* I wish thee, Maggie!
Hae, there's a *ripp* to thy auld baggie:
Tho' thou's howe-backit, now, an' knaggie,
I've seen the day,
Thou could hae gaen like onie staggie
Out-owre the lay.

Tho' now thou's dowie, stiff, an' crazy,
An' thy auld hide as white's a daisy,
I've seen thee dappl't, sleek, and glaizie,
A bony gray:
He shou'd been tight that daur't to *raize* thee,
Ance in a day.

e was i' the foremost rank,
ly, steeve, an' swank,
down a shapely shank,
As e'er tread yird;
ie flown out-owre a stank,
Like ony bird.

ome nine-an'-twenty year,
s my Guid-father's *Meere*;
thee, o' tocher clear,
An' fifty mark;
sma', 'twas weel-won gear,
An' thou was stark.

t I gaed to woo my *Jenny*,
s trottin wi' your Minnie:
; trickie, slee, an' funnie,
Ye ne'er was donsie;
, tawie, quiet, an' cannie,
An' unco sonsie.

, ye pranc'd wi' muckle pride,
ire hame my bonny *Bride*:
n' gracefu' she did ride,
Wi' maiden air!
rt I could bragged wide,
For sic a pair.

Tho' now ye dow but hoyte and hoble,
An' wintle like a saumont-coble,
That day ye was a jinker noble,
For heels an' win'!
An' ran them till they a' did wauble,
Far, far, behin'.

When thou an' I were young an' skiegh,
An' stable-meals at Fairs were driegh,
How thou wad prance, an' snore, an' skriegh,
An' tak the road!
Town's bodies ran, an' stood abiegh,
An' ca't thee mad.

When thou was corn't, an' I was mellow,
We took the road ay like a Swallow:
At *Brooses* thou had ne'er a fellow,
For pith an' speed;
But ev'ry tail thou pay't them hollow,
Whare'er thou gaed.

The sma', droop-rumpl't, hunter cattle,
Might aiblins waur't thee for a brattle;
But sax Scotch miles thou try't their mettle,
An' gar't them whaizle
Nae whip nor spur, but just a wattle
O' saugh or hazle.

'as a noble *Fittie-lan'*,
tug or tow was drawn!
ın' I, in anght hours gaun,
On guid March-weather,
d sax rood beside our han',
For days thegither.

ever braindg't, an' fetch't, an' fliskit,
uld tail thou wad hae whiskit,
d abreed thy weel-fill'd brisket,
Wi' pith and pow'r,
ie knows wad rair't and risket,
An' slypet owre.

frosts lay lang, an' snaws were deep,
ten'd labor back to keep.
r *cog* a wee bit heap
Aboon the timmer;
my *Maggie* wad na sleep
For that, or Simmer.

or ear thou never reestit;
est brae thou wad hae fac't it;
er lap, and sten't, and breastit,
Then stood to blaw;
hy step a wee thing hastit,
Thou snoov't awa.

My *Pleugh* is now thy bairntime a';
Four gallant brutes as e'er did draw;
Forbye sax mae, I've sell't awa,
That thou hast nurst;
They drew me thretteen pund an' twa,
The vera warst.

Monie a sair daurg we twa hae wrought,
An' wi' the weary warl' fought!
An' monie an anxious day, I thought
We wad be beat!
Yet here to crazy age we're brought,
Wi' something yet.

And think na, my auld, trusty Servan',
That now perhaps thou's less deservin,
An' thy auld days may end in starvin,
For my last *fow*,
A heapit *Stimpart*, I'll reserve ane
Laid by for you.

We've worn to crazy years thegither;
We'll toyte about wi' ane anither;
Wi' tentie care I'll flit thy tether,
To some hain'd rig,
Where ye may nobly rax your leather,
Wi' sma' fatigue.

A

WINTER NIGHT.

Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm!
How shall your houseless heads, and unfed sides,
Your loop'd and widow'd raggedness, defend you
From seasons such as these.———

SHAKESPEARE.

WHEN biting Boreas, fell and dourc,
Sharp shivers thro' the leafless bow'r;
When *Phœbus* gies a short-liv'd glow'r,
Far south the lift,
Dim-dark'ning thro' the flaky show'r,
Or whirling drift.

Ae night the Storm the Steeples rocked,
Poor Labour sweet in sleep was locked,
While burns, wi' snawy wreeths up-choked,
Wild-eddying swirl,
Or thro' the mining outlet bocked,
Down headlong hurl.

List'ning, the door an' winnocks rattle,
I thought me on the ourie cattle,
Or silly sheep, wha bide this brattle
O' winter war,
And thro' the drift, deep-lairing sprattle,
Beneath a scar.

Ilk happing bird, wee, helpless thing;
That, in the merry months o' Spring,
Delighted me to hear thee sing,
What comes o' thee!
Whare wilt thou cow'r thy chittering wing,
An' close thy e'e?

Ev'n you on murd'ring errands toil'd,
Lone from your savage homes exil'd,
The blood-stain'd roost, and sheep-cote spoil'd,
My heart forgets,
While pitiless the tempest wild
Sore on you beats.

Now *Phœbe*, in her midnight reign,
Dark muffl'd, view'd the dreary plain;
Still crouding thoughts, a pensive train,
Rose in my soul,
When on my ear this plaintive strain,
Slow solemn, stole—

, blow, ye Winds, with heavier gust!
eze, thou bitter-biting Frost!
, ye chilly, smothering Snows!
your rage, as now, united shows
hard unkindness, unrelenting,
eful malice, unrepenting,
eav'n-illumin'd Man on brother Man
estows!
ern Oppression's iron grip,
mad Ambition's gory hand,
like blood-hounds from the slip,
e, want, and murder, o'er a land!
in the peaceful rural vale,
, weeping, tells the mournful tale,
mper'd Luxury, Flatt'ry by her side,
arasite empoisoning her ear,
all the servile wretches in the rear,
'er proud Property, extended wide;
yes the simple rustic Hind,
ose toil upholds the glitt'ring show,
ature of another kind,
coarser substance, unrefin'd,
or her lordly use thus far, thus vile, below!
e, where is Love's fond, tender throe,
Lordly Honor's lofty brow,
pow'rs you proudly own?
re, beneath Love's noble name,

'Can harbour, dark, the selfish aim,
'To bless himself alone!
'Mark Maiden-innocence a prey
'To love-pretending snares,
'This boasted Honor turns away,
'Shunning soft Pity's rising sway,
'Regardless of the tears, and unavailing pray'r!
'Perhaps, this hour, in Mis'ry's squalid nest,
'She strains your infant to her joyless breast,
'And with a Mother's fears, shrinks at the rocking
'blast:

'Oh ye! who, sunk in beds of down,
'Feel not a want but what yourselves create,
'Think for a moment, on his wretched fate,
'Whom friends and fortune quite disown!
'Ill-satisfy'd, keen Nature's clam'rous call,
'Stretch'd on his straw he lays himself to sleep,
'While thro' the ragged roof and chinky wall,
'Chill, o'er his slumbers, pile the drifty heap!
'Think on the dungeon's grim confine,
'Where Guilt and poor Misfortune pine!
'Guilt, erring Man, relenting view!
'But shall thy legal rage pursue
'The wretch, already crushed low,
'By cruel Fortune's undeserved blow?
'Affliction's sons are brothers in distress!
'A Brother to relieve, how exquisite the bliss!'

rd nae mair, for *Chanticleer*
ook off the pouthery snaw,
hail'd the morning with a cheer,
cottage-rousing craw.

t deep this truth impress'd my mind—
Thro' all his works abroad,
ie heart benevolent and kind
The most resembles God.

EPISTLE TO DAVIE,

A

BROTHER POET.

January—

I.

WHILE winds fra aff *Ben-Lomond* blaw,
And bar the doors wi' driving snaw,
And hing us owre the ingle,
I set me down, to pass the time,
And spin a verse or twa o' rhyme,
In hamely westlin jingle.
While frosty winds blaw in the drift,
Ben to the chimla lug,
I grudge a wee the Great Folks' gift
That live sae bien an' snug:
I tent less, and want less
Their roomy fire-side:
But hanker and canker,
To see their cursed pride.

II.

lly in a body's pow'r,
', at times, frae being sour;
: how things are shar'd ;
st o' chiels are whiles in want,
oofs on countless thousands rant,
en na how to wair't :
ie, lad; ne'er fash your head,
we hae little gear,
t to win our daily bread,
g's we're hale and fier :
air spear na, no fear na' (64),
uld age ne'er mind a feg,
last o't, the warst o't,
only but to beg.

III.

kilns and barns at e'en,
anes are craz'd, and bluid is thin,
ubtless, great distress !
content could make us blest;
n, sometimes we'd snatch a taste
iest happiness.
est heart that's free frae a'
led fraud or guile,
r Fortune kick the ba',
y some cause to smile,

And mind still, you'll find still,
A comfort this nae sma';
Nae mair then, we'll care then,
Nae farther can we fa'.

IV.

What tho', like Commoners of air,
We wander out we know not where,
But either house or ha'!
Yet Nature's charms, the hills and woods,
The sweeping vales, and foaming floods,
Are free alike to a'.
In days when Daisies deck the ground,
And Blackbirds whistle clear,
Wi' honest joy our hearts will bound,
To see the coming year:
On braes when we please, then,
We'll sit and sowth a tune;
Syne *rhyme* till't, we'll time till't,
And sing't when we hae done.

V.

It's no in titles nor in rank;
It's no in wealth like Lon'on Bank,
To purchase peace and rest;
It's no in makin muckle *mair*;
It's no in books; it's no in lear,
To make us truly blest:

Happiness hae not her seat
And centre in the breast,
We may be wise, or rich, or great,
But never can be blest:
Nae treasures, nor pleasures,
Could make us happy lang;
The *heart* ay's the part ay,
That makes us right or wrang.

VI.

Think ye, that sic as you and I,
Wha drudge and drive thro' wet an' dry,
Wi' never-ceasing toil;
Think ye, are we less blest than they,
Wha scarcely tent us in their way,
As hardly worth their while?
Alas! how aft in haughty mood,
God's creatures they oppress!
Or else, neglecting a' that's guid,
They riot in excess!
Baith careless, and fearless,
Of either Heav'n or Hell,
Esteeming, and deeming
It's a' an idle tale!

VII.

Then let us cheerfu' acquiesce;
Nor make our scanty Pleasures less,

By pining at our state;
And, even should Misfortunes come,
I, here wha sit, hae met wi' some,
An's thankfu' for them yet.
They gie the wit of Age to Youth;
They let us ken oursel;
They make us see the naked truth,
The *real* guid and ill.
Tho' losses and crosses,
Be lessons right severe,
There's wit there, ye'll get there,
Ye'll find nae other where.

VIII.

But tent me, *Davie*, Ace o' Hearts!
(To say aught less wad wrang the cartes,
And flatt'ry I detest,)
This life has joys for you and I;
And joys that riches ne'er could buy;
And joys the very best.
There's a' the *Pleasures o' the Heart*,
The Lover an' the Frien';
Ye hae your *Meg*, your dearest part,
And I my darling *Jean!*
It warms me, it charms me,
To mention but her *name*;
It heats me, it beats me,
And sets me a' on flame!

IX.

ow'rs who rule above!
ıose very self art *love!*
ow'st my words sincere!
ood streaming thro' my heart,
'e dear Immortal part,
ore fondly dear!
t-corroding care and grief
my soul of rest,
lea brings relief
ce to my breast.
being, All-seeing,
ear my fervent pray'r;
ake her, and make her
most peculiar care!

X.

tender feelings dear!
of love, the friendly tear,
pathetic glow;
, this world's thorny ways
ot been for you!
as blest me with a friend,
care and ill;
more endearing band,
ore tender still.

It lightens, it brightens,
The tenebrific scene,
To meet with, and greet with
My *Davie* or my *Jean*.

XI.

O, how that *name* inspires my style!
The words comes skelpin, rank and file,
Amaist before I ken!
The ready measure rins as fine,
As Phœbus and the famous Nine
Were glowrin owre my pen.
My spaviet *Pegasus* will limp,
Till ance he's fairly het;
And then he'll hilch, and stilt, and jimp,
And rin an unco fit:
But lest then, the beast then,
Should rue this hasty ride,
I'll light now, and dight now
His sweaty, wizen'd hide.

TO

A HAGGIS.

fa' your honest, sonsie face,
hieftain o' the Puddin-race!
hem a' ye tak your place,
Painch, tripe, or thairm:
e ye wordy of a *grace*
As lang's my arm.

roaning trencher there ye fill,
ırdies like a distant hill,
s wad help to mend a mill
In time o' need,
hro' your pores the dews distill
Like amber bead,

fe see Rustic labour dight,
you up wi' ready slight,
ng your gushing entrails bright
Like ony ditch;
n, O what a glorious sight,
Warm-reekin, rich!

Then horn for horn they stretch an' strive,
Deil tak the hindmost, on they drive,
Till a' their weel-swall'd kytes belyve
Are bent like drums;
Then auld Guidman, maist like to rive,
Bethankit hums.

Is there that o'er his French *ragout*,
Or *olio* that wad staw a sow,
Or *fricassee* wad mak her spew
Wi' perfect sconner,
Looks down wi' sneering, scornfu' view
On sic a dinner!

Poor devil! see him owre his trash,
As feckless as a wither'd rash,
His spindle shank a guid whip-lash,
His nieve a nit;
Thro' bloody flood or field to dash,
O how unfit!

But mark the Rustic, *haggis-fed*,
The trembling earth resounds his tread,
Clap in his walie nieve a blade,
He'll mak it whissle;
An' legs, an' arms, an' heads will sned,
Like taps o' thrissle.

e pow'rs wha mak mankind your care,
dish them out their bill o' fare,
l Scotland wants nae sticking ware
That jaups in luggies;
, if ye wish her gratefu' pray'r,
Gie her a *Haggis!*

ON SEEING

A WOUNDED HARE

Limp by me, which a Fellow had just shot

INHUMAN Man! curse on thy barb'rous art,
And blasted be thy murder-aiming eye;
May never pity soothe thee with a sigh,
Nor ever pleasure glad thy cruel heart!

Go, live, poor wanderer of the wood and field,
The bitter little that of life remains:
No more the thickening brakes and verd
plains
To thee shall home, or food, or pastime yield.

Sleek, mangled wretch, some place of wonted r
No more of rest, but now thy dying bed!
The sheltering rushes whistling o'er thy h
The cold earth with thy bloody bosom prest.

Oft as by winding Nith, I, musing, wait
The sober eve, or hail the chearful dawn,
I'll miss thee sporting o'er the dewy lawn,
And curse the ruffian's aim, and mourn thy ha
fate.

THE

COTTER'S

SATURDAY NIGHT,

INSCRIBED TO R. A.****, ESQ.

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys and destiny obscure;
Nor Grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the Poor.

GRAY.

I.

MY lov'd, my honor'd, much respected friend!
No mercenary bard his homage pays;
With honest pride, I scorn each selfish end,
My dearest meed, a friend's esteem and praise:
To you I sing in simple *Scottish* lays,
The lowly train in life's sequester'd scene;
The native feelings strong, the guileless ways;
What A**** in a Cottage would have been;
Ah! tho' his worth unknown, far happier there I
ween!

II.

November chill blaws loud wi' angry sugh;
The short'ning winter-day is near a close;
The miry beasts retreating frae the pleugh;
The black'ning train o' craws to their repose:
The toil-worn *Cotter* frae his labour goes,
This night his weekly moil is at an end,
Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his hoes,
Hoping the *morn* in ease and rest to spend,
And weary, o'er the moor, his course does hameward bend.

III.

At length his lonely Cot appears in view,
Beneath the shelter of an aged tree;
Th' expectant *wee-things* toadlin, stacher through
To meet their Dad, wi flichterin noise an' glee.
His wee bit ingle, blinkin bonnily,
His clean hearth-stane, his thriftie *Wifie's* smile
The lisping infant prattling on his knee,
Does a' his weary carking cares beguile,
An' makes him quite forget his labor an' his toil.

IV.

Belyve the elder bairns come drapping in,
At service out, amang the Farmers roun';
Some ca' the pleugh, some herd, some tentie rin
A cannie errand to a neebor town:

est hope their *Jenny* woman grown,
thfu' bloom, Love sparkling in her e'e,
me, perhaps, to shew a braw new gown,
osite her sair-won penny fee,
ier Parents dear, if they in hardship be.

V.

nfeign'd brothers and sisters meet,
ch for other's weel-fare kindly speirs:
l hours, swift-wing'd unnotic'd fleet
ells the uncos that he sees or hears;
nts, partial eye their hopeful years;
pation forward points the view.
her, wi' her needle an' her sheers,
nld claes look amaist as weel's the new:
ier mixes a' wi' admonition due.

VI.

ister's an' their Mistress's command,
unkers a' are warned to obey;
l their labours wi' an eydent hand,
'er, tho' out o' sight, to jauk or play:
be sure to fear the LORD alway!
nind your *duty*, duly, morn an' night!
temptation's path ye gang astray,
ore his counsel and assisting might;
ever sought in vain, that sought the LORD
ght.'

VII.

But hark! a rap comes gently to the door;
Jenny, wha kens the meaning o' the same,
Tells how a neebor lad cam o'er the moor,
To do some errands, and convoy her hame.
The wily Mother sees the conscious flame
Sparkle in *Jenny's* e'e, and flush her cheek;
Wi' heart-struck anxious care, inquires his name,
While *Jenny* hafflins is afraid to speak;
Weel pleas'd the Mother hears, it's nae wild, worthless Rake.

VIII.

Wi' kindly welcome *Jenny* brings him ben;
A strappan youth; he takes the Mother's eye;
Blythe *Jenny* sees the visit's no ill ta'en;
The Father cracks of horses, pleughs and kye.
The Youngster's artless heart o'erflows wi' joy,
But blate and laithfu', scarce can weel behave;
The Mother, wi' a woman's wiles, can spy
What makes the youth sae bashfu' an' sae grave;
Weel pleas'd to think her *bairn's* respected like the lave.

IX.

O happy love! where love like this is found!
O heart-felt raptures! bliss beyond compare!
I've paced much this weary, *mortal round*,
An sage *Experience* bids me this declare—

v'n a drought of heav'nly pleasure spare,
e cordial in this melancholy Vale,
when a youthful, loving, modest Pair,
others arms breathe out the tender tale,
ath the milk-white thorn that scents the ev'ning
gale.'

X.

ere, in human form, that bears a heart—
Wretch! a Villain! lost to love and truth;
can, with studied, sly, ensnaring art,
tray sweet *Jenny's* unsuspecting youth?
e on his perjur'd arts! dissembling smooth!
re Honor, Virtue, Conscience, all exil'd?
ere no Pity, no relenting Ruth?
oints to the Parents fondling o'er their Child?
n paints the ruin'd Maid, and their distraction
wild!

XI.

now the Supper crowns their simple board,
he healsome *Parritch*, chief o' *Scotia's* food!
soupe their only *Hawkie* does afford
hat 'yont the hallan snugly chows her cood:
Dame brings forth in complimental mood,
o grace the lad, her weel-hain'd kebbuck, fell,
aft he's prest, an' aft he ca's it guid;
he frugal Wifie, garrulous, will tell,
w 'twas a towmond auld, sin' Lint was i' the bell.

XII.

The cheerfu' Supper done, wi' serious face,
They, round the ingle, form a circle wide;
The Sire turns o'er, wi' patriarchial grace,
The big *ha-Bible*, ance his Father's pride:
His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,
His lyart haffets wearing thin an' bare;
Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,
He wales a portion with judicious care;
And '*Let us worship* GOD!' he says, with solemn air.

XIII

They chant their artless notes in simple guise;
They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim:
Perhaps *Dundee's* wild warbling measures rise,
Or plaintive *Martyrs*, worthy of the name:
Or noble *Elgin* beets the heav'n-ward flame,
The sweetest far of *Scotia's* holy lays:
Compar'd with these, Italian trills are tame;
The tickl'd ears nae heart-felt raptures rise;
Nae unison hae they wi' our Creator's praise.

XIV.

The priest-like Father reads the sacred page,
How *Abram* was the *Friend of* GOD on high;
Or, *Moses* bad eternal warfare wage
With *Amalek's* ungracious progeny;
Or how the *royal Eard* did groaning lye
Beneath the stroke of Heav'n's avenging ire;

pathetic plaint, and wailing cry;
:, *Isaiah's* wild, seraphic fire;
Holy Seers that tune the sacred lyre.

XV.

he *Christian Volume* is the theme,
uiltless blood for guilty man was shed;
, who bore in Heav'n the second name,
ot on Earth whereon to lay his head:
first followers and servants sped;
ecepts sage they wrote to many a land:
who lone in *Patmos* banished,
the sun a mighty angel stand;
d great *Bab'lon's* doom pronounc'd by
v'n's command.

XVI.

eeling down to HEAVEN'S ETERNAL KING,
int, the *Father*, and the *Husband*, prays;
rings exulting on triumphant wing (65),'
hus they all shall meet in future days:
ver bask in uncreated rays,
re to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,
r hymning their *Creator's* praise,
h society, yet still more dear;
cling Time moves round in an eternal sphere

XVII.

Compar'd with this how poor Religion's pride,
In all the pomp of method, and of art,
When men display to congregations wide,
Devotion's ev'ry grace, except the *heart!*
The *Pow'r*, incens'd the Pageant will desert,
The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole;
But haply, in some *Cottage* far apart,
May hear, well-pleas'd, the language of the Soul;
And in his *Book of Life* the inmates poor enroll.

XVIII.

Then homeward all take off their sev'ral way;
The youngling Cottagers retire to rest:
The Parent-pair their *secret homage* pay,
And proffer up to Heav'n the warm request,
That *He* who stills the raven's clam'rous nest,
And decks the lily fair in flow'ry pride,
Would in the way His Wisdom sees the best,
For them and for their little ones provide;
But chiefly, in their hearts wi' *Grace divine* preside.

XIX

From scenes like these, old *Scotia's* grandeur springs,
That makes her lov'd at home, rever'd abroad:
Princes and Lords are but the breath of Kings,
'An honest man's the noblest work of God.'

and *certes*, in fair Virtue's heavn'ly road,
The *Cottage* leaves the *Palace* far behind;
What is a lordling's pomp? a cumbrous load,
Disguising oft the wretch of human kind,
Studied in arts of Hell, in wickedness refin'd!

XX.

O *Scotia!* my dear, my native soil!
For whom my warmest wish to Heav'n is sent!
Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil,
Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content!
And, O! may Heav'n, their simple lives prevent
From Luxury's contagion, weak and vile!
Then, howe'er *crowns* and *coronets* be rent,
A *virtuous Populace* may rise the while,
And stand a wall of fire around their much-lov'd *Isle*.

XXI

O *Thou!* who pour'd the patriotic tide
That stream'd thro' *Wallace's* undaunted heart;
Who dar'd to, nobly, stem tyrannic pride,
Or nobly die, the second glorious part,
(The Patriot's *God*, peculiarly thou art,
His friend, inspirer, guardian, and reward!)
O never, never, *Scotia's* realm desert;
But still the *Patriot*, and the *Patriot-bard*,
In bright succession raise, her Ornament and Guard!

THE

LAMENT.

OCCASIONED BY THE

UNFORTUNATE ISSUE

OF A

FRIEND'S AMOUR.

Alas! how oft does Goodness wound itself!
And sweet Affection *prove the spring of Woe.*

I.

O Thou pale Orb, that silent shines,
While care-untroubled mortals sleep!
Thou seest a wretch that inly pines.
And wanders here to wail and weep!
With Woe I nightly vigils keep,
Beneath thy wan, unwarming beam;
And mourn in lamentation deep,
How *life* and *love* are all a dream.

II.

I joyless view thy rays adorn
The faintly-marked, distant hill:
I joyless view thy trembling horn,
Reflected in the gurgling rill:
My fondly-fluttering heart, be still:
Thou busy pow'r, Remembrance, cease!
Ah! must the agonizing thrill
For ever bar returning Peace?

III.

No idly-feign'd poetic pains,
My sad, love-lorn lamentings claim;
No shepherd's pipe—Arcadian strains;
No fabled tortures, quaint and tame:
The plighted faith; the mutual flame;
The oft attested Pow'rs above;
The *promis'd Father's tender name;*
These were the pledges of my love!

IV.

Encircled in her clasping arms,
How have the raptur'd moments flown:
How have I wish'd for fortune's charms,
For her dear sake, and her's alone!
And must I think it! is she gone,
My secret heart's exulting boast?

And does she heedless hear my groan?
And is she ever, ever lost?

V.

Oh! can she bear so base a heart,
So lost to Honor, lost to Truth,
As from the fondest lover part,
The plighted husband of her youth?
Alas! Life's path may be unsmooth!
Her way may lie thro' rough distress!
Then, who her pangs and pains will soothe
Her sorrows share, and make them less?

VI.

Ye winged Hours that o'er us past,
Enraptur'd more, the more enjoy'd,
Your dear remembrance in my breast,
My fondly-treasur'd thoughts employ'd.
That breast, how dreary now, and void,
For her too scanty once of room!
Ev'n ev'ry ray of hope destroy'd,
And not a *Wish* to gild the gloom!

VII.

The morn that warns th' approaching day
Awakes me up to toil and woe;
I see the hours in long array,
That I must suffer, lingering, slow,

Full many a pang, and many a throe,
Keen recollection's direful train,
Must wring my soul, ere Phœbus, low,
Shall kiss the distant, western main.

VIII.

And when the nightly couch I try,
Sore-harass'd out with care and grief,
My toil-beat nerves, and tear-worn eye,
Keep watchings with the nightly thief
Or if I slumber, Fancy, chief,
Reigns haggard-wild, in sore affright:
Ev'n day, all-bitter, brings relief;
From such a horror-breathing night.

IX.

O! thou bright Queen, who o'er th' expanse,
Now highest reign'st, with boundless sway!
Oft has thy silent-marking glance
Observ'd us, fondly wand'ring, stray!
The time, unheeded, sped away,
While Love's luxurious pulse beat high,
Beneath thy silver-gleaming ray,
To mark the mutual-kindling eye.

X.

Oh! scenes in strong remembrance set
Scenes, never, never, to return!

Scenes, if in stupor I forgĕt,
Again I feel, again I burn!
From ev'ry joy and pleasure torn,
Life's weary vale I'll wander thro'
And hopeless, comfortless, I'll mourn
A faithless woman's broken vow.

WINTER.

A

DIRGE.

itry West extends his blast,
and rain do blaw;
rmy North sends driving forth
ding sleet and snaw;
bling brown, the Burn comes down,
frae bank to brae;
nd beast in covert rest,
the heartless day.

II.

ping blast, the sky o'ercast,'(66)
em winter-day,
fear,—to me more dear
the pride of May;

The Tempest's howl, it sooth's my soul,
My griefs it seems to join;
The leafless trees my fancy please,
Their fate resembles mine!

III.

Thou *Pow'r Supreme*, whose mighty schem
These woes of mine fulfil,
Here, firm, I rest,, they *must* be best,
Because they are *Thy* Will!
Then all I want—(O, do thou grant
This one request of mine!)
Since to *enjoy* Thou dost deny,
Assist me to *resign*.

A

PRAYER

IN THE

PROSPECT OF DEATH.

Thou unknown, Almighty Cause
of all my hope and fear!
Those dread presence, ere an hour,
Perhaps I must appear!

II.

have wander'd in those paths
f life I ought to shun;
omething, loudly, in my breast,
emonstrates I have done;

III.

Thou know'st that Thou hast formed me
With Passions wild and strong;
And list'ning to their witching voice
Has often led me wrong.

IV.

Where human *weakness* has come short,
Or *frailty* stept aside,
Do Thou, *All-good!* for such Thou art,
In shades of darkness hide.

V.

Where with *intention* I have err'd,
No other Plea I have,
But, *Thou art good*; and goodness still
Delighteth to forgive.

STANZAS

ON THE

SAME OCCASION.

m I loth to leave this earthly scene !
ıo found it full of pleasing charms ?
ıs of joy with draughts of ill between :
eams of sunshine mid renewing storms:
ting pangs my soul alarms ?
h's unlovely, dreary, dark abode ?
for guilt, my terrors are in arms;
le to approach an angry God,
smart beneath his sin-avenging rod.

d I say, ' Forgive my foul offence !'
›mise never more to disobey ;
l my Author health again dispense,
might desert fair Virtue's way ;
?olly's path might go astray ;
xalt the brute and sink the man :
shall I for Heav'nly Mercy pray,
t so counter Heav'nly Mercy's plan ?
› oft have mourn'd, yet to temptation ran ?

O Thou, Great Governor of all below!
If I may dare a lifted eye to thee,
Thy nod can make the tempest cease to blow,
Or still the tumult of the raging sea:
With that controlling pow'r assist ev'n me,
Those headlong, furious passions to confine;
For all unfit I feel my powers to be,
To rule their torrent in th' allowed line;
O, aid me with thy help, *Omnipotence Divine!*

at a Reverend Friend's House one Night, the Author left the following

VERSES

IN THE ROOM WHERE HE SLEPT.

hou dread Pow'r, who reign'st above!
now Thou wilt me hear:
ı for this scene of peace and love,
ıake my pray'r sincere.

II.

ıoary Sire—the mortal stroke,
ng, long, be pleas'd to spare;
less his little filial flock,
ıd show what good men are.

III.

who her lovely Offspring eyes
ith tender hopes and fears,
ss her with a Mother's joys,
ıt spare a Mother's tears!

IV.

Their hope, their stay, their darling youth,
In manhood's dawning blush;
Bless him, Thou God-of love and truth,
Up to a parent's wish.

V.

The beauteous, seraph Sister band,
With earnest tears I pray,
Thou know'st the snares on ev'ry hand,
Guide Thou their steps alway.

VI.

When soon or late they reach that coast,
O'er life's rough ocean driv'n,
May they rejoice, no wand'rer lost,
A family in Heav'n!

A

PRAYER

THE PRESSURE OF VIOLENT ANGUISH.

;reat Being! what thou art
›me to know:
am, that known to Thee
'hy works below.

re here before Thee stands,
:hed and distrest;
ose ills that wring my soul
y high behest.

, Almighty, canst not act
uelty or wrath!
weary eyes from tears,
them fast in death!

ust afflicted be,
some wise design;
ı my soul with firm resolves
r and not repine!

EPISTLE

TO A

YOUNG FRIEND.

May——178

I.

I LANG hae thought, my youthfu' friend,
A Something to have sent you,
Tho' it should serve nae other end
Than just a kind *memento*;
But how the subject theme may gang,
Let time and chance determine;
Perhaps, it may turn out a Sang;
Perhaps, turn out a Sermon.

II.

Ye'll try the world soon, my lad,
And *Andrew* dear, believe me,
Ye'll find mankind an unco squad,
And muckle they may grieve ye:
For care and trouble set your thought,
Ev'n when your end's attained;
And a' your views may come to nought,
Where ev'ry nerve is strained.

III.

men are villains a';
, harden'd wicked,
ae check but human law,
few restricked:
nankind are unco weak,
: to be trusted;
wavering balance shake,
ly right adjusted!

IV.

'ha fa' in Fortune's strife,
te we would na censure,
' *important end* of life,
ually may answer:
y hae an honest heart,
ortith hourly stare him;
y tak a neebor's part,
nae *cash* to spare him.

V.

f han', your story tell,
i' a bosom crony;
keep something to yoursel
ely tell to ony.
urself as weel's ye can
cal dissection;

But keek thro' ev'ry other man,
Wi' sharpen'd sly inspection.

VI.

The sacred lowe o' weel-plac'd love,
Luxuriantly indulge it:
But never tempt th' *illicit rove*,
Tho' naething should divulge it:
I wave the quantum o' the sin,
The hazard o' concealing;
But Och! it hardens a' within,
And petrifies the feeling!

VII.

To catch Dame Fortune's golden smile,
Assiduous wait upon her;
And gather gear by ev'ry wile
That's justify'd by Honor:
Not for to hide it in a hedge,
Nor for a train-attendant;
But for the glorious privilege
Of being *independent*.

VIII.

The fear o' Hell's a hangman's whip,
To haud the wretch in order;
But where ye feel your *Honor* grip,
Let that ay be your border:

slightest touches, instant pause—
Debar a' side pretences:
id resolutely keep its laws,
Uncaring consequences.

IX.

he great *Creator* to revere,
Must sure become the *creature*:
it still the preaching cant forbear,
And ev'n the rigid feature:
t ne'er wi' Wits profane to range,
Be complaisance extended;
Athiest-laugh's a poor exchange
For Deity offended!

X.

ien ranting round in Pleasure's ring,
Religion may be blinded;
if she gie a *random sting*,
It may be little minded;
t when on Life we're tempest-driv'n,
A Conscience but a canker—
correspondence fix'd wi' Heav'n,
Is sure a noble *anchor!*

XI.

dieu, dear, amiable Youth!
Your heart can ne'er be wanting!

May Prudence, Fortitude, and Truth,
Erect your brow undaunting!
In ploughman phrase, 'God send you speed,'
Still daily to grow wiser;
And may ye better reck the *rede*,
Than ever did th' Adviser.

A

DEDICATION

TO

G*****H********, ESQ.

CT na, Sir, in this narration,
in, fleth'rin Dedication,
e you up, an' ca' you guid,
ung o' great an' noble bluid,
ye're sirnam'd like *His Grace*,
s related to the race;
hen I'm tir'd—and sae are *ye*
ny a fulsome, sinfu' lie,
a face, how I stop short,
r your modesty be hurt.

may do—maun do, Sir, wi' them wha
lease the Great Folk for a wamefou;
I sae laigh I needna bow,
rd be thankit, *I can plough*;
en I downa yoke a naig,
Lord be thankit, *I can beg!*
all say, an' that's nae flatt'rin,
t *sic Poet*, an' *sic Patron*.

The Poet, some guid Angel help him,
Or else, I fear some ill ane skelp him,
He may do weel for a' he's done yet,
But only he's no just begun yet.

The Patron, (Sir, ye maun forgie me,
I winna lie, come what will o' me)
On ev'ry hand it will allow'd be,
He's just—nae better than he should be.

I readily and freely grant,
He downa see a poor man want;
What's no his ain he winna tak it,
What ance he says he winna break it;
Ought he can lend he'll no refus't,
Till aft his guidness is abus'd:
And rascals whyles that do him wrang,
Ev'n *that*, he does na mind it lang
As Master, Landlord, Husband, Father,
He does na fail his part in either.

But then, nae thanks to him for a' that;
Nae *godly symptom* ye can ca' that;
It's naething but a milder feature,
Of our poor, sinfu', corrupt Nature:
Ye'll get the best o' moral works,
'Mang black Gentoos and Pagan Turks,
Or hunters wild on *Ponotaxi*,
Wha never heard of Orthodoxy,

That he's the poor man's friend in need,
The *Gentleman* in word and deed,
It's no thro' the terror of Damnation;
It's just a carnal inclination.

Morality, thou deadly bane,
Thy tens o' thousands thou hast slain!
Vain is his hope, whose stay and trust is
In *moral* Mercy, Truth, and Justice!

No—stretch a point to catch a plack;
Abuse a brother to his back;
Steal thro' a *winnock* frae a wh-re,
But point the Rake that taks the *door*;
Be to the Poor like onie whunstane,
And haud their noses to the grunstane:
Ply ev'ry art o' *legal* thieving;
No matter, stick to *sound believing*.

Learn three-mile pray'rs, an' half-mile graces,
Wi' weel-spread looves, an' lang, wry faces;
Grunt up a solemn, lengthen'd groan,
And damn a' parties but your own;
I'll warrant then, ye're nae Deceiver,
A steady, sturdy, staunch Believer.

O ye wha leave the springs of *C-lv-n*,
For *gumlie dubs* of your ain delvin!

Ye sons of Heresy and Error,
Ye'll some day squeel in quaking terror!
When Vengeance draws the sword in wrath,
And in the fire throws the sheath;
When Ruin, with his sweeping *besom*,
Just frets till Heav'n commission gies him:
While o'er the *Harp* pale Mis'ry moans,
And strikes the ever-deep'ning tones,
Still louder shrieks, and heavier groans!

Your pardon, Sir, for this digression,
I maist forgat my *Dedication;*
But when Divinity comes cross me,
My readers still are sure to loose me.

So, Sir, you see 'twas nae daft vapour,
But I maturely thought it proper,
When a' my works I did review,
To dedicate them, Sir, to *You:*
Because (ye need na tak it ill)
I thought them something like yoursel.

Then patronize them wi' your favour,
And your petitioner shall ever——
I had amaist said, *ever pray*,
But that's a word I need na say:
For prayin I hae little skill o't;
I'm baith dead-sweer, an' wretched ill o't;

But I'se repeat each poor man's *pray'r*,
That kens or hears about you, Sir——

'May ne'er Misfortune's growling bark,
'Howl thro' the dwelling o' the *Clerk!*
'May ne'er his gen'rous, honest heart,
'For that same gen'rous spirit smart!
'May K******'s far honored name
'Lang beet his hymeneal flame,
'Till H********s, at least a dizen,
'Are frae their nuptial labours risen:
'Five bonnie Lasses round their table,
'And seven braw Fellows, stout an' able,
'To serve their King and Country weel,
'By word, or pen, or pointed steel!
'May health and Peace, with mutual rays,
'Shine on the ev'ning o' his days;
'Till his wee, curlie *John's* ier-oe,
'When ebbing life nae mair shall flow,
'The last, sad, mournful rites bestow.

I will not wind a lang conclusion,
Wi' complimentary effusion:
But whilst your wishes and endeavours,
Are blest with Fortunes smiles and favours,
I am, Dear Sir, with zeal most fervent,
Your much indebted, humble servant.

' But if (which Pow'rs above prevent)
That iron-hearted carl, *Want*,
Attended in his grim advances,
By sad mistakes, and black mischances,
While hopes, and joys, and pleasures fly him,
Make you as poor a dog as I am,
Your *humble servant* then no more ;
For who would humbly serve the Poor!
But, by a poor man's hopes in Heav'n!
While recollection's pow'r is giv'n,
If, in the vale of humble life,
The victim sad of Fortune's strife,
I thro' the tender gushing tear,
Should recognize my *Master dear*,
If friendless, low, we meet together,
Then, Sir, your hand, my *Friend* and *Brother!*

TO

A MOUNTAIN DAISY,

turning one down, with the Plough, in April,
1786.

EE, modest, crimson-tipped flow'r,
i's met me in an evil hour;
maun crush amang the stoure
Thy slender stem.
pare thee now is past my pow'r,
Thou bonnie gem.

s! its no thy neebor sweet,
bonnie *Lark*, companion meet!
ing thee 'mang the dewy weet!
Wi' spreckl'd breast,
n upward-springing, blythe, to greet
The purpling East.

Cauld blew the bitter-biting North
Upon thy early, humble birth;
Yet chearfully thou glinted forth
Amid the storm,
Scarce rear'd above the Parent-earth
Thy tender form.

The flaunting flow'rs our Gardens yield,
High shelt'ring woods and wa's maun shield;
But thou, beneath the random bield
O' clod or stane,
Adorns the histie *stibble-field*,
Unseen, alane.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,
Thy snawie bosom sun-ward spread,
Thou lifts thy unassuming head
In humble guise;
But now the *share* uptears thy bed,
And low thou lies!

Such is the fate of artless Maid,
Sweet *flow'ret* of the rural shade!
By Love's simplicity betray'd,
And guileless trust,
Till she, like thee, all soil'd, is laid
Low i' the dust.

Such is the fate of simple Bard,
On life's rough ocean luckless starr'd!
Unskilful he to note the card
Of *prudent Lore*,
Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,
And whelm him o'er!

Such fate to *suffering Worth* is giv'n,
Who long wi' wants and woes has striv'n,
By human pride or cunning driv'n
To Mis'ry's brink,
Till wrench'd of ev'ry stay but *Heav'n*,
He, ruin'd, sink!

Ev'n thou who mourn'st the Daisy's fate,
That fate is thine—no distant date;
Stern Ruin's *plough-share* drives, elate,
Full on thy bloom,
Till crush'd beneath the furrow's weight,
Shall be thy doom!

THE

FIRST PSALM.

THE man, in life where-ever plac'd,
Hath happiness in store,
Who walks not in the wicked's way,
Nor learns their guilty lore!

Nor from the seat of Scornful Pride
Casts forth his eyes abroad,
But with humility and awe
Still walks before his GOD.

That man shall flourish like the trees
Which by the streamlets grow;
The fruitful top is spread on high,
And firm the root below.

But he whose blossom buds in guilt
Shall to the ground be cast,
And, like the rootless stubble, tost
Before the sweeping blast.

For why? that GOD the good adore
Hath giv'n them peace and rest;
But hath decreed that wicked men
Shall ne'er be truly blest.

TO

RUIN.

I.

L hail! inexorable lord!
hose destruction-breathing word,
he mightiest empires fall!
cruel, woe-delighted train,
ministers of Grief and Pain,
allen welcome, all!
h stern-resolv'd, despairing eye,
ee each aimed dart;
one has cut my *dearest tye*,
nd quivers in my heart.
Then low'ring, and pouring,
The *Storm* no more I dread;
Tho' thick'ning and black'ning,
Round my devoted head.

II.

And thou grim Pow'r, by Life abhorr'd,
While Life a *pleasure* can afford,
  Oh! hear a wretch's pray'r
No more I shrink appall'd, afraid;
I court, I Beg thy friendly aid;
  To close this scene of care!
When shall my soul, in silent peace,
  Resign Life's *joyless* day;
My weary heart its throbbings cease,
  Cold mould'ring in the clay;
    No fear more, no tear more,
      To stain my lifeless face,
    Enclasped, and grasped
      Within thy cold embrace!

END OF VOLUME FIRST.

NOTES

TO VOLUME FIRST.

NOTE 1, P. 52.

Cuchullin's dog in Ossian's Fingal.

NOTE 2, P. 68.

ms wrote before the Act anent the Scotch
es, of session 1786; for which Scotland and
ior return their most grateful thanks.

NOTE 3, P. 73.

thy old Hostess of the Author's in *Mauch-*
ere he sometimes studies Politics over a
guid auld *Scotch Drink*.

NOTE 4, P. 81.

rencounter happened in seed time, 1785.

NOTE 5, P. 82.

mical fever was then raging in that country.

NOTE 6, P. 82.

gentleman, Dr *Hornbook*. is, professionally,
er of the sovereign Order of the Ferula;
intuition and inspiration, is at once an Apo-
, Surgeon, and Physician.

NOTE 7, P. 82.

Buchan's Domestic Medicine.

NOTE 8, P. 85.

The grave-digger.

NOTE 9, P. 88.

Holy Fair is a common phrase in the w
Scotland for a sacramental occasion.

NOTE 10, P. 96.

A street so called, which faces the *tent* in—

NOTE 11, P. 98.

Shakespeare's Hamlet.

NOTE 12, P. 104.

A noted tavern at the *Auld Brig* end.

NOTE 13 and 14, P. 104.

The two steeples.

NOTE 15, P. 104.

The gos-hawk, or falcon.

NOTE 16, P. 106,

A noted ford, just above the Auld Bri

NOTE 17, P. 107.

The banks of *Garpal Water* is one of
places in the west of Scotland, where the
scaring beings, known by the name of *Ghs*
continue pertinaciously to inhabit.

NOTE 18, P. 107.

The source of the river of Ayr.

NOTE 19, P. 107.

A small landing-place above the large l

NOTE 20, P. 110.

)wn performer of Scottish music on the

NOTE 21, P. 119.

Vide MILTON, Book VI.

NOTE 22, P. 124.

King Henry V.

NOTE 23, P. 124.

ohn Falstaff, *Vide* Shakespeare.

NOTE 24, P. 125.

:o the News-paper account of a certain r's amour.

NOTE 25, P. 127.

horse on the left-hand in the plough.

NOTE 26, P. 127.

most on the left-hand in the plough.

NOTE 27, P. 127.

Kilmarnock.

NOTE 28, P. 128.

t horse on the right-hand of the plough.

NOTE 29, P. 133.

erm of Ossian's for the different divi- gressive Poem. See his *Cath-Loda*, Vol. rson's Translation.

NOTE 30, P. 137.

The Wallaces.

NOTE 31, p. 137.

William Wallace.

NOTE 32, p. 137.

[illegible] Wallace of Hermandton, cousin to th[illegible] mortal preserver of Scottish independence.

NOTE 33, p. 137.

Wallace, Laird of Craigie, who was second in [illegible] under Douglas, Earl of Ormond, at the [illegible] of Sark, fought [illegible] That glorious victory was principally owing t[illegible] [illegible] valour of the g[illegible] Laird of Craigie, who died of his wounds aft[illegible] action.

NOTE 34, p. 138.

[illegible] King of the Picts, from whom the d[illegible] [illegible] his name, lies buried, a[illegible] [illegible] near the family-seat of the Mont[illegible] [illegible] where his burial place i[illegible] shown.

NOTE 35, p. 138.

Barnsimming, the seat of the Lord Justice-[illegible]

NOTE 36, p. 138.

[illegible], the seat of the late Doctor, and p[illegible] Professor Stewart.

NOTE 37, p. 138.

Colonel Fullarton.

NOTE 38, p. 147.

A neibor herd-callan.

NOTE 39, p. 154.

Alluding to a scoffing ballad which was ma[illegible]

the admission of the late Reverend and worthy Mr. L———— to the Laigh Kirk.

NOTE 40, P. 155.

Genesis, ch. ix. ver. 22.

NOTE 41, P. 155.

Numbers, ch. xxv. ver. 8.

NOTE 42, P. 155.

Exodus, ch. iv. ver. 25.

NOTE 43, P. 159.

New-light is a cant phrase, in the west of Scotland, for those religious opinions which Dr Taylor of Norwich has defended so strenuously.

NOTE 44. P. 177.

When this worthy old Sportsman went out last muirfowl season, he supposed it was to be, in Ossian's phrase, 'the last of his fields;' and expressed an ardent wish to die and be buried in the muirs. On this hint the Author composed his Elegy and Epitaph.

NOTE 45, P. 177.

A certain Preacher, a great favourite with the Million. Vide the ORDINATION, page 82.

NOTE 46, P. 177.

Another Preacher, an equal favourite with the Few, was at that time ailing. For him see also the ORDINATION, stanza IX.

NOTE 47, P. 182.

Killie is a phrase the country folks sometimes use for the name of a certain town in the West,

NOTE 48, P. 184.

Is thought to be a night when Witches, Devils, and other mischief-making beings, are all abroad on their baneful, midnight errands; particularly those ærial people, the Fairies, are said, on that night, to hold a grand Anniversary.

NOTE 49, P. 184.

Certain little, romantic, rocky, green hills, in the neighbourhood of the ancient seat of the Earls of Cassilis.

NOTE 50, P. 184.

A noted cavern near Colean-house, called the Cove of Colean; which, as well as Cassilis Downans is famed, in country story, for being a favourite haunt of Fairies.

NOTE 51, P. 187

The famous family of that name, the ancestor of ROBERT the great Deliverer of his Country, were Earls of Carrick.

NOTE 52, P. 187.

The first ceremony of Holloween is, pulling each a *Stock*, or plant of kail. They must go out, hand in hand, with eyes shut, and pull the first they meet with: Its being big or little, straight or crooked, is prophetic of the size and shape of the grand object of all their spells—the husband or wife. If any *yird*, or earth, stick to the root, that is *tocher*, or fortune; and the taste of the *custoc*, that is, the heart of the stem, is indicative of the natural temper and disposition. Lastly, the stems, or, to give them their ordinary appellation, the *runts*, are placed somewhere above the head of the door; and

the Christian names of the people whom chance brings into the house, are, according to the priority of placing the *runts*, the names in question.

NOTE 53, P. 188.

They go to the barn-yard and pull each, at three several times, a stalk of Oats. If the third stalk wants the *top-pickle*, that is, the grain at the top of the stalk, the party in question will come to the marriage-bed any thing but a Maid.

NOTE 54, P. 188.

When the corn is in a doubtful state, by being too green, or wet, the stack-builder, by means of old timber, &c. makes a large apartment in his stack, with an opening in the side which is fairest exposed to the wind: this he calls a *Fause-house*.

NOTE 55, P. 189.

Burning the nuts is a favourite charm. They name the lad and lass to each particular nut, as they lay them in the fire; and accordingly as they burn quietly together, or start from beside one another, the course and issue of the Courtship will be.

NOTE 56. P. 190.

Whoever would, with success, try this spell, must strictly observe these directions: Steal out, all alone, to the *kiln*, and, darkling, throw into the *pot*, a clue of blue yarn; wind it in a new clue of the old one; and, towards the latter end, something will hold the thread; demand, *wha hauds?* i. e. who holds;

and answer will be returned from the kiln-pot, by naming the Christian name and surname of your future Spouse.

NOTE 57, P. 191.

Take a candle, and go alone to a looking glass; eat an apple before it, and some traditions say, you should comb your hair all the time; the face of your conjugal companion, *to be*, will be seen in the glass, as if peeping over your shoulder.

NOTE 58, P. 192.

Steal out, unpercieved, and sow a handful of hemp-seed; harrowing it with any thing you can conveniently draw after you. Repeat, now and then, 'Hemp-seed I saw thee; Hemp-seed I saw thee; and him ' (or her) that is to be my true-love ' come after me and pou thee.' Look over your left shoulder, and you will see the appearance of the person invoked, in the attitude of pulling hemp. Some tradition's say, ' Come after me, ' and shaw thee,' that is, shew thyself; in which case, it simply appears. Others omit the harrowing, and say, ' Come after, me, and harrow thee.'

NOTE 59, P. 194.

This charm must likewise be performed, unpe ceived, and alone. You go to the *barn*, and op both doors, taking them off the hinges, if possible for there is danger, that the *being*, about to appea may shut the doors, and do you some mischie Then take that instrument used in winnowing th corn, which, in our country dialect, we call a *wecht* and go through all the attitudes of letting dow corn against the wind. Repeat it three times; an

the third time, an apparation will pass through the barn, in at the windy door, and out at the other, having both the figure in question, and the appearance or retinue, marking the employment or station in life.

NOTE 60, P. 195.

Take an opportunity of going, unnoticed, to a *Beer-stack*, and fathom it three times round. The last fathom of the last time, you will catch in your arms the appearance of your future conjugal yoke-fellow.

NOTE 61, P. 196.

You go out, one or more, for this is a social spell, to a south running spring or rivulet, where 'three Lairds lands meet,' and dip your left shirt sleeve. Go to bed in sight of a fire, and hang your wet sleeve before it to dry. Lie awake; and, some time near mid-night, an apparation, having the exact figure of the grand object in question, will come and turn the sleeve, as if to dry the other side of it.

NOTE 62, P. 197.

Take three dishes; put clean water in one, foul water in another, leave the third empty; blindfold a person, and lead him to the hearth where the dishes are ranged; he (or she) dips the left hand: if by chance in the clear water, the future husband or wife will come to the bar of Matrimony a maid; if in the foul, a widow; if in the empty dish, it foretels, with equal certainty, no marriage at all. It is repeated three times; and every time the arrangement of the dishes is altered.

NOTE 63, P. 197.

Sowens, with butter instead of milk to them, is always the *Halloween Supper*.

NOTE 64, P. 211.

Ramsay.

NOTE 65, P. 231.

Pope's Windsor Forest.

NOTE 66, P. 239.

Dr. YOUNG.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

ROBERT BURNS;

WITH HIS LIFE.

ORNAMENTED WITH

ENGRAVINGS ON WOOD BY MR. BEWICK,

FROM ORIGINAL DESIGNS BY MR THURSTON.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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POEMS.

TAM O' SHANTER.

A TALE.

Of Brownyis and of Bogillis full is this Buke.
GAWIN DOUGLAS.

WHEN chapman billies leave the street,
id drouthy neebors, neebors meet,
i market-days are wearing late,
i' folk begin to tak the gate;
hile we sit bousing at the nappy,
.' getting fou and unco happy,
e think na on the lang Scotch miles,
ie mosses, waters, slaps and styles,
iat lie between us and our hame,
hare sits the sulky sullen dame,
ith'ring her brows like gath'ring storm,
arsing her wrath to keep it warm.

This truth fand honest *Tam o' Shanter,*
) he frae Ayr ae night did canter,
uld Ayr wham ne'er a town surpasses,
)r honest men and bonny lasses.)

O *Tam!* hadst thou but been sae wise,
As ta'en thy ane wife *Kate's* advice!
She tauld the weel thou was a skellum,
A blethering, blustering, drucken blellum;
That frae November till October,
Ae market-day thou was na sober;
That ilka melder, wi' the miller
Thou sat as lang as thou had siller;
That ev'ry naig was ca'd a shoe on,
The smith and thee gat roaring fou on;
That at the L—d's house, ev'n on Sunday,
Thou drank wi' Kirkton Jean till Monday.
She prophesy'd, that, late or soon,
Thou would be found deep drown'd in Doon;
Or catch'd wi' warlocks in the mirk,
By *Alloway's* auld haunted kirk.

Ah, gentle dames! it gars me greet,
To think how mony counsels sweet,
How mony lengthen'd sage advices,
The husband frae the wife despises!

But to our tale: Ae market night,
Tam had got planted unco right;
Fast by an ingle, bleezing finely,
Wi' reaming swats, that drank divinely;
And at his elbow Souter *Johnny*,
His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony;
Tam lo'ed him like a vera brither;

l been fou for weeks thegither.
.t drave on wi' sangs an' clatter;
he ale was growing better:
llady and *Tam* grew gracious,
urs, secret, sweet, and precious;
ter tauld his queerest stories;
llord's laugh was ready chorus:
m without might rair and rustle,
aa mind the storm a whistle.

mad to see a man sae happy,
wn'd himsel amang the nappy;
flee hame wi' lades o' treasure,
utes wing'd their way wi' pleasure:
ay be blest, but *Tam* was glorious,
he ills o' life victorious!

leasures are like poppies spread,
e the flow'r, its bloom is shed;
the snow falls in the river,
ent white——then melts for ever;
the borealis race,
t ere you can point their place;
the rainbow's lovely form
ing amid the storm.—
n can tether time or tide;
ur approaches *Tam* maun ride;

That hour, o' night's black arch the key-stane,
That dreary hour he mounts his beast in;
And sic a night he taks the road in,
As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in.

The wind blew as 'twad blawn its last;
The ratling show'rs rose on the blast;
The speedy gleams the darkness swallow'd;
Loud, deep, and lang, the thunder bellow'd:
That night, a child might understand,
The Deil had business on his hand

Weel mounted on his grey mare *Meg*,
A better never lifted leg,
Tam skelpit on thro' dub and mire,
Despising wind, and rain, and fire;
Whiles holding fast his gude blue bonnet;
Whiles crooning o'er some auld Scots sonnet:
Whiles glow'ring round wi' prudent cares,
Lest bogles catch him unawares:
Kirk-Alloway was drawing nigh,
Whare ghaists and houlets nightly cry.—

By this time he was cross the ford,
Whare in the snaw the chapman smoor'd;
And past the birks and meikle stane,
Whare drucken *Charlie* brak's neck-bane;
And thro' the whins, and by the cairn,
Whare hunters fand the murder'd bairn;

And near the thorn, aboon the well,
Where *Mungo's* mither hang'd hersel.—
Before him *Doon* pours a' his floods;
The doubling storm roars thro' the woods;
The lightnings flash from pole to pole;
Near and more near the thunders roll:
When, glimmering thro' the groaning trees,
Kirk-Alloway seem'd in a bleeze;
Thro' ilka bore the beams were glancing;
And loud resounded mirth and dancing.—

Inspiring bold *John Barleycorn!*
What dangers thou canst make us scorn!
Wi' tippeny, we fear nae evil;
Wi' usquabae we'll face the devil!—
The swats sae ream'd in *Tammie's* noddle.
Fair play, he car'd na deils a boddle.
But *Maggie* stood right sair astonish'd,
Till, by the heel and hand admonish'd,
She ventur'd forward on the light;
An', vow! *Tam* saw an unco sight!
Warlocks and witches in a dance;
Nae cotillion brent new frae *France*,
But hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, and reels,
Put life and mettle in their heels.
A winnock-bunker in the east,
There sat auld nick, in shape o' beast;
A towzie tyke, black, grim, and large,
To gie them music was his charge:

He screw'd the pipes, and gart them skirl,
Till roof and rafters a' did dirl.—
Coffins stood round, like open presses,
That shaw'd the dead in their last dresses;
And by some devilish cantrip slight,
Each in its cauld hand held a light.—
By which, heroic *Tam* was able
To note upon the haly table,
A murderer's banes in gibbet airns;
Twa span-lang, wee, unchristen'd bairns;
A thief, new-cutted frae a rape;
Wi' his last gasp his gab did gape;
Five tomahawks, wi' blude red-rusted;
Five scymitars, wi' murder crusted;
A garter, which a babe had strangled,
A knife, a father's throat had mangled,
Whom his ain son o' life bereft,
The grey hairs yet stack to the heft:
(Three lawyers' tongues, turn'd inside out,
Wi' lies seem'd like a beggar's clout;
And priests' hearts, rotten, black as muck,
Lay stinking, vile, in every neuk.)
Wi' mair o' horrible and awefu',
Which ev'n to name wad be unlawfu'.

As *Tammie* glowr'd, amaz'd, and curious,
The mirth and fun grew fast and furious:
The piper loud and louder blew;
The dancers quick and quicker flew:

el'd they set, they cross'd they cleekit,
carlin swat and reekit,
st her duddies to the wark,
.et at it in her sark!

Tam, O Tam! had thae been queens,
p and strapping in their teens,
rks, instead o' creeshie flannen,
.w-white seventeen hunder linnen!
eks o' mine, my only pair,
:e were plush, o' gude blue hair,
.e gi'en them off my hurdies,
link o' the bonnie burdies!

ither'd beldams, auld and droll,
lie hags wad spean a foal,
· an' flingin on a crummock,
· didna turn thy stomach.

sm kend what was what fu' brawlie,
as ae winsome wench and wawlie,
;ht enlisted in the core,
fter kend on *Carrick* shore;
.y a beast to dead she shot,
ish'd mony a bonny boat,
ok baith meikle corn and bear,
t the country-side in fear);
y sark, o' Paisley harn,
ile a lassie she had worn,

In longitude tho' sorely scanty,
It was her best, and she was vauntie—.
Ah! ltttle kend thy reverend grannie,
That sark she coft for her wee Nannie,
Wi' twa pund Scots, ('twas a' her riches),
Wad ever grac'd a dance of witches!

But here my Muse her wing maun cour;
Sic flights are far beyond her pow'r;
To sing how Nannie lap and flang,
(A souple jade she was and strang),
And how *Tam* stood, like ane bewitch'd,
And thought his very een enrich'd;
Even Satan glowr'd, and fidg'd fu' fain,
And hotch'd and blew wi' might and main:
Till first ae caper, syne anither,
Tam tint his reason a' thegither.
And roars, "Weel done, Cutty-sark!"
And in an instant all was dark:
And scarcely had he Maggie rallied,
When out the hellish legion sallied.

As bees bizz out wi angry fyke
When plund'ring herds assail their byke;
As open pussie's mortal foes,
When, pop! she starts before their nose
As eager runs the market-crowd,
When "Catch the thief!" resounds aloud;

ggie runs, the witches follow,
ɔay an eldritch skreech and hollow.

Tam! Ah, *Tam!* thou'll get thy fairin!
they'll roast thee like a herrin!
ı thy Kate awaits thy comin!
oon will be a woefu' woman!
lo thy speedy utmost, Meg,
in the key-stone (1) of the brig;
at them thou thy tail may toss,
ıing stream they dare na cross.
e the key-stane she could make,
ent a tail she had to shake,
annie, far before the rest,
ıpon noble Maggie prest,
ew at *Tam* wi' furious ettle;
ttle wist she Maggie's mettle—
ing brought off her master hale,
ft behind her ain grey tail:
ırlin claught her by the rump,
ift poor Maggie scarce a stump.

r wha this tale o' truth shall read,
ın and mother's son, take heed;
e'er to drink you are inclin'd,
ty-sarks run in your mind,
, ye may buy the joys o'er dear,
mber *Tam o'Shanter's* mare.

ON

A SCOTCH BARD,

GONE TO THE WEST INDIES.

A' Ye wha live by sowps o' drink,
A' ye wha live by crambo-clink,
A' ye wha live and never think,
Come mourn wi' me!
Our billie's gien us a' a jink,
An' owre the Sea.

Lament him a' ye rantin core,
Wha dearly like a random-splore,
Nae mair he'll join the merry roar,
In social key;
For now he's taen anither shore,
An' owre the Sea!

The bonnie lasses weel may wiss him,
And in their dear *petitions* place him:
The widows, wives, an a' may bless him:
Wi' tearfu' e'e;
For weel I wat they'll fairly miss him
That's owre the Sea.

O Fortune, they hae room to grumble!
Hadst thou taen aff some drowsy bummle,
Wha can do nought but fyke an' fumble,
'Twad been nae plea;
But he was gleg as ony wumble,
Thats owre the Sea!

Auld, cantie *Kyle* may weepers wear,
An stain them wi' the saut, saut tear;
'Twill mak her poor auld heart, I fear,
In flinders flee:
He was her *Laureat* monie a year,
That's owre the Sea!

He saw Misfortune's cauld *Nor-west*
Lang mustering up a bitter blast;
A Jillet brak his heart at last,
Ill may she be!
So, took a birth afore the mast,
An' owre the Sea.

[illegible] Fortune's [illegible],
[illegible]
[illegible]
Could ill agree:
[illegible]
An' owre the Sea.

[illegible] gaunt misguiding,
[illegible] wad na bide in;
[illegible] hiding
He dealt it free:
The Muse was a' that he took pride in,
That's owre the sea

[illegible] him weel,
[illegible] bid:
[illegible] a dainty chiel.
And fou o' glee:
He wad na wrang'd the vera Deil,
That's owre the Sea.

Farewell, my rhyme-composing billie!
Your native soil was right ill-willie;
But may ye flourish like a lily,
Now bonnilie!
I'll toast ye in my hindmost gillie,
Tho' owre the Sea!

THE

FIRST SIX VERSES

OF THE

NINETIETH PSALM.

O Thou, the first, the greatest friend
Of all the human race!
Whose strong right-hand has ever been
Their stay and dwelling-place!

Before the mountains heav'd their heads
Beneath Thy forming hand,
Before this pond'rous globe itself,
Arose at Thy command;

That Pow'r which rais'd and still upholds
This universal frame,
From countless, unbeginning time
Was ever still the same.

Those mighty periods of years
  Which seem to us so vast,
Appear no more before Thy sight
  Than yesterday that's past.

Thou giv'st the word: Thy creature, Man,
  Is to existence brought;
Again Thou say'st, 'Ye sons of men,
  'Return ye into nought!'

Thou layest them, with all their cares,
  In everlasting sleep;
As with a flood Thou tak'st them off
  With overwhelming sweep.

They flourish like the morning flow'r,
  In beauty's pride array'd:
But long ere night cut down it lies
  All wither'd and decay'd.

ADDRESS

TO

EDINBURGH.

I.

EDINA! *Scotia's* darling seat!
All hail thy palaces and tow'rs,
Where once beneath a Monarch's feet
Sat Legislation's Sov'reign pow'rs!
From marking wildly-scatter'd flow'rs,
As on the banks of *Ayr* I stray'd,
And singing, lone, the ling'ring hours,
I shelter in thy honor'd shade.

II.

Here Wealth still swells the golden tide,
As busy Trade his labours plies;
There Architecture's noble pride
Bids elegance and splendor rise;
Here Justice, from her native skies,
High wields her balance and her rod;
There Learning, with his eagle eyes,
Seeks Science in her coy abode.

III

Thy Sons, *Edina*, social, kind,
With open arms the Stranger hail;
Their views enlarg'd, their lib'ral mind,
Above the narrow, rural vale;
Attentive still to Sorrow's wail,
Or modest Merit's silent claim:
And never may their sources fail!
And never envy blot their name!

IV.

Thy Daughters bright thy walks adorn,
Gay as the gilded Summer sky,
Sweet as the dewy milk-white thorn
Dear as the raptur'd thrill of joy!
Fair B———strikes th' adoring eye,
Heav'n's beauties on my fancy shine;
I see the *Sire of Love* on high,
And own his work indeed divine!

V.

There watching high the least alarms,
Thy rough rude Fortress gleams afar;
Like some bold Vet'ran, gray in arms,
And mark'd with many a seamy scar:
The pond'rous wall and massy bar,
Grim-rising o'er the rugged rock;
Have oft withstood assailing War,
And oft repell'd the Invader's shock,

VI.

With awe-struck thought, and pitying tears,
I view that noble, stately Dome,
Where *Scotia's* kings of other years,
Fam'd heroes, had their royal home:
Alas, how chang'd the times to come!
Their Royal Name low in the dust!
Their hapless Race wild-wand'ring roam!
Tho' rigid Law cries out, 'twas just!

VII.

Wild beats my heart, to trace your steps,
Whose ancestors, in days of yore,
Thro' hostile ranks and ruin'd gaps
Old *Scotia's* bloody Lion bore;
Ev'n I who sing in rustic lore,
Haply, *my Sires* have left their shed,
And fac'd grim Danger's loudest roar,
Bold-following where your Fathers led!

VIII.

Edina! Scotia's darling seat!
All hail thy palaces and tow'rs,
Where once beneath a Monarch's feet
Sat Legislation's sov'reign pow'rs!
From marking wildly-scatter'd flow'rs,
As on the banks of *Ayr* I stray'd,
And singing, lone, the ling'ring hours,
I shelter in thy honor'd shade.

TO

A LOUSE,

On seeing one on a Lady's Bonnet at Church.

HA! whare ye gaun, ye crowlin ferlie,
Your impudence protects you sairly:
I canna say but ye strunt rarely,
Owre gauze and lace;
Tho' faith, I fear, ye dine but sparely
On sic a place.

Ye ugly, creepin, blastit wonner,
Detested, shunn'd by saunt an' sinner,
How dare ye set your fit upon her,
Sae fine a Lady!
Gae somewhare else and seek your dinner,
On some poor body.

Swith, in some beggar's haffet squattle;
There ye may creep, and sprawl, and sprattle
Wi' ither kindred, jumping cattle,
In shoals and nations;
Whare *horn* nor *hane* ne'er dare unsettle
Your thick plantations.

Now haud you there, ye're out o' sight,
Below the fatt'rils, snug an' tight;
Na, faith ye yet! ye'll no be right
Till ye've got on it,
The vera tapmost, tow'ring height
O' *Miss's bonnet.*

My sooth! right bauld ye set your nose out,
As plump and gray as onie grozet;
O for some rank, mercurial rozet,
Or fell, red smeddum,
I'd gie you sic a hearty dose o't,
Wad dress your droddum!

I wad na been surpris'd to spy
You on an auld wife's flainen toy;
Or aiblins some bit dudd o boy,
On's wyliecoat;
But Miss's fine *Lunardi!* fie,
How daur ye do't!

O, *Jenny*, dinna toss your head,
An' set your beauties a' abread;
Ye lettle ken what cursed speed
The blastie's makin!
Thae *winks* and *finger-ends*, I dread,
Are notice takin!

O wad some Pow'r the giftie gie us
To see ourselves as others see us;
It wad frae monie a blunder free us
And foolish notion:
What airs in dress an' gait wad lea'e us,
And ev'n devotion!

THE

CALF.

TO THE REV. MR———,

ON HIS TEXT, MALACHI, CH. IV. VER. 2.

"*And they shall go forth, and grow up, like Calves of the Stall.*"

RIGHT Sir! your text I'll prove it true,
Though Heretics may laugh;
For instance, there's yoursel just now,
God knows, an unco *Calf!*

And should some Patron be so kind,
As bliss you wi' a kirk,
I doubt na, Sir, but then we'll find,
Ye're still as great a *Stirk.*

But, if the Lover's raptur'd hour
Shall ever be your lot,
Forbid it, ev'ry heavenly Pow'r,
You e'er should be a *Stot!*

Tho', when some kind, connubial Dear,
Your but-and-ben adorns,
The like has been that you may wear
A noble head of *horns*.

And in your lug, most reverend J——,
To hear you roar and rowte,
Few men o' sense will doubt your claims
To rank amang the *nowte*.

And when ye're number'd wi' the dead,
Below a grassy hillock,
Wi' justice they may mark your head—
'Here lies a famous *Bullock!*'

EXTEMPORE VERSES,

ON

DINING WITH LORD DAER.

Messgiel, October 25th.

. HIS wot all ye whom it concerns,
rhymer Rab, alias BURNS,
October twenty-third,
ne'er to be forgotten day!
ie far I sprachl'd up the brae,
I dinner'd wi' a LORD.

re been at druken Writers' feasts;
ay, been bitch fou 'mang godly Priests;
(Wi' rev'rence be it spoken!)
re even join'd the honour'd jorum.
[illegible] mighty Squireships' o' the Quorum,
Their hydra drouth did sloken.

[illegible] wi' a LORD!—stand out my shin!
LORD—a PEER—an EARL'S SON.—
Up higher yet my bonnet!
n' such a LORD—lang Scotch ell twa;
ur PEERAGE he looks o'er them a',
As I look o'er my sonnet.

But, O! for Hogarth's magic pow'r,
To shew Sir Bardie's willyart glowr,
An' how he star'd an' stammer'd!
When goavan's he'd been led wi' branks,
An' stumpin on his ploughman shanks,
He in the parlour hammer'd.

To meet good Stuart little pain is,
Or Scotia's sacred Demosthenes,
Thinks I, they are but men!
But Burns, my Lord—Guid G-d! I doited!
My knees on ane anither knoited,
As faultering I gaed ben!

I fidling shelter'd in a neuk,
An' at his lordship staw a leuk,
Like some portentous omen;
Except GOOD SENSE, an' SOCIAL GLEE,
An' (what surpris'd me) MODESTY,
I marked nought uncommon.

I watch'd the symptoms o' the GREAT,
The GENTLE PRIDE, the LORDLY STATE,
The arrogant assuming;
The fient a pride, nae pride had he,
Nor sauce, nor state, that I could see,
Mair than an honest Ploughman.

Then from his Lordship I shall learn,
Henceforth to meet with unconcern,
One rank as well's another;
Nae honest, worthy man need care,
To meet wi' NOBLE youthfu' DAER,
For he but meets a BROTHER.

DEAR SIR,

I never spent an afternoon among great folks with that pleasure as when in company with you. I had the honour of paying my devoirs to that plain, honest, worthy man, the Professor. I would be delighted to see him perform acts of kindness and friendship, though I were not the object, he does it with such a grace.—I think his character, divided into ten parts, stands thus—four parts Socrates—four parts Nathaniel—and two parts Shakespeare's Brutus.

The foregoing verses were really extempore, but a little corrected since. They may entertain you a little, with the help of that partiality with which you are so good as to favor the performances of,

Dear Sir.

Your very humble Servant,

ROBERT BURNS.

Wednesday Morning.

ADDRESS

TO THE

TOOTH-ACHE.

(Written by the Author at a time when he was grievously tormented by that Disorder.)

MY curse on your envenom'd stang,
That shoots my tortur'd gums alang,
An' thro' my lugs gies mony a bang
Wi' gnawin vengeance;
Tearing my nerves wi' bitter twang,
Like racking engines.

A' down my beard the slavers trickle,
I cast the wee stools owre the meikle,
While round the fire the hav'rels keckle,
To see me loup;
I curse an' ban, an' wish a heckle
Were i' their doup.

Than fevers burn, or agues freeze us,
Rumatics gnaw, or colics squeeze us,
Neebors sympathize, to ease us,
Wi' pitying moan;
Thou—the hell o' a diseases,
They mock our groan.

Wi' a' the num'rous human dools,
Ill-har'sts, daft bargains, *cutty-stools*,
Worthy friends laid i' the mools,
Sad sight to see!
Wi' tricks o' knaves, or fash o' fools
Thou bear'st the gree.

Where'er that place be, priests ca' hell,
Where a' the tones o' mis'ry yell,
An' plagues in ranked number tell
In deadly raw,
Wi', *Tooth-Ache*, surely bear'st the bell
Aboon them a'!

O! thou grim mischief-makin chiel,
That gars the notes o' discord squeel,
'Till human-kind aft dance a reel
In gore a shoe thick,
Gie a' the faes o' Scotland's weal
A towmond's tooth-ache.

EPISTLE

TO

J. LAPRAIK,

AN OLD SCOTCH BARD.

April, 1st. 17

WHILE briers an' woodbines budding green,
An' Paitricks scraichin loud at e'en,
An' morning Poussie whidden seen,
Inspire my Muse,
This freedom, in an *unknown* frien',
I pray excuse.

On Fasten-een we had a rockin,
To ca' the crack and weave our stockin;
And there was muckle fun an' jokin,
Ye need na doubt;
At length we had a hearty yokin
At *sang about.*

ere was ae *sang*, amang the rest,
n them a' it pleas'd me best,
some kind husband had addrest
To some sweet wife:
irl'd the heart-strings thro' the breast,
A' to the life.

e scarce heard ought describ'd sae weel,
t gen'rous, manly bosoms feel;
ght I, 'Can this be Pope, or Steele,
'Or Beattie's wark!'
tald me 'twas an odd kind chiel
About *Muirkirk*.

pat me fidgin-fain to hear't,
sae about him there I spier't,
a' that ken't him round declar'd
He had *ingine*,
nane excell'd it, few cam near't,
It was sae fine.

at set him to a pint o' ale,
either douce or merry tale,
hymes an' sangs he'd made himsel,
Or witty catches,
en Inverness and Tiviotdale,
He had few matches.

Then up I gat, an' swoor an aith
Tho' I should pawn my pleugh and gra
Or die a cadger-pownie's death,
At some dyke-b
A pint an' gill I'd gie them baith,
To hear your cr

But first an' foremost, I should tell,
Amaist as soon as I could spell,
I to the *crambo jingle* fell,
Tho' rude an' r
Yet crooning to a body's sel,
Does weel enou

I am nae *Poet*, in a sense,
But just a *Rhymer*, like, by chance,
An' hae to Learning nae pretence,
Yet, what the n
Whene'er my Muse does on me glance,
I jingle at her.

Your Critic-folk may cock their nos
And say, 'How can you e'er propose,
'You wha ken hardly *verse* frae *prose*,
'To mak a *san*
But, by your leaves, my learned foes,
Ye're may be w

's a' your jargon o' your Schools,
ıtin names for horns an' stools;
ıt nature made you *fools*,
What fairs your Grammars?
tter taen up spades and shools,
Or knappin-hammers.

o' dull, conceited Hashes,
: their brains in College classes!
ıng in Stirks, and *come out* Asses,
Plain truth to speak;
e they think to climb Parnassus
By dint o' Greek!

ne ae spark o' Nature's fire,
i' the learning I desire;
ıough I drudge thro' dub an' mire,
At pleugh or cart,
se, though hamely in attire,
May touch the heart.

: a spunk o' *Allan's* glee,
gusou's, the bauld and slee,
ht *Lapraik's*, my friend to be,
If I can hit it!
ould be *lear* eneugh for me,
If I could get it.

Now, Sir if ye hae friends enow,
Tho' real friends, I b'lieve are few,
Yet, if your catalogue be fou,
I'se no insist,
But gif ye want ae friend that's true,
I'm on your list.

I winna blaw about mysel;
As ill I like my fauts to tell;
But friends and folks that wish me well,
They sometimes roc
Tho' I maun own, as monie still
As far abuse me.

There's ae *wee faut* they whiles lay to m
I like the lasses—Gude forgie me!
For monie a plack they wheedle frae me,
At dance or fair;
May be some *ither thing* they gie me
They weel can spar

But *Mauchline* Race, or *Mauchline* Fair,
I should be proud to meet you there;
We'se gie ae night's discharge to care,
If we forgather,
An' hae a swap o' *rhymin-ware*
Wi' ane anither.

The four gill-chap, we'se gar him clatter,
An' kirsen him wi' reekin water;
Syne we'll sit down an' tak our whitter,
To chear our heart;
An' faith, we'se be acquainted better
Before we part.

Awa ye selfish warly race,
Wha think that havins, sense, an' grace,
Ev'n love an' friendship, should give place
To *catch-the-Plack*;
I dinna like to see your face,
Nor hear your crack.

But ye whom social pleasure charms,
Whose hearts the tide of kindness warms,
Who hold your *being* on the terms,
'Each aid the others,'
Come to my bowl, come to my arms,
My friends, my brothers!

But, to conclude my lang epistle,
As my auld pen's worn to the grissle;
Twa lines frae you wad gar me fisle,
Who am, most fervent,
While I can either sing, or whissle,
Your friend and servant.

TO THE SAME.

April 21*st*, 1785

WHILE new-ca'd kye rout at the stake,
An' pownies reek in pleugh or braik,
This hour on e'enin's edge I take,
To own I'm debtor,
To honest-hearted, auld Lapraik,
For his kind letter.

Forjesket sair, with weary legs,
Rattlin the corn out-owre the rigs,
Or dealing thro' amang the naigs
Their ten hours bite,
My awkart Muse sair pleads and begs,
I wou'd na write.

The tapetless ramfeezl'd hizzie,
She's sast at best, and something lazy,
Quo' she, 'Ye ken, we've been sae busy,
This month an' mair,
That trouth my head is grown righ dizzie,
An' something sair.'

ff excuses pat me mad;
e,' says I, 'ye thowless jad!
an' that a hearty blaud,
'This vera night;
ye affront your trade,
'But rhyme it right.

auld Lapraik, the king o' hearts,
ikind were a pack o' cartes,
u sae weel for your deserts'
'In terms sae friendly,
neglect to shaw your parts,
'An' thank him kindly!'

: paper in a blink,
;aed *stumpie* in the ink:
Before I sleep a wink,
'I vow I'll close it;
winna mak it clink,
'By Jove I'll prose it!'

begun to scrawl, but whether
or prose, or baith thegither.
tch-potch that's rightly neither,
Let time mak proof;
scribble down some blether
Just clean aff-loof.

My worthy friend, ne'er grudge an' carp,
Tho' Fortune use you hard an' sharp;
Come, kittle up your *moorland harp*
Wi' gleesome touch!
Ne'er mind how Fortune waft an' warp;
She's but a b-tch.

She's gien me monie a jirt an' fling,
Sin I could striddle owre a ring;
But, by the L—d, tho' I should beg
Wi' lyart pow,
I'll laugh, an' sing, an' shake my leg,
As lang's I dow!

Now comes the sax an' twentieth simmer,
I've seen the bud upo' the timmer,
Still persecuted by the limmer
Frae year to year;
But yet, despite the kittle kimmer,
I, Rab, am here.

Do ye envy the city *Gent*,
Behint a kist to lie and sklent,
Or purse-proud, big wi' *cent. per cent.*
And muckle wame,
In some bit Brugh to represent
A *Bailie's* name?

is't the paughty, feudal Thane,
uffl'd sark an' glancing cane,
thinks himsel nae sheep-shank bane,
But lordly stalks,
e caps and bonnets aff are taen,
As by he walks?

Thou, wha gies us each guid gift!
me o' wit an' sense a lift,
n turn me, if *Thou* please, adrift,
'Thro' Scotland wide;
cits nor lairds I wadna shift,
'In a' their pride!'

ere this the *charter* of our state,
ain o' hell be rich an' great,'
nation then would be your fate,
Beyond remead;
hanks to heav'n, that's no the gate
We learn our creed.

r thus the royal Mandate ran,
n first the human race began,
e social, friendly, honest man,
'Whate'er he be,
s he fulfils *great Nature's plan*,
'An' none but *he!*

O Mandate glorious and divine!
The followers of the ragged Nine,
Poor thoughtless devils! yet may shine
In glorious light,
While sordid sons of Mammon's line
Are dark as night.

Tho' here they scrape, an' squeeze, an' grow
Their worthless nievefu' of a soul
May in some *future carcase* howl;
The forest's fright;
Or in some day-detesting owl
May shun the light.

Then may *Lapraik* and *Burns* arise;
To reach their native, kindred skies,
And *sing* their pleasures, hopes, an' joys,
In some mild sphere,
Still closer knit in friendship's ties
Each passing year!

TO

S*******N, OCHILTREE.

May, 1785.

our letter, winsome *Willie*;
fu' heart I thank you brawlie;
aun say't, I wad be silly,
An' unco vain,
believe, my coaxin billie,
Your flatterin strain.

: believe ye kindly meant it,
aith to think ye hinted
ire, sidelins sklented
On my poor Musie;
ic phraisin terms ye've penn'd it,
I scarce excuse.

My senses wad be in a creel,
Should I but dare a *hope* to speel,
Wi' *Allan*, or wi' *Gilbertfield*,
The braes o' fame;
Or *Fergusen*, the writer-chiel,
A deathless name.

(O *Ferguson!* thy glorious parts
Ill suited law's dry, musty arts!
My curse upon your whunstane hearts,
Ye E'nbrugh Gentry!
The tythe o' what ye waste at cartes
Wad stow'd his pantry!)

Yet when a tale comes i' my head,
Or lasses gie my heart a screed,
As whiles they're like to be my dead,
(O sad disease!)
I kittle up my *rustic reed;*
It gies me ease.

Auld *Coïla* now may fidge fu' fain,
She's gotten Poets o' her ain,
Chiels wha their chanters winna hain,
But tune their lays,
Till echoes a' resound again
Her weel-sung praise.

Iae Poet thought her worth his while,
set her name in measur'd style;
lay like some unkend-of isle
Beside *New-Hollan'*,
whare wild-meeting oceans boil
Besouth *Magellan.*

Ramsay an' famous *Ferguson*
d *Forth* an' *Tay* a lift aboon;
row an' *Tweed*, to monie a tune,
Owre Scotland rings,
ile *Irwin*, *Lugar*, *Ayr*, an' *Doon*,
Naebody sings.

'h' *Illissus*, *Tiber*, *Thames*, an' *Seine*,
de sweet in monie a tunefu' line!
', *Willie*, set your fit to mine
An' cock your crest,
'll gar our streams an' Burnies shine
Up wi' the best.

We'll sing auld *Coila's* plains an' fe
r moors red-brown wi' heather-bells
r banks an' braes, her dens an' dells
Where glorious *Wallace*
t bure the gree, as story tells,
Frae Southren billies.

At *Wallace'* name what Scottish blood
But boils up in a spring-tide flood!
Oft have our fearless fathers strode
By *Wallace'* side,
Still pressing onward, red-wat shod,
Or glorious dy'd.

O sweet are *Coila's* haughs an' woods,
When lintwhites chant amang the buds,
And jinkin hares, in amorous whids,
Their loves enjoy,
While thro' the braes the cushat croods
With wailfu' cry!

Ev'n winter bleak has charms to me
When winds rave thro' the naked tree;
Or frosts on hills of *Ochiltree*
Are hoary gray;
Or blinding drifts wild-furious flee,
Dark'ning the day;

O *Nat[illegible]* a' thy shew an' forms,
To feeling, pensive hearts hae charms!
Whether the Summer kindly warms,
Wi' life an' light,
Or Winter howls, in gusty storms,
The lang, dark night!

ıse, nae Poet ever fand her,
nsel' he learn'd to wander,
me trotting burn's meander,
An' no think lang;
o stray an pensive ponder
A heart-felt sang!

rly race may drudge an' drive,
ther, jundie, stretch an' strive,
ir *Nature's* face descrive,
And I, wi' pleasure,
he busy, grumbling hive
Bum owre their treasure.

el, 'my rhyme-composing brither!'
en owre lang unkenn'd to ither:
s lay our heads thegither,
In love fraternal:
y wallop in a tether,
Black fiend, infernal!

Highlandmen hate tolls an' taxes!
orlan' herds like guid, fat braxies;
rra Firma, on her axis,
Diurnal turns,
a friend, in faith an' practice
In *Robert Burns*.

POSTSCRIPT.

My memory's no worth a preen;
I had amaist forgotten clean,
Ye bade me write you what they mean
By this *new-light*(2),
'Bout which our *herds* sae aft has been
Maist like to fight.

In days when mankind were but callans
At *Grammar, Logic*, an' sic talents,
They took nae pains their speech to balance,
Or rules to gie,
But spak their thoughts in plain, braid Lallans,
Like you or me.

In thae auld times, they thought the *Moon*,
Just like a sark, or pair o' shoon,
Wore by degrees, till her last roon,
Gaed past their viewing,
An' shortly after she was done
They gat a new one.

This past for certain, undisputed;
It ne'er cam' i' their heads to doubt it,
Till chiels gat up an' wad confute it
An' ca'd it wrang;
An' muckle din there was about it,
Baith loud an' lang.

Some *herds*, weel learn'd upo' the beuk,
Wad threap auld folk the thing misteuk;
For 'twas the *auld moon* turn'd a neuk,
An' out o' sight,
An' backlins-comin, to the leuk,
She grew mair bright.

This was deny'd, it was affirm'd;
The *herds* an' *hissels* were alarm'd:
The rev'rend gray-beards rav'd an' storm'd,
That beardless laddies
Should think they better were inform'd
Than their auld daddies.

Frae less to mair it gaed to sticks;
Frae words an' aiths to clouts an' kicks
An' monie a fallow gat his licks,
Wi' heavy crunt;
An' some, to learn them for their tricks,
Were hang'd an' brunt.

This game was play'd in monie lands,
An' *auld-light* caddies bure sic hands,
That faith, the youngsters took the sands
Wi' nimble shanks,
Till Lairds forbade, by strict commands,
Sic bluidy pranks.

But *new-light herds* gat sic a cowe,
Folk thought them ruin'd stick-an-stowe,
Till now amaist on ev'ry knowe,
Ye'll find ane plac'd:
An' some, their *new-light* fair avow,
Just quite barefac'd.

Nae dout the *auld-light flocks* are beatin;
Their zealous *herds* are vex'd an' sweatin;
Mysel, I've even seen them greetin
Wi' girnin spite,
To hear the *Moon* sae sadly lie'd on
By word an' write.

But shortly they will cowe the louns!
Some *auld-light herds* in neebor towns
Are mind't, in things they ca' *balloons*,
To tak a flight,
An' stay ae month amang the *Moons*,
An' see them right.

Guid observation they will gie them;
An' when the *auld Moon's* gaun to lea'e them,
The hindmost shaird, they'll fetch it wi' them,
Just i' their pouch,
An' when the *new-light* billies see them,
I think they'll crouch!

Sae, ye observe that a' this clatter
Is naething but a 'moonshine matter;'
But tho' dull prose-folk Latin splatter
In logic tulzie,
I hope, we Bardies ken some better
Than mind sic brulzie.

EXTEMPORE.

Written in answer to a Card from an intimate of BURNS' *wishing him to spend an hour at a Tavern with him.*

THE King's most humble servant, I
Can scarcely spare a minute;
But I'll be wi' ye by an' bye;
Or else the Deil's be in it.

LETTER

TO

JOHN GOUDIE,

KILMARNOCK,

On the Publication of his Essays

O GOUDIE! terror o' the Whigs,
Dread o' black coats and rev'rend wigs,
Soor Bigotry, on her last legs,
Girnin' looks back,
Wishin' the ten Egyptian plagues
Wad seize you quick.

Poor gapin', glowrin Superstition,
Waes me! she's in a sad condition;
Fy, bring Black-Jock, her state Physician,
To see her w-ter;
Alas! there's ground o' great suspicion
She'll ne'er get better.

)rthodoxy lang did grapple,
)w she's got an unco ripple,
gae her name up i' the chapel,
Nigh unto death;
)w she fetches at the thrapple,
An' gasps for breath.

husiasm's past redemption,
in a galloping consumption,
' the quacks, wi' a' their gumtion
Will ever mend her,
eble pulse gies strong presumption,
Death soon will end her.

you and Taylor (5) are the chief,
are to blame for this mischief;
in the Lord's ain focks gat leave,
A toom tar barrel
wa red peats wad send relief,
An' end the quarrel.

ANSWER

TO

A TRIMMING LETTER,

FROM

A TAYLOR,

WHAT ails ye now, ye lousie b—h,
To thresh my back at sic a pitch?
Losh man! hae mercy wi' your natch,
Your bodkin's bauld,
I did na suffer ha'f sae much
Frae Daddie Auld.

What tho' at times when I grow crouse,
I gie their wames a random pouse,
Is that eneugh for you to souse
Your servant sae?
Gae mind your seam, ye prick the louse,
An' jag the flea.

King David o' poetic brief,
Wrought 'mang the lasses sic mischief
As fill'd his after life wi' grief:
An' bloody rants,
An' yet he's rank'd amang the chief
O' lang syne saunts

And maybe, Tam, for a' my cants,
My wicked rhymes, an' drucken rants,
I'll gie auld cloven Clootie's haunts
An unco slip yet,
An' snugly sit amang the saunts
At Davie's hip yet.

But fegs the Session says I maun
Gae fa' upo' anither plan,
Than garren lasses cowp the cran
Clean heels owre body,
And fairly thole their mither's ban,
Afore the howdy.

This leads me on to tell for sport,
How I did wi the Session sort—
Auld Clinkum at the Inner-port
Cry'd three times, 'Robin!
Come hither lad, an' answer for't,
'Ye're blam'd for jobbin.'

Wi' pinch I put a Sunday's face on,
And snoov'd awa' before the Session:
I made an open fair confession,
I scorn to lie;
An syne Mess John, beyond expression,
Fell foul o' me.

A furnicator lown he call'd me,
An' said my faut frae bliss expell'd me;
I own'd the tale was true he tell'd me,
'But what the matter,'
Quo' I, 'I fear, unless ye geld me,
I'll ne'er be better.

"Geld you!" quo' he, and whatfore no,
"If that your right hand, leg or toe,
"Should ever prove your sp'ritual foe,
"You shou'd rememb
"To cut it aff, an' whatfore no,
"Your dearest memb

'Na, na,' quo' I, 'I'm no for that,
'Gelding is nae better than 'tis ca't,
'I'd rather suffer for my faut,
'A hearty flewit,
'As sair owre hip as ye can draw't
'Tho' I should rue it.

ye like to end the bother,
se us a', I've just ae ither,
iext wi' yon lass I forgather,
'Whate'er betide it,
ikly gie her't a' thegither,
'An' let her guide it.'

this pleas'd them warst ava,
efore, Tam, when that I saw,
Gude night,' and cam awa,
And left the Session;
ey were resolved a'
On my oppression.

LINES,

itten under the Picture of the celebrated

MISS BURNS.

E, ye prudes, your envious railing,
y Burns has charms—*confess;*
is, she had one failing,
ae woman ever less?

MAN WAS MADE TO MOURN.

A

DIRGE.

I.

WHEN chill November's surly blast
Made fields and forests bare,
One ev'ning as I wand'red forth
Along the banks of *Ayr*,
I spy'd a man, whose aged step
Seem'd weary, worn with care;
His face was furrow'd o'er with years,
And hoary was his hair.

II.

Young stranger, whither wand'rest thou!
(Began the rev'rend Sage;)
Does thirst of wealth thy step constrain,
Or youthful Pleasures rage?
Or haply, prest with cares and woes,
Too soon thou hast began
To wander forth, with me, to mourn
The miseries of man.

III.

: overhangs yon moors,
ling far and wide,
reds labour to support
' lordling's pride;
ı weary winter-sun
:y times return;
me has added proofs,
was made to mourn.

IV.

le in thy early years,
igal of time!
; all thy precious hours,
ous youthful prime!
llies take the sway:
Passions burn:
ld force gives Nature's law,
was made to mourn.

V.

me on youthful Prime,
od's active might;
useful to his kind,
is his right.
on the edge of life,
s and Sorrows worn,

Then Age and Want, Oh! ill-match'd pair!
Show Man was made to mourn.

VI.

A few seem favourites of Fate,
In Pleasure's lap carest;
Yet, think not all the Rich and Great
Are likewise truly blest.
But, Oh! what crowds in ev'ry land,
Are wretched and forlorn.
Thro' weary life this lesson learn,
That man was made to mourn.

VII.

Many and sharp the num'rous ills
Inwoven with our frame!
More pointed still we make ourselves,
Regret, Remorse, and Shame!
And man, whose heav'n-erected face,
The smiles of love adorn,
Man's inhumanity to Man
Makes countless thousands mourn!

VIII.

See yonder poor, o'erlabour'd wight,
So abject, mean and vile,
Who begs a brother of the earth
To give him leave to toil;

s lordly *fellow-worm*
r petition spurn,
, tho' a weeping wife,
pless offspring mourn.

IX.

gn'd yon lordling's slave,
ire's law design'd,
an independent wish
nted in my mind?
y am I subject to
lty, or scorn?
s Man the will and pow'r
e his fellow mourn?

X.

t this too much, my Son,
thy youthful breast:
l view of human-kind
not the *last!*
oppressed, honest man
er, sure, been born,
not been some recompense
fort those that mourn!

XI.

the poor man's dearest friend,
dest and the best!

Welcome the hour my aged limbs
Are laid with thee at rest!
The Great, the Wealthy fear thy blow
From pomp and pleasure torn;
But, Oh! a blest relief to those
That weary-laden mourn!

THE

WHISTLE.

A BALLAD.

hentic *Prose* history of the WHISTLE is
all here give it,—In the train of Anne
, when she came to Scotland with our
Sixth, there came over also a Danish
of gigantic stature and great prowess,
less champion of Bacchus. He had a
Whistle, which, at the commencement
s, he laid on the table; and whoever
: to blow it, every body else being dis-
: potency of the bottle, was to carry off
as a trophy of victory.—The Dane pro-
ntials of his victories, without a single
he courts of Copenhagen, Stockholm,
rsaw, and several of the petty courts in
nd challenged the Scotch Bacchanalians
native of trying his prowess, or else of

acknowledging their inferiority.—After
throws on the part of the Scots, the D
countered by Sir Robert Lowrie of Ma
cestor to the present worthy baronet of
who, after three days and three night
test, left the Scandinavian under the
" blew on the Whistle his requiem shril

Sir Walter, son to Sir Robert before
afterwards lost the whistle to Walter Ri
riddel, who had married a sister of Si
On Friday, the 16th October, 1790, at
the Whistle was once more contended f
in the Ballad, by the present Sir Robe
Maxwelton; Robert Riddel, Esq. of
lineal descedant and representative of
del, who won the Whistle, and in wh
had continued; and Alexander Fergu
Craigdarroch, likewise descended of
Robert, which last gentleman carried
won honours of the field.

THE WHISTLE.

ING of a Whistle, a Whistle of worth,
ng of a Whistle, the pride of the North,
as brought to the court of our good Scottish king
d long with this Whistle all Scotland shall ring.

Old Loda (4), still rueing the arm of Fingal,
he god of the bottle sends down from his hall—
This Whistle's your challenge, to Scotland get
" o'er,
And drink them to hell, Sir! or ne'er see me
" more!"

Old poets have sung, and old chronicles tell,
What champions ventur'd, what champions fell;
The son of great Loda was conqueror still.
And blew on the Whistle his requiem shrill.

Till Robert, the lord of the Cairn and the scaur,
Unmatch'd at the bottle, unconquer'd in war,
He drank his poor god-ship as deep as the sea,
No tide of the Baltic e'er drunker than he.

Thus Robert, victorious, the trophy has gain'd,
Which now in his house has for ages remain'd;
Till three noble chieftains, and all of his blood,
The jovial contest again have renew'd.

Three joyous good fellows, with hearts clear of
flaw;
Craigdarroch, so famous for wit, worth, and law;
And trusty Glenriddel, so skill'd in old coins;
And gallant Sir Robert, deep-read in old wines.

Craigdarroch began, with a tongue smooth as oil,
Desiring Glenriddel to yield up the spoil;
Or else he would muster the heads of the clan,
And once more, in claret, try which was the man.

"By the gods of the ancients!" Glenriddel replies,
"Before I surrender so glorious a prize,
"I'll conjure the ghost of the great Rorie More(5),
"And bumper his horn with him twenty times o'er."

Sir Robert, a soldier, no speech would pretend,
But he ne'er turn'd his back on his foe—or his friend;
Said, toss down the Whistle, the prize of the field,
And knee-deep in claret, he'd die or he'd yield.

To the board of Glenriddel our heroes repair,
So noted for drowning of sorrow and care:
But for wine and for welcome not more known
fame,
Than the sense, wit, and taste of a sweet lovely
dame.

A Bard was selected to witness the fray,
And tell future ages the feats of the day;
A Bard who detested all sadness and spleen,
And wish'd that Parnassus a vineyard had been.

The dinner being over, the claret they ply,
And ev'ry new cork is a new spring of joy;
In the bands of old friendship and kindred so set,
And the bands grew the tighter the more they were wet.

Gay Pleasure ran riot as bumpers ran o'er;
Bright Phœbus ne'er witness'd so joyous a core,
And vow'd that to leave them he was quite forlorn,
Till Cynthia hinted he'd see them next morn.

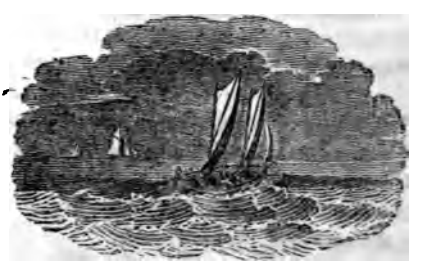
Six bottles a-piece had well wore out the night,
When gallant Sir Robert, to finish the fight,
Turn'd o'er in one bumper a bottle of red,
And swore 'twas the way that their ancestor did.

Then worthy Glenriddel, so cautious and sage,
No longer the warfare, ungodly, would wage;
A high ruling elder to wallow in wine!
He left the foul business to folks less divine.

The gallant Sir Robert fought hard to the end;
But who can with fate and Quart Bumpers contend?
Though Fate said,—a hero should perish in light;
So uprose bright Phœbus—and down fell the knight.

Next uprose our Bard, like a prophet in drink:
"Craigdarroch, thou'lt soar when creation shall
sink!
"But if thou would flourish immortal in rhyme,
"Come—one bottle more—and have at the sublime!

"Thy line that have struggled for freedom with
"Bruce,
"Shall heroes and patriots ever produce:
"So thine be the laurel, and mine be the bay;
"The field thou hast won, by yon bright god of day!



ADDRESS

TO THE

SHADE OF THOMSON,

On crowning his Bust, at Ednam, Roxburghshire, with Bays.

WHILE virgin Spring, by Eden's flood,
Unfolds her tender mantle green,
Or pranks the sod in frolic mood,
Or tunes Eolian strains between.

While Summer with a matron grace
Retreats to Dryburgh's cooling shade,
Yet oft, delighted, stops to trace
The progress of the spiky blade.

While Autumn, benefactor kind,
By Tweed erects his aged head,
And sees, with self-approving mind,
Each creature on his bounty fed.

While maniac Winter rages o'er
The hills whence classic Yarrow flows,
Rousing the turbid torrent's roar,
Or sweeping, wild, a waste of snows.

So long, sweet Poet of the Year,
Shall bloom that wreath thou well hast won;
While Scotia, with exulting tear,
Proclaims that *Thomson* was her son.

VERSES.

WRITTEN

On a Window of the Inn at Carron.

WE cam na here to view your warks,
In hopes to be mair wise,
But only, lest we gang to hell,
It may be nae surprise:
But whan we tirl'd at your door,
Your porter dought na hear us;
Sae may, shou'd we to hell's yetts come,
Your billy Satan sair us!

ON

THE LATE CAPT. GROSE'S

PERIGRINATIONS THROUGH SCOTLAND,

Collecting the Antiquities of that Kingdom.

HEAR, Land o' Cakes, and brither Scots,
Frae Maidenkirk to Jonny Groats;—
If there's a hole in a' your coats,
I rede you tent it:
A chield's amang you, takin notes,
And, faith! he'll prent it.

If in your bounds ye chance to light
Upon a fine, fat, fodgel wight
O' stature short, but genius bright,
That's he, mark weel—
And wow! he has an unco slight
O' cauk and keel.

By some auld, houlet-haunted, biggin, (6)
Or kirk deserted by its riggin,
It's ten to ane ye'll find him snug in
Some eldritch part,
Wi' deils, they say, L—d safe's! colleaguin
At some black art.—

Ilk ghaist that haunts auld ha' or chamer,
Ye gypsy-gang that deal in glamor,
And you deep-read in hell's black grammar,
Warlocks and witches;
Ye'll quake at his conjuring hammer,
Ye midnight b——es.

It's tauld he was a sodger bred,
And ane wad rather fa'n than fled;
But now he's quat the spurtle-blade,
And dog-skin wallet,
And taen the———*Antiquarian trade*,
I think they call it.

He has a fouth o' auld nick-nackets:
Rusty airn caps and jinglin jackets,(7)
Wad haud the Lothians three in tackets,
A towmont gude;
And parritch pats, and auld saut-Backets,
Before the Flood.

irst fire he has ae cinder;
cain's fire-shool and fender;
distinguished the gender
O' Balaam's ass;
ck o' the witch of Endor,
Weel shod wi' brass.

ıe'll shape you aff fu' gleg
Adam's philibeg;
hat nicket Abel's craig
He'll prove you fully,
ldin jocteleg,
Or lang kail-gullie.—

ye see him in his glee,
glee and fun has he,
m down, and twa or three
Gude fellows wi' him;
) *port!* shine thou a wee,
And then ye'll see him!

the Pow'rs o' Verse and Prose!
dainty chield, O Grose!—
thee shall ill suppose,
They sair misca' thee;
rascal by the nose,
Wad say, Shame fa' thee.

EPIGRAM

ON

CAPT. FRANCIS GROSE,

THE CELEBRATED ANTIQUARIAN.

THE following Epigram written in a moment of festivity by Burns, was so much relished by Grose, that he made it serve as an excuse for prolonging the convivial occasion that gave it birth to a very late hour.

THE Devil got notice that GROSE was a-dying,
So whip! at the summons, old Satan came flying:
But when he approach'd where poor FRANCIS lay moaning,
And saw each bed-post with its burden a groaning,
Astonished! confounded! cry'd Satan, By G-d,
I'll want 'im, ere I take such a d——ble load.

SECOND EPISTLE

TO

DAVIE,

A BROTHER POET.

AULD NEEBOR,

I'M three times, doubly owre, your debtor,
For your auld-farrant, frien'ly letter;
Tho' I maun say't, I doubt ye flatter,
Ye speak sae fair;
For my poor, silly, rhymin clatter,
Some less maun sair.

Hale be your heart, hale be your fiddle,
Lang may your elbuck jink, an' diddle,
To cheer you thro' the weary widdle
O' war'ly cares,
Till bairns' bairns kindly cuddle
Your auld grey hairs.

But, Davie lad, I'm rede, ye're glaikit;
I'm tauld the Muse ye hae neglekit;
An' gif its sae, ye shou'd be lickit;
Until ye fyke:
Sic hands as you shou'd ne'er be faikit,
Be hain't wha' like.

For me, I'm on Parnassus' brink,
Rivin the words, to gar them clink;
Whyles daizt wi' love, whyles daizt wi' drink,
Wi' jads or masons;
An' whyles, but ay owre late, I think,
Braw sober lessons.

O' a' the thoughtless sons o' men,
Commend me to the Bardie clan;
Except it be some idle plan,
O' rhymin clink,
The deil-haet, that I shou'd ban,
They ever think.

Nae thought, nae view, nae scheme o' livin,
Nae cares to gie us joy or grievin;
But just the pouch to put the nieve in,
An' while ought's there,
Then hiltie, skiltie, we gae scrivin,
An' fash nae mair.

Leeze me on rhyme! it's ay a treasure,
My chief, amaist my only pleasure,
At hame, a-fiel', at wark, or leisure,
The Muse, poor hizzie!
Tho' rough, an' raplock be her measure,
She's seldom lazy.

Haud to the Muse, my dainty Davie:
The warl' may play you mony a shavie;
But for the Muse, she'll never leave ye,
Tho' e'er sae poor,
Na' e'en tho' limpin wi' the spavie
Frae door to door.

LAMENT

OF

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS,

ON THE

APPROACH OF SPRING.

NOW Nature hangs her mantle green
On every blooming tree,
And spreads her sheets o' daisies white
Out o'er the grassy lea:
Now Phœbus chears the crystal streams,
And glads the azure skies;
But nought can glad the weary wight
That fast in durance lies.

Now lav'rocks wake the merry morn,
Aloft on dewy wing;
The merle, in his noontide bow'r,
Makes woodland echoes ring;
The mavis mild, wi' mony a note,
Sings drowsy day to rest:
In love and freedom they rejoice,
Wi' care nor thrall opprest.

Now blooms the lily by the bank,
The primrose down the brae;
The hawthorns budding in the glen,
And milk-white is the slae:
The meanest hind in fair Scotland
May rove their sweets amang;
But I, the Queen of a' Scotland,
Maun lie in prison strang.

I was the Queen o' bonnie France,
Where happy I hae been;
Fu' lightly rase I in the morn,
As blythe lay down at e'en:
And I'm the Sov'reign of Scotland,
And mony a traitor there;
Yet here I lie in foreign bands,
And never ending care.

But as for thee, thou false woman,
My sister and my fae,
Grim vengeance yet shall whet a sword
That thro' thy soul shall gae:
The weeping blood in woman's breast
Was never known to thee;
Nor th' balm that draps on wounds of woe
Frae woman's pitying e'e.

My son! my son! my kinder stars
Upon thy fortune shine:
And may those pleasure's gild thy reign,
That ne'er wad blink on mine!
God keep thee frae thy mother's faes,
Or turn their hearts to thee:
And where thou meet'st thy mother's friend,
Remember him for me!

O! soon, to me, may summer-suns
Nae mair light up the morn!
Nae mair, to me, the autumn winds
Wave o'er the yellow corn!
And in the narrow house o' death
Let winter round me rave!
And the next flow'rs that deck the spring,
Bloom on my peaceful grave.

TO.

T. GRAHAM OF FINTRY, ESQ.

---

l crippl'd of an arm, and now a leg,
to beg a *pass* for leave to beg;
stless, tea's'd, dejected, and deprest,
e is adverse to a cripple's rest);
erous Graham list to his Poet's wail?
thes poor Misery, heark'ning to her tale),
ar him curse the light he first survey'd,
ubly curse the luckless rhyming trade.

1, Nature, partial Nature, I arraign;
caprice maternal I complain.
n and the bull thy care have found,
akes the forest, and one spurns the ground;
riv'st the ass his hide, the snail his shell,
venom'd wasp, victorious, guards his cell.—
inions, kings defend, controul, devour,
h' omnipotence of rule and power.—
and Statesmen, subtile wiles ensure;
t and polecat stink, and are secure.

My son! my son! my kinder stars
Upon thy fortune shine:
And may those pleasure's gild thy reig
That ne'er wad blink our mine!
God keep thee frae thy mother's faes,
Or turn their hearts to thee:
And where thou meet'st thy mother's fi
Remember him for me!

O! soon, to me, may summer-suns
Nae mair light up the morn!
Nae mair, to me, the autumn winds
Wave o'er the yellow corn!
And in the narrow house o' death
Let winter round me rave!
And the next flow'rs that deck the s
Bloom on my peaceful grave.

His well-won bays, than life itself more dear,
By miscreants torn, who ne'er one sprig must wear
Foil'd, bleeding, tortur'd, in th' unequal strife,
The hapless Poet flounders on thro' life.
Till fled each hope that once his bosom fir'd,
And fled each Muse that glorious once inspir'd,
Low-sunk in squalid, unprotected age,
Dead, even resentment, for his injur'd page,
He heeds or feels no more the ruthless Critic's rage!

So, by some hedge, the gen'rous steed deceas'd,
For half starv'd snarling curs a dainty feast;
By toil and famine worn to skin and bone,
Lies, senseless of each tugging bitch's son.

O Dulness! portion of the truly blest!
Calm shelter'd haven of eternal rest!
Thy sons ne'er madden in the fierce extremes
Of Fortune's polar frost, or torrid beams.
If mantling high she fills the golden cup,
With sober selfish ease they sip it up:
Conscious the bounteous meed they well deserve,
They only wonder "some folks" do not starve.
The grave sage hern thus easy picks his frog,
And thinks the Mallard a sad worthless dog.
When disappointment snaps the clue of hope,
And thro' disastrous night they darkling grope,

With deaf endurance sluggishly they bear,
And just conclude that "fools are fortune's care."
So, heavy, passive to the tempest's shocks,
Strong on the sign-post stands the stupid ox.

Not so the idle Muses' mad-cap train,
Not such the workings of their moon-struck brain;
In equanimity they never dwell,
But turns in soaring heav'n, or vaulted hell.

I dread thee, Fate, relentless and severe,
With all a poet's, husband's, father's fear!
Already one strong hold of hope is lost,
Glencairn, the truly noble, lies in dust;
(Fled, like the sun eclips'd as noon appears,
And left us darkling in a world of tears:)
O! hear my ardent, grateful, selfish pray'r!
Fintry, my other stay, long bless and spare!
Thro' a long life his hopes and wishes crown;
And bright in cloudless skies his sun go down!
May *bliss domestic* smooth his private path;
Give energy to life! and sooth his latest breath,
With many a filial tear circling the bed of death!

LAMENT.

FOR

:ES, EARL OF GLENCAIRN.

ind blew hollow frae the hills,
; the sun's departing beam
on the fading yellow woods
wav'd o'er Lugar's winding stream:
a craigy steep, a Bard,
with years and meikle pain,
ament bewail'd his lord,
1 death had all untimely taen.

'd him to an ancient aik,
e trunk was mould'ring down with years;
s were bleached white with time,
oary cheek was wet wi' tears;

And as he touch'd his trembling harp,
And as he tun'd his doleful sang,
The winds, lamenting thro' their caves,
To echo bore the notes alang.

"Ye scatter'd birds that faintly sing,
"The reliques of the vernal quire!
"Ye woods that shed on a' the winds
"The honours of the aged year!
"A few short months, and glad and gay,
"Again ye'll charm the ear and e'e:
"But nocht in all revolving time
"Can gladness bring again to me.

"I am a bending aged tree,
"That long has stood the wind and rain;
"But now has come a cruel blast,
"And my last hold of earth is gane;
"Nae leaf o' mine shall greet the spring,
"Nae simmer sun exalt my bloom;
"But I maun lie before the storm,
"And ithers plant them in my room.

"I've seen sae mony changefu' years,
"On earth I am a stranger grown
"I wander in the ways of men,
"Alike unknowing and unknown:

heard, unpitied, unreliev'd,
bear alane my lade o' care,
r silent, low, on beds of dust,
Lie a' that would my sorrows share.

d last, (the sum of a' my griefs!)
My noble master lies in clay;
e flow'r amang our barons bold,
His country's pride, his country's stay:
weary being now I pine,
For a' the life of life is dead,
d hope has left my aged ken,
On forward wing for ever fled.

Wake thy last sad voice, my harp!
The voice of woe and wild despair!
Wake, resound thy latest lay,
Then sleep in silence evermair!
d thou, my last, best, only friend,
That fillest an untimely tomb,
cept this tribute from the Bard,
Thou brought from fortune's mirkest gloom.

Poverty's low barren vale,
Thick mists, obscure, involv'd me round;
Though oft I turn'd the wistful eye,
Nae ray of fame was to be found:

"Thou found'st me, like the morning sun
"That melts the fogs in limpid air,
"The friendless Bard and rustic sang,
"Became alike thy fostering care.

"O! why has worth so short a date?
"While villains ripen grey with time!
"Must thou, the noble, gen'rous, great,
"Fall in bold manhood's hardy prime!
"Why did I live to see that day!
"A day to me so full of woe?
"O! had I met the mortal shaft
"Which laid my benefactor low!

"The bridegroom may forget the bride,
"Was made his wedded wife yestreen;
"The monarch may forget the crown
"That on his head an hour has been;
"The mother may forget the child
"That smiles sae sweetly on her knee;
"But I'll remember thee, Glencairn,
"And a' that thou hast done for me!"

THE

HUMBLE PETITION

OF

BRUAR WATER (8)

TO

HE NOBLE DUKE OF ATHOLE

ord, I know your noble ear
ne'er assails in vain;
med thus, I beg you'll hear
humble slave complain,
icy Phœbus' scorching beams,
ning summer-pride,
hering, waste my foamy streams,
rink my crystal tide.

itly-jumping, glowrin trouts,
thro' my waters play,
eir random, wanton spouts,
near the margin stray;

If hapless chance! they linger lang,
I'm scorching up so shallow,
They're left, the whitening stanes amang,
In gasping death to wallow.

Last day I grat wi' spite and teen,
As Poet Burns came by,
That, to a Bard, I should be seen
Wi' half my channel dry:
A panegyric rhyme, I ween,
Ev'n as I was he shor'd me;
But had I in my glory been,
He, kneeling, wad ador'd me.

Here, foaming down the skelvy rocks,
In twisting strength I rin:
There, high my boiling torrent smokes,
Wild-roaring o'er a linn:
Enjoying large each spring and well
As Nature gave them me,
I am, altho' I say't mysel,
Worth gaun a mile to see.

Would then my noble master please
To grant my highest wishes,
He'll shade my banks wi' tow'ring trees,
And bonnie spreading bushes.

ghted doubly then, my Lord,
ou'll wander on my banks,
listen mony a grateful bird
eturn you tunefu' thanks.

sober lav'rock, warbling wild,
ıall to the skies aspire
gowdspink, Music's gayest child,
ıall sweetly join the choir:
blackbird strong, the lintwhite clear,
ıe mavis mild and mellow;
robin pensive Autumn chear,
all her locks of yellow:

too, a covert shall ensure,
) shield them from the storm;
coward maukin sleep secure,
rw in her grassy form:
: shall the shepherd make his seat,
) wave his crown of flow'rs;
nd a shelt'ring safe retreat,
om prone descending show'rs.

here, by sweet endearing stealth,
all meet the loving pair,
ising worlds with all their wealth
empty idle care:

The flow'rs shall vie in all their charms
The hour of heav'n to grace,
And birks extend their fragrant arms
To screen the dear embrace.

Here haply too, at vernal dawn,
Some musing bard may stray,
And eye the smoking, dewy lawn,
And misty mountain, grey;
Or, by the reaper's nightly beam,
Mild-chequering thro' the trees,
Rave to my darkly dashing stream,
Hoarse-swelling on the breeze.

Let lofty firs, and ashes cool,
My lowly banks o'erspread,
And view, deep-bending in the pool,
Their shadows' wat'ry bed:
Let fragrant birks in woodbines drest
My craggy cliffs adorn;
And, for the little songster's nest,
The close embow'ring thorn.

So may, Old Scotia's darling hope,
Your little angel band
Spring, like their father's, up to prop
Their honour'd native land!

nay thro' Albion's farthest ken,
'o social-flowing glasses,
e grace be—— "Athole's honest men,
'And Athole's bonnie lasses!"

ON SCARING SOME WATER-FO

IN LOCH-TURIT,

A wild Scene among the Hills of Oughtertyn

WHY, ye tenants of the lake,
For me your wat'ry haunt forsake?
Tell me, fellow-creatures, why
At my presence thus you fly?
Why disturb your social joys,
Parent, filial, kindred ties?—
Common friend to you and me,
Nature's gifts to all are free:
Peaceful keep your dimpling wave,
Busy feed, or wanton lave;
Or, beneath the shelt'ring rock,
Bide the surging billow's shock.

Conscious, blushing for our race,
Soon, too soon, your fears I trace,
Man, your proud usurping foe,
Would be lord of all below:

nself in freedom's pride,
rn to all beside.

le, from the cliffy brow,
ou his prey below,
st no pity dwells.
cessity compels.
to whom alone is giv'n
ct from pitying Heav'n,
his heart humane.——
ures for his pleasure slain.

savage, liquid plains,
wn to wand'ring swains,
e mossy riv'let strays,
human haunts and ways;
ture you depend,
poor season peaceful spend.

nan's superior might
ade your native right,
ifty ether borne,
l all his pow'rs you scorn;
ek, on clanging wings,
kes and other springs;
foe you cannot brave,
least to be his slave,

WRITTEN WITH A PENCIL,

STANDING BY THE FALL OF FYERS,

NEAR LOUGH-NESS.

AMONG the heathy hills and ragged woods
The roaring Fyers pours his mossy floods;
Till full he dashes on the rocky mounds,
Where, thro' a shapeless breach, his stream resounds
As high in air the bursting torrents flow,
As deep recoiling surges foam below,
Prone down the rock the whitening sheet descends
And viewless Echo's ear, astonished, rends.
Dim-seen, through rising mists and ceaseless show'rs
The hoary cavern, wide-surrounding, low'rs.
Still thro' the gap the struggling river toils
And still, below, the horrid caldron boils.——

FRAGMENT.

TUNE, KILLICRANKIE.

WHEN *Guildford* good our Pilot stood,
An' did our hellim thraw, man;
night, at tea, began a plea,
Within *America*, man:
en up they gat the maskin-pat,
And in the sea did jaw, man;
' did nae less, in full Congress,
Than quite refuse our law, man.

II.

en thro' the lakes *Montgomery* takes,
[wat he was na slaw, man;
wn *Lowrie's burn* he took a turn,
And *Carleton* did ca', man:
t, yet whatreck, he, at *Quebec*,
Montgomery like did fa', man,
' sword in hand, before his band,
Amang his en'mies a'man.

III.

Poor *Tammy Gage* within a cage
Was kept at *Boston ha'*, man;
Till *Willie Howe* took o'er the knowe
For *Philadelphia*, man:
Wi' sword an' gun he thought a sin
Guid Christian blood to draw, man;
But at *New-York*, wi' knife an' fork,
Sir Loin he hacked sma', man.

IV.

Burgoyne gaed up, like spurs an' whip,
Till *Fraser* brave did fa', man;
Then lost his way, ae misty day,
In *Saratoga* shaw, man.
Cornwallis fought as lang's he dought,
An' did the Buckskins claw, man;
But *Clinton's* glaive fra rust to save
He hung it to the wa', man.

V.

Then *Montague*, an' *Guildford*, too,
Began to fear a fa', man;
And *Sackville* doure, wha' stood the stoure,
The German Chief to thraw, man:
For Paddy *Burke*, like ony Turk,
Nae mercy had at a' man;

arlie Fax threw by the box,
lows'd his tinkler jaw, man.

VI.

Rockingham took up the game;
Death did on him ca', man;
Shelburne meek held up his cheek,
iform to Gospel law, man:
Stephen's boys, wi' jarring noise,
:y did his measure's thraw man;
'*orth* an' *Fox* united stocks,
bore him to the wa' man.

VII.

Clubs an' Hearts were *Charlie's* cartes,
swept the stakes awa', man,
iamond's Ace, of *Indian* race,
him a sair *faux pas*, man:
axon lads, wi' loud placads,
Chatham's Boy did ca' man;
:otland drew her pipe an' blew,
', Willie, waur them a' man!'

VIII.

d the throne then *Grenville's* gone,
ecret word or twa, man;
slee *Dundas* arous'd the class
north the Roman wa', man:

An' *Chatham*'s wraith, in heav'nly graith,
(Inspir'd Bardies saw, man)
Wi' kindling eyes cry'd, *Willie*, rise!
'Would I hae fear'd them a', man!'

XI.

But, word an' blow, *North*, *Fox and Co.*
Gowff'd *Willie* like a ba', man,
Till *Suthron* raise, and coost their claise
Behind him in a raw, man:
An' *Caledon* threw by the drone,
An' did her whittle draw, man:
An' swoor fu' rude, thro' dirt an' blood
To mak it guid in law, man.

* * * * * * *

EPIGRAM

On Elphinstone's Translation of Martial's Epig

O THOU whom Poetry abhors,
Whom Prose turn'd out of doors,
Heard'st thou that groan—proceed no further;
'Twas laurell'd Martial roaring murder.

ON

THE BIRTH OF

A POSTHUMOUS CHILD,

in peculiar Circumstances of Family-Distress.

'EET flow'ret, pledge o' meikle love,
nd ward o' mony a prayer,
it heart o' stane wad thou na move,
ie helpless, sweet, and fair.

ember hirples o'er the lea,
hill on thy lovely form;
gone, alas! the shelt'ring tree,
ould shield thee frae the storm.

' He, who gives the rain to pour,
nd wings the blast to blaw,
tect thee frae the driving show'r,
he bitter frost and snaw.

May He, the friend of woe and want,
Who heals life's various stounds,
Protect and guard the mother plant,
And heal her cruel wounds.

But late she flourish'd, rooted fast,
Fair on the summer morn:
Now, feebly bends she, in the blast,
Unshelter'd and forlorn.

Blest be thy bloom, thou lovely gem,
Unscath'd by ruffin hand!
And from thee many a parent stem
Arise to deck our land.

EPIGRAM.

:ompanied by a friend, having gone to In-
a time when some company were on a visit
ce the Duke of Argyll, finding himself and
ıion entirely neglected by the Inn-keeper,
le attention seemed to be occupied with the
his Grace, expressed his disapprobation of
vith which they were treated in the follow-

'ER he be that sojourns here,
ıuch his case,
come to wait upon
rd their God, his Grace.

ıothing here but Highland pride,
ghland scab and hunger;
ınce has sent me here,
ınrely in an anger.

BALLAD.

THERE was three kings into the east
Three kings both great and high,
An' they hae sworn a solemn oath
John Barleycorn should die.

II.

They took a plough and plow'd him down,
Put clods upon his head,
An' they hae sworn a solemn oath
John Barleycorn was dead.

III.

But the chearful Spring came kindly on,
And show'rs began to fall;
John Barleycorn got up again
And sore surpris'd them all.

IV.

ry suns of Summer came,
e grew thick and strong;
weel arm'd wi' pointed spears,
no one should him wrong.

V.

er Autumn enter'd mild,
he grew wan an pale;
ling joints and drooping head
d he began to fail.

VI.

ur sicken'd more and more,
ded into age
n his enemies began
ow their deadly rage.

VII

taen a weapon, long and sharp,
ut him by the knee
'd him fast upon a cart,
a rogue for forgerie.

VIII.

id him down upon his back.
udgell'd him full sore;

They hung him up before the storm,
And turn'd him o'er and o'er.

IX.

They filled up a darksome pit
With water to the brim,
They heaved in John Barleycorn,
There let him sink or swim.

X.

They laid him out upon the floor,
To work him farther woe,
And still, as signs of life appear'd,
They toss'd him to and fro.

XI.

They wasted, o'er a scorching flame,
The marrow of his bones;
But a Miller us'd him worst of all,
For he crush'd him 'tween two stones.

XII.

And they hae taen his very heart's blood
And drank it round and round;
And still the more and more they drank,
Their joy did more abound.

XIII.

arleycorn was a hero bold,
)ble enterprise,
ou do but taste his blood,
l make your courage rise.

XIV.

nake a man forget his woe;
l heighten all his joy:
nake the widow's heart to sing,
the tear were in her eye.

XV.

t us toast John Barleycorn,
man a glass in hand;
y his great posterity
fail in old Scotland!

ADDRESS

TO

AN ILLEGITIMATE CHILD.

THOU'S welcome wean, mishanter fa' me,
If ought of thee, or of thy mammy,
Shall ever danton me, or awe me,
My sweet wee lady,
Or if I blush when thou shalt ca' me
Tit-ta or daddy.

Wee image of my bonny Betty,
I, fatherly will kiss an' daut thee,
As dear an' near my heart I set thee
Wi' as gude will
As a' the priests had seen me get thee
That's out o' h-ll.

' they ca' me fornicator,
my name in kintry clatter:
they tauk I'm kent the better,
E'en let them clash;
wife's tongue's a feckless matter
To gie ane fash.

it o' mony a merry dint,
' toil is now a' tint,
came to the warl asklent,
Which fools may scoff at;
t plack thy part's be in't,
The better ha'f o't.

u be what I wad hae thee,
ie counsel I sall gie thee,
ather I'll be to thee,
If thou be spar'd;
hy childish years I'll e'e thee,
An' think't weel war'd.

it that thou may ay inherit
er's person, grace an' merit,
or worthless daddy's spirit,
Without his failins,
se me mair to hear an' see't,
Than stocket mailens.

WRITTEN

IN FRIARS-CARSE HERMITAGE,

ON NITH-SIDE.

THOU whom chance may hither lead,
Be thou clad in ruslet weed,
Be thou deckt in silken stole,
Grave these counsels on thy soul.

Life is but a day at most,
Sprung from night, in darkness lost;
Hope not sunshine ev'ry hour,
Fear not clouds will always lour.

As youth and love, with sprightly dance,
Beneath thy morning star advance,
Pleasure with her siren air
May delude the thoughtless pair;
Let Prudence bless Enjoyment's cup,
Then raptur'd sip, and sip it up.

s thy day grows warm and high,
's meridian flaming nigh,
t thou spurn the humble vale?
's proud summits wouldst thou scale?
ck thy climbing step, elate,
ls lurk in felon wait:
igers, eagle-pinion'd, bold,
r around each cliffy hold,
ile chearful Peace, with linnet song,
nts the lowly dells among.

s the shades of ev'ning close,
k'ning thee to long repose;
ife itself becomes disease,
t the chimney-nook of ease,
re ruminate with sober thought,
ll thou'st seen, and heard, and wrought;
teach the sportive younkers round,
s of experience, sage and sound.
, man's true, genuine estimate,
grand criterion of his fate,
ot, Art thou high or low?
thy fortune ebb or flow?
many talents gild thy span?
rugal Nature grudge thee one?
them, and press it on their mind,
hou thyself must shortly find,
smile or frown of awful Heav'n,
Virtue or to Vice is giv'n.

Say, to be just, and kind, and wise,
Their solid self-enjoyment lies,
That foolish, selfish, faithless way
Lead to be wretched, vile, and base.

Thus resign'd and quiet, creep
To the bed of lasting sleep;
Sleep, whence thou shalt ne'er awake,
Night where dawn shall never break,
Till Future Life, future no more,
To light and joy the good restore,
To light and joy unknown before.

Stranger, go! Heav'n be thy guide!
Quoth the beadsman of Nith side.

EPISTLE

TO

JOHN RANKIN,

INCLOSING SOME POEMS.

OUGH, rude, ready-witted Rankin,
rale o' cocks for fun and drinkin!
's monie godly folks are thinkin,
Your *dreams* (11) an' trick's
end you, Korah-like, a-sinkin,
Straught to auld Nick's.

hae sae mony cracks an' cants,
a your wicked, drunken rants,
ak a devil o' the Saunts,
An' fill them fou;
hen their failings, flaws, an' wants,
Are a' seen thro'.

Hypocrisy, in mercy spare it!
That holy robe, O dinna tear it!
Spare't for their sakes wha after wear it,
The lads in *black*;
But your curst wit, when it comes near it,
Rives't aff their back.

Think, wicked Sinner, wha ye're skaithing,
It's just the *Blue-gown* badge an' claithing,
O' Saunts; tak that, ye lea'e them naithing
To ken them by,
Frae ony unregenerate Heathen
Like you or I.

I've sent you here some rhyming ware,
A' that I bargain'd for an' mair;
Sae, when ye hae an hour to spare,
I will expect,
Yon *Sang* (12) ye'll sen't, wi' cannie care,
And no neglect.

Tho' faith, sma' heart hae I to sing!
My Muse, dow scarcely spread her wing!
I've play'd mysel a bonnie spring,
An' danc'd my fill;
I'd better gaen, an' sair'd the King,
At *Bunker's Hill*.

'Twas ae night lately in my fun,
gaed a roving wi' the gun,
ı' brought a *Paitrick* to the grun',
A bonnie hen,
nd, as the twilight was begun',
Thought nane wad ken.

The poor, wee thing was little hurt;
traikit it a wee for sport,
;'er thinkin they wad fash me for't;
But, Deil-ma-care!
mebody tells the *Poacher-court*
The hale affair.

Some auld, us'd hands had taen a note,
hat sic a hen had got a shot;
was suspected for the plot;
I scorn'd to lie;
) gat the whissle o' my groat,
An' pay't the *fee*.

But, by my gun, o' guns the wale,
n' by my pouther an' my hail,
n' by my hen, an' by her tail,
I vow an' swear!
he *Game* shall pay, o'er moor an' dale,
For this, niest year.

As soon's the clockin-time is by,
An' the wee pouts begin to cry,
L—d, I'se hae sportin by an' by,
For my gowd guinea:
Tho' I shou'd herd the *buckskin* kye
For't, in Virginia.

Trowth, they had muckle for to blame
'Twas neither broken wing nor limb,
But twa-three draps about the wame
Scarce thro' the feathers;
An' baith a yellow George to claim,
An' thole their blethers!

It pits me ay as mad's a hare;
So I can rhyme nor write nae mair:
But *penny-worths* again is fair,
When time's expedient:
Meanwhile I am, respected Sir,
Your most obedient.

ELEGY

ON

CAPT. MATTHEW HENDERSON,

Gentleman who held the Patent for his Honours immediately from Almighty God!

But now his radiant course is run,
For Matthew's course was bright;
His soul was like the glorious sun,
A matchless Heavn'ly Light!

O DEATH! thou tyrant fell and bloody!
The meikle devil wi' a woodie
Haurl thee hame to his black smiddie,
O'er hurcheon hides,
And like stock-fish come o'er his studdie
Wi' thy auld sides!

He's gane, he's gane! he's frae us torn,
The ae best fellow e'er was born!
Thee, Matthew, Nature's sel shall mourn
By wood and wild,
Where, haply, Pity strays forlorn,
Frae man exil'd.

Ye hills, near neebors o' the starns,
That proudly cock your cresting cairns!
Ye cliffs, the haunts of sailing yearns,
Where Echo slumbers!
Come join, ye Nature's sturdiest bairns.
My wailing numbers!

Mourn, ilka grove the cushat kens!
Ye hazly shaws and briery dens!
Ye burnies, wimplin down your glens,
Wi' toddlin din,
Or foaming, strang, wi' hasty stens,
Frae lin to lin.

Mourn, little harebells o'er the lee;
Ye stately foxgloves fair to see;
Ye woodbines hanging bonnilie,
In scented bow'rs;
Ye roses on your thorny tree,
The first o' flow'rs.

At dawn when ev'ry grassy blade
Droops with a diamond at his head,
At ev'n when beans their fragrance shed,
I' th' rustling gale,
Ye maukins whiddin thro' the glade,
Come join my wail.

Mourn, ye wee songster's o' the wood;
Ye grouse that crap the heather bud;
Ye curlews calling thro' a clud;
Ye whistling plover;
And mourn, ye whirring paitrick brood;
He's gane for ever!

Mourn, sooty coots, and speckled teals:
Ye fishing herons, watching eels;
Ye ducks and drakes, wi' airy wheels
Circling the lake;
Ye bitterns, till the quagmire reels
Rair for his sake.

Mourn, clam'ring craiks at close o' day
Wi' lang fields o' flow'ring clover gay;
And when ye wing your annual way
Frae our cauld shore,
Tell thae far warlds, wha lies in clay,
Wham we deplore.

Ye houlets, frae your ivy bow'r,
In some auld tree, or eldritch tow'r
What time the moon, wi' silent glow'r,
Sets up her horn,
Wail thro' the dreary midnight hour
Till waukrife morn!

O, rivers, forests, hills, and plains!
Oft have ye heard my canty strains:
But now, what else for me remains
But tales of woe!
And frae my een the drapping rains
Maun ever flow.

Mourn, Spring, thou darling of the year!
Ilk cowslip cup shall kep a tear:
Thou, Simmer, while each corny spear
Shoots up its head,
The gay, green, flow'ry tresses shear,
For him that's dead!

Thou, Autumn, wi' thy yellow hair,
In grief thy sallow mantle tear!
Thou, Winter, hurling thro' the air
The roaring blast,
Wide o'er the naked world declare
The worth we've lost!

Mourn him, thou sun, great source of light!
Mourn Empress of the silent night!
And you, ye twinkling starnies bright,
My Matthew mourn!
For through your orbs he's taen his flight,
Ne'er to return

nderson! the man! the brother!
thou gone, and gone for ever!
it thou crost that unknown river,
Life's dreary bound!
ee, where shall I find another,
The world around!

your sculptur'd tombs, ye Great,
e tinsel trash o' state?
thy honest turf I'll wait,
Thou man of worth!
ep the ae best fellow's fate
E'er lay in earth.

THE EPITAPH.

assenger! my story's brief,
ruth I shall relate, man;
e common tale of grief,
latthew was a great man.

If thou uncommon merit hast,
  Yet spurn'd at Fortune's door, man;
A look of pity hither cast,
  For Matthew was a poor man.

If thou a noble sodger art,
  That passest by this grave, man,
There moulders here a gallant heart;
  For Matthew was a brave man.

If thou on men, their works and ways,
  Canst throw uncommon light, man;
Here lies wha weel had won thy praise
  For Matthew was a bright man.

If thou at Friendship's sacred ca'
  Wad life itself resign, man;
Thy sympathetic tear maun fa',
  For Matthew was a kind man.

If thou art staunch without a stain
  Like the unchanging blue, man
This was a kinsman o' thy ain,
  For Matthew was a true man.

If thou hast wit, and fun, and fire,
  And ne'er gude wine did fear, man;

' was thy billie, dam, and sire,
or Matthew was a queer man.

ay whiggish whingin sot,
o blame poor Matthew dare, man;
dool and sorrow be his lot,
or Matthew was a rare man,

THE

HENPECK'D HUSBAND.

URS'D be the man, the poorest wretch in life,
e crouching vassal to the tyrant wife,
io has no will but by her high permission;
io has not sixpence but in her possession;
io must to her his dear friend's secret tell;
io dreads a curtain-lecture worse than hell.
re such the wife had fallen to my part,
break her spirit, or I'd break her heart;
charm her with the magic of switch,
kiss her maids, and kick the perverse b—h:

LINES

SENT TO

SIR J. WHITEFORD, OF WHITEFORD, BART.

WITH THE POEM

'THE LAMENT FOR JAMES EARL OF GLENCAIRN.'

THOU, who thy honour as thy God rever'st,
Who, save thy *mind's reproach*, nought earthly fear'st,
To thee this votive off'ring I impart,
The tearful tribute of a broken heart,
The *Friend* thou valued'st I the *Patron* lov'd;
His worth, his honour, all the world approv'd,
We'll mourn 'till we too go as he has gone,
And tread the dreary path to that dark world unknown.

ON READING IN A NEWSPAPER

THE DEATH

OF JOHN M'LEOD, ESQ.

Brother to a young Lady, a particular Friend of the Author's.

SAD thy tale, thou idle page,
And rueful thy alarms:
Death tears the brother of her love
From Isabella's arms.

Sweetly deckt with pearly dew
The morning rose may blow;
But cold successive noontide blasts
May lay its beauties low.

Fair on Isabella's morn
The sun propitious smil'd;
But, long ere noon, succeeding clouds
Succeeding hopes beguil'd

Fate oft tears the bosom chords
That Nature finest strung;
So Isabella's heart was form'd,
And so that heart was wrung.

Dread Omnipotence, alone,
Can heal the wound he gave;
Can point the brimful grief-worn eyes
To scenes beyond the grave.

Virtue's blossom's there shall blow,
And fear no withering blast:
There Isabella's spotless worth
Shall happy be at last.

ODE

CRED TO THE MEMORY OF

MRS. —— OF ——

ER in yon dungeon dark,
of creation, mark!
idow weeds appears.
h unhonoured years,
ith care a bursting purse,
h many a deadly curse?

STROPHE.

e wither'd beldam's face—
een inspection trace
Humanity's sweet melting grace?
eye, 'tis rheum o'erflows,
d there never rose.
hands, ne'er stretch'd to save,
t took——but never gave.

Keeper of Mammon's iron chest,
Lo, there she goes, unpitied and unblest
She goes, but not to realms of everlasting rest!

ANTISTROPHE.

Plunderer of Armies, lift thine eyes!
(A while forbear, ye tort'ring fiends,)
Seest thou whose step, unwilling, hither bends?
No fallen angel, hurl'd from upper skies;
'Tis thy trusty *quondam mate*,
Doom'd to share thy fiery fate,
She, tardy, hell-ward plies.

EPODE.

And are they of no more avail,
Ten thousand glitt'ring pounds a year?
In other worlds can Mammon fail,
Omnipotent as he is here?
O, bitter mock'ry of the *pompous bier*,
While down the wretched *vitalpart* is driv'n!
The cave-lodg'd beggar, with a conscience clear,
Expires in rags, unknown, and goes to Heav'n.

TO

MISS CRUIKSHANKS,

A VERY YOUNG LADY,

n on a blank leaf of a Book, presented to her by the Author.

TEOUS rose-bud young and gay,
ng on the early May,
may'st thou, lovely Flow'r,
shrink in sleety show'r!
Boreas' hoary path
Eurus' pois'nous breath,
baleful stellar lights,
hee with untimely blights!
never reptile thief
n thy virgin leaf!
en Sol too fiercely view
som blushing still with dew!

May'st thou long, sweet crimson gem,
Richly deck thy native stem;
Till some ev'ning, sober, calm,
Dropping dews, and breathing balm,
While all around the woodland rings,
And ev'ry bird thy requiem sings;
Thou, amid the dirgeful sound,
Shed thy dying honours round,
And resign to parent Earth
The loveliest form she e' er gave birth.

EPITAPH ON A FRIEND.

AN honest man here lies at rest,
As e'er God with his Image blest,
The friend of man, the friend of truth;
The friend of age, and guide of youth:
Few hearts like his, with virtue warm'd,
Few heads with knowledge so inform'd:
If there's another world, he lives in bliss;
If there is none, he made the best of this.

WRITTEN WITH A PENCIL

the Chimney Piece, in the Parlour of the Inn at Kenmore, Taymouth.

)MIRING Nature in her wildest grace,
se northern scenes with weary feet I trace;
' many a winding dale and painful steep,
abodes of covey'd grouse and timid sheep,
savage journey, curious, I pursue,
fam'd Breadalbane opens to my view.—
meeting cliffs each deep-sunk glen divides,
woods, wild-scatter'd, clothe their ample sides,
outstretching lake, imbosom'd 'mong the hills,
eye with wonder and amazement fills;
Tay meand'ring sweet in infant pride,
palace rising on his verdant side;
lawns wood-fring'd in Nature's native taste:
hillocks dropt in Nature's careless haste;
arches striding o'er the new-born stream;
village glittering in the noontide beam—

* * * * * * *

Poetic ardours in my bosom swell,
Lone wand'ring by the hermit's mossy cell:
The sweeping theatre of hanging woods;
Th' incessant roar of headlong tumbling floods—
* * * * * * *

Here Poesy might wake her heav'n-taught lyre,
And look through Nature with creative fire;
Here, to the wrongs of Fate half reconcil'd,
Misfortune's lighten'd steps might wander wild;
And Disappointment, in these lonely bounds,
Find balm to sooth her bitter rankling wounds:
Here, heart-struck Grief, might heav'nward stretch her scan,
And injur'd Worth forget and pardon man.
* * * * * * *

EPITAPHS.

A CELEBRATED RULING ELDER.

E Sowter **** in death does sleep;
I-ll, if he's gane thither,
gie him thy gear to keep,
: hand it weel thegither.

ON A NOISY POLEMIC

)W thir stanes lie Jamie's banes:
:ath, it's my opinion,
e'er took such a bleth'rin b-tch
thy dark dominion!

FOR R. A. ESQ.

W thou, O stranger to the fame
much lov'd, much honour'd name!
)ne that knew him need be told)
:er heart Death ne'er made cold.

ON A HENPECK'D COUNTRY ESQ.

As father Adam first was fool'd
A case that's still too common,
Here lies a man a woman rul'd,
The devil rul'd the woman.

FOR THE AUTHOR'S FATHER.

O YE whose cheek the tear of pity stains,
Draw near with pious rev'rence, and attend!
Here lie the loving Husband's dear remains,
The tender Father, and the gen'rous Friend.
The Pitying heart that felt for human Woe;
The dauntless heart that fear'd no human Pride
The Friend of Man, to Vice alone a Foe;
'For ev'n his failings lean'd to Virtue's side.'(13

ON J——N B——Y, WRITER, D——S.

HERE lies J—n B———y, *honest man!*
Cheat him, Devil, if you can.

BUNR'S EPITAPH, BY HIMSELF.

there a whim-inspired fool,
re fast for thought, owre hot for rule,
re blate to seek, owre proud to snool,
Let him draw near;
d owre this grassy heap sing dool,
And drap a tear.

s there a Bard of rustic song,
io, noteless, steals the crowds among,
it weekly this area throng,
O, pass not by!
, with a frater-feeling strong,
Here, heave a sigh.

s there a man, whose judgement clear,
i others teach the course to steer,
t runs, himself, life's mad career,
Wild as the wave;
re pause— and, through the starting tear,
Survey this grave.

The poor Inhabitant below
is quick to learn and wise to know,

And keenly felt the friendly glow,
And *softer flame*:
But thoughtless follies laid him low,
And stain'd his name!

Reader, attend—whether thy soul
Soars fancy's flights beyond the pole,
Or darkling grubs this earthly hole,
In low pursuit;
Know, prudent, curious, *self-control*,
Is Wisdom's root.

FOR G. H. ESQ.

THE poor man weeps—here *G——n* sleeps,
Whom canting wretches blam'd:
But with *such as he*, where'er he be,
May I be *sav'd* or *d——d!*

EXTEMPORE.

TO MR. S**E,

N REFUSING TO DINE WITH HIM,

having been promised the first of Company, and the first of Cookery.

more of your guests, be they titled or not,
. cook'ry the first in the nation:
s proof to thy personal converse and wit,
roof to all other temptation.

TO MR. S**E,

WITH A

ESENT OF A DOZEN OF PORTER.

AD the malt thy strength of mind,
hops the flavor of thy wit?
e drink for first of human kind,
ift that e'en for S**e were fit.

alem Tavern, Dumfries.

POEM,

ADDRESSED TO MR. MITCHELL,

Collector of Excise, Dumfries, 1796.

FRIEND of the poet, tried and leal,
Wha, wanting thee, might beg or steal;
Alake, alake the meikle deil
Wi' a' his witches
Are at it, skelpin! jig and reel
In my poor pouches.

I modestly fu' fain wad hint it,
That *one pound one*, I sairly want it;
If wi' the hizzie down ye sent it,
It would be kind;
And while my heart wi' life-blood dunted
I'd bear't in mind.

So may the auld year gang out moaning
To see the new come laden groaning,
Wi' double plenty o'er the loanin
To thee and thine;
Domestic peace and comforts crowning
The hail design.

POSTSCRIPT.

e've heard this while how I've been licket,
by fell death was nearly nicket;
a loon! he gat me by the fecket,
And sair me sheuk;
by gude luck I lap a wicket.
And turn'd a neuk.

it by that health, I've got a share o't,
by that life, I'm promised mair o't,
hale and weel I'll take a care o't
A tentier way:
a farewel folly, hide and hair o't
For ance and ay.

COPY OF A POETICAL ADDRESS

TO

MR. WILLIAM TYTLER,

WITH THE PRESENT OF THE BARD'S PICTURE.

REVERED defender of beauteous Stuart,
Of Stuart, a name once respected,
A name, which to love was the mark of a true heart,
But now 'tis despised and neglected:

Tho' something like moisture conglobes in my eye,
Let no one misdeem me disloyal;
A poor friendless wand'rer may well claim a sigh,
Still more, if that wand'rer were royal.

My fathers, that name have rever'd on a throne;
My fathers have fallen to right it;
Those fathers would spurn their degenerate son,
That name should he scoffingly slight it.

Still in prayers for K— G— I most heartily join,
The Q—, and the rest of the gentry,
Be they wise, be they foolish, is nothing of mine;
Their title's avow'd by my country.

But why of that epocha make such a fuss,
* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

But loyalty truce! we're on dangerous ground,
Who knows how the fashions may alter,
The doctrine, to day, that is loyalty sound,
To-morrow may bring us a halter.

I send you a trifle, a head of a bard,
A trifle scarce worthy your care;
But accept it, good Sir, as a mark of regard,
Sincere as a saint's dying prayer.

Now life's chilly ev'ning dim shades on your eye,
And ushers the long dreary night;
But you like the star that athwart gilds the sky,
Your course to the latest is bright.

ON THE

BATTLE OF SHERIFF-MUIR,

Between the Duke of Argyle and the Earl of Mar.

'O CAM ye here the fight to shun,
'Or herd the sheep wi' me, man?
'Or ware ye at the Sherra-muir,
'And did the battle see, man?'
I saw the battle, sair and tough,
And reekin-red ran mony a sheugh,
My heart for fear gae sough for sough,
To hear the thuds, and see the cluds,
O' clans frae woods, in tartan duds,
Wha glaum'd at kingdoms three, man.

The red-coat lads wi' black cockades
To meet them were na slaw, man;
They rush'd and push'd, and blude outgush'd,
And mony a bouk did fa', man:

great Argyle led on his files,
at they glanced twenty miles:
y hack'd and hash'd, while broad swords clash'd,
l thro' they dash'd, and hew'd and smash'd,
Till fey men died awa, man.

had you seen the philibegs,
nd skyrin tartan trews, man,
en in the teeth they dar'd our whigs,
nd covenant true blues, man:
lines extended lang and large,
ien bayonets oppos'd the targe,
d thousands hasten'd to the charge,
' highland wrath they frae the sheath
ew blades o' death, 'till out o' breath,
They fled like frighted doos, man.

how deil Tam can that be true?
The chace gaed frae the north, man:
saw mysel, they did pursue
The horseman back to Forth, man;
nd at Dunblane in my ain sight,
hey took the brig wi' a' their might,
id straught to Stirling wing'd their flight;
ut, cursed lot! the gates were shut;
nd mony a huntit, poor red-coat
For fear amaist did swarf, man.'

My sister Kate cam up the gate
  Wi' crowdie unto me, man;
She swoor she saw some rebels run
  Frae Perth unto Dundee, man;
Their left-hand general had nae skill,
The Angus lads had nae good will
That day their neebors blood to spill;
For fear, by foes, that they should lose,
Their cogs o' brose; all crying woes,
  And so it goes you see, man.

They've lost some gallant gentlemen,
  Amang the Highland clans, man;
I fear my lord Panmure is slain,
  Or fallen in whiggish hands, man:
Now wad ye sing this double fight,
Some fell for wrang, and some for right;
But mony bade the world gude-night;
Then ye may tell, how pell and mell,
By red claymores, and muskets knell,
Wi' dying yell, the tories fell,
  And whigs to hell did flee, man

THE FOLLOWING POEM

WAS WRITTEN TO A GENTLEMAN

id sent him a Newspaper, and offered him to continue it free of Expence.

) Sir, I've read your paper through,
ith. to me, 'twas really new!
ıessed ye, Sir, what maist I wanted?
ony a day I've grain'd and gaunted,
what French mischief was brewin!
t the drumlie Dutch were doin;
ile doup-skelper, Emperor Joseph,
ıs yet had got his nose off,
the collieshangie works
the Russians and the Turks;
e Swede, before he halt,
play anither Charles the twalt:
nark, any body spak o't:
nd, wha had now the tack o't;

How cut-throat Prussian blades were hingin;
How libbet Italy was singin;
If Spaniard, Portuguese, or Swiss,
Were sayin or taken aught amiss:
Or how our merry lads at hame.
In Britain's court kept up the game:
How Royal George, the Lord leuk o'er him!
Was managing St. Stephen's quorum;
If sleekit Chatham Will was livin,
Or glaikit Charlie got his nieve in;
How daddie Burke the plea was cookin,
If Warren Hasting's neck was yeukin;
How cesses, stents, and fees were rax'd
Or if bare a—s yet were tax'd;
The news o' princes, dukes and earls,
Pimps, sharpers, bawds and opera-girls;
If that daft buckie, Geordie W***s,
Was threshin still at hizzies tails,
Or if he was grown outline douser,
And no a perfect kintra cooser.
A' this and mair I never heard of,
And but for you I might despair'd of.
So gratefu', back your news I send you,
And pray, a' gude things may attend you!

Ellisland, 1790.

POEM

ON PASTORAL POETRY.

HAIL Poesie! thou Nymph reserv'd!
chase o' thee, what crowds hae swerv'd
ae common sense, or sunk enerv'd
'Mang heaps o' clavers;
ad och! owre aft thy joes hae starv'd,
Mid a' thy favors!

y, Lassie, why thy train amang,
hile loud, the trump's heroic clang,
ad sock or buskin skelp alang
To death or marriage;
arce ane has tried the shepherd-sang
But wi' miscarriage?

Homer's craft Jock Milton thrives;
ichylus' pen Will Shakespeare drives;
ee Pope, the knurlin, 'till him rives
Horatian fame;
thy sweet sang, Barbauld, survives
Even Sappho's flame.

But thee, Theocritus, wha matches?
They're no herd's ballats, Maro's catches;
Squire Pope but busks his skinklin patches
O' heathen tatters:
I pass by hunders nameless wretches
That ape their betters.

In this braw age o' wit and lear,
Will nane the Shepherd's whistle mair
Blaw sweetly in its native air
And rural grace;
And wi' the far-fam'd Grecian share
A rival place?

Yes! there is ane; a Scottish callan!
There's ane; come forrit, honest Allan!
Thou need na jouk behint the hallan,
A chiel sae clever;
The teeth o' time may gnaw Tamtallan,
But thou's for ever.

Thou paints auld nature to the nines,
In thy sweet Caledonian lines;
Nae gowden stream thro' myrtles twines,
Where Philomel,
While nightly breezes sweep the vines,
Her griefs will tell!

n gowany glens thy burnie strays,
Where bonnie lasses bleach their claes;
r trots by hazzelly shaws and braes,
Wi' hawthorns gray,
Where blackbirds join the shepherd's lays
At close o' day.

Thy rural loves are nature's sel;
Nae bombast spates o' nonsense swell;
Nae snap conceits, but that sweet spell
O' witchin love,
That charm, that can the strongest quell,
The sternest move.

SKETCH.

NEW YEAR'S DAY.

TO MRS. DUNLOP.

THIS day, Time winds th' exhausted chain,
To run the twelvemonth's length again:—
see the old, bald-pated fallow,
With ardent eyes, complexion sallow,
Adjust the unimpair'd machine,
To wheel the equal, dull routine.

The absent lover, minor heir,
In vain assail him with their prayer,
Deaf as my Friend, he sees them press,
Nor makes the hour one moment less.
Will you (the Major's with the hounds,
The happy tenants share his rounds:
Coila's fair Rachel's care to day,(14)
And blooming Keith's engaged with Gray;)
From housewife cares a minute borrow—
—That granchild's cap will do to-morrow—

oin with me a moralizing,
day' propitious to be wise in.
, what did yesternight deliver?
ther year is gone for ever.'
what is this day's strong suggestion?
passing moment's all we rest on!'
on—for what? what do we hear?
ıy regard the passing year?
time, amus'd with proverb'd lore,
:o our date one minute more?
r days may—a few years must—
se us in the silent dust.
is it wise to damp our bliss?
-all such reasonings aré amiss!
voice of nature loudly cries,
many a message from the skies
something in us never dies:
on this frail, uncertain state,
; matters of eternal weight:
future-life in worlds unknown
take its hue from this alone;
ther as heavenly glory bright,
ark as misery's woeful night—
: then, my honor'd, first of friends,
his poor being all depends;
ıs th' important *now* employ,
live as those who never die.

Tho' you, with days and honors crown'd,
Witness that filial circle round,
(A sight life's sorrows to repulse,
A sight pale envy to convulse)
Others now claim your chief regard
Yourself, you wait your bright reward.

GRACE BEFORE MEAT.

O THOU, who kindly dost provide
For ev'ry creature's want;
We bless thee, God of nature wide,
For this thy goodness lent,

And if it please thee, Heav'nly Guide,
May never worse be sent,
But whether granted or deny'd,
Lord bless us with Content.

MONODY,

ON

A LADY FAMED FOR HER CAPRICE.

HOW cold is that bosom which folly once fired,
How pale is that cheek where the rouge lately
glistened,
ow silent that tongue which the echoes oft tired,
How dull is that ear which to flatt'ry so listened.

sorrow and anguish their exit await,
From Friendship and dearest affection removed;
ow doubly severer, Eliza, thy fate,
Thou diedst unwept as thou livedst unloved.

oves, graces and virtues, I call not on you;
So shy, grave and distant, ye shed not a tear:
ut come, all ye offspring of folly so true,
And flowers let us cull for Eliza's cold bier.

We'll search through the garden for each silly flower,
We'll roam through the forest for each idle weed
But chiefly the nettle so topical, shower,
For none e'er approached her but rued the rash deed.

We'll sculpture the marble, we'll measure the lay!
Here vanity strums on her idiot lyre;
There keen indignation shall dart on her prey,
Which spurning contempt shall redeem from his ire,

THE EPITAPH.

Here lies, now a prey to insulting neglect,
What once was a butterfly gay in life's beam;
Want only of wisdom denied her respect,
Want only of goodness denied her esteem.

IMPROPTU,

ON MRS ——'s BIRTH-DAY, 4th, NOV. 1793.

OLD winter with his frosty beard,
Thus once to Jove his prayer preferred;
What have I done of all the year,
To bear this hated doom severe?
My cheerless suns no pleasure know;
Night's horrid car drags, dreary, slow:
My dismal months no joys are crowning,
But spleeny English, hanging, drowning.

Now Jove for once be mighty civil,
To counterbalance all this evil;
Give me, and I've no more to say,
Give me Maria's natal day!
That brilliant gift will so enrich me,
Spring, summer, autumn, cannot match me;
'Tis done! says Jove; so ends my story,
And winter once rejoic'd in glory.

TO MY DEAR AND MUCH HONOURED FRIEND

MRS. DUNLOP, OF DUNLOP.

ON SENSIBILITY.

SENSIBILITY how charming,
Thou, my friend, canst truly tell;
But distress with horrors arming,
Thou hast also known too well!

Fairest flower, behold the lily,
Blooming in the sunny ray:
Let the blast sweep o'er the valley,
See it prostrate on the clay.

Hear the wood lark charm the forest,
Telling o'er his little joys;
Hapless bird! a prey the surest,
To each pirate of the skies.

Dearly bought, the hidden treasure,
Finer feelings can bestow;
Chords that vibrate sweetest pleasure,
Thrill the deepest notes of woe.

POEM ON LIFE,

ADDRESSED TO

COLONEL DE PEYSTER, DUMFRIES.

MY honored colonel, deep I feel
Your interest in the poet's weal;
Ah! now sma' heart hae I to speel
The steep Parnassus,
Surrounded thus by bolus pill,
And potion glasses.

O what a canty warld were it,
Would pain, and care, and sickness spare it;
And fortune favor worth and merit,
As they deserve:
And aye a rowth, roast beef and claret:
Syne wha would starve?)

Dame life, tho' fiction out may trick her,
And in paste gems and frippery deck her;
Oh! flickering, feeble, and unsicker
I've found her still,
Ay wavering like a willow wicker,
'Tween good and ill.

Then that curst carmagnole auld Satan,
Watches, like bawd'rons by a rattan,
Our sinfu' saul to get a claute on
Wi' felon ire;
Syne, whip! his tail ye'll ne'er cast saut on,
He's off like fire.

Ah! Nick, ah Nick it is na fair,
First shewing us the tempting ware,
Bright wines and bonnie lasses rare,
To put us daft;
Syne weave, unseen, thy spider snare
O' hell's damned waft.

Poor man the flie, aft bizzes bye,
And aft as chance he comes thee nigh,
Thy auld damned elbow yeuks wi' joy,
And hellish pleasure
Already in thy fancy's eye,
Thy sicker treasure.

Soon heels o'er gowdie! in he bangs,
And like a sheep-head on the tangs,
Thy girning laugh enjoys his pangs
And murd'ring wrestle,
As dangling in the wind he hangs
A gibbet's tassel.

But lest you think I am uncivil,
To plague you with this drawnting drivel,
Abjuring a' intentions evil,
I quat my pen:
The Lord preserve us frae the devil!
Amen! amen!

POETICAL INSCRIPTION,

FOR

AN ALTAR TO INDEPENDENCE,

At Kerrouchtry, the seat of Mr. Heron, written in Summer, 1795.

THOU of an independent mind
With soul resolved, with soul resigned:
Prepar'd power's proudest frown to brave,
Who wilt not be, nor have a slave;
Virtue alone who dost revere,
Thy own reproach alone dost fear,
Approach this shrine, and worship here.

TO

A YOUNG LADY,

MISS JESSY L——, DUMFRIES,

WITH BOOKS WHICH THE BARD PRESENTED HER.

THINE be the volumes, Jessy fair,
And with them take the poet's prayer;
That fate may in her fairest page,
With every kindness, best presage,
Of future bliss, enrol thy name:
With native worth, and spotless fame,
And wakeful caution still aware,
Of ill—but chief, man's felon snare;
All blameless joys on earth we find,
And all the treasures of the mind—
These be thy guardian and reward;
So prays thy faithful friend, *the Bard.*

TO

ROBERT GRAHAM, ESQ.

OF FINTRY,

ON RECEIVING A FAVOUR.

ALL no goddess to inspire my strains,
bled Muse may suit a bard that feigns;
nd of my life! my ardent spirit burns,
all the tribute of my heart returns,
boons accorded, goodness ever new,
gift still dearer, as the giver you.

hou orb of day! thou other paler light!
l all ye many sparkling stars of night;
ught that giver from my mind efface;
that giver's bounty e'er disgrace;
en roll to me, along your wand'ring spheres,
y to number out a villain's years!

A VISION.

As I stood by yon roofless tower,
Where th' wa'-flower scents the dewy air,
Where th' howlet mourns in her ivy bower,
And tells the midnight moon her care.

The winds were laid, the air was still,
The stars they shot alang the sky;
The fox was howling on the hill,
And the distant-echoing glens reply.

The stream adown its hazelly path,
Was rushing by the ruin'd wa's,
Hasting to join the sweeping Nith,
Whase distant roaring swells and fa's.

The cauld blue north was streaming forth
Her lights, wi' hizzing eerie din;
Athort the lift they start and shift,
Like fortune's favors, tint as win.

By heedless chance I turn'd mine eyes.
And, by the moon-beam, shook, to see
A stern and stalwart ghaist arise,
Attir'd as minstrils wont to be.

Had I a statue been o' stane,
His darin look had daunted me;
And on his bonnet grav'd was plain,
The sacred posy—Libertie!

And frae his harp sic strains did flow,
Might rous'd the slumb'ring dead to hear;
But oh, it was a tale of woe,
As ever met a Briton's ear!

He sang wi' joy his former day,
He weeping wail'd his latter times;
But what he said it was nae play,
I winna ventur't in my rhymes.

ADDRESS

TO A LADY.

OH wert thou in the cauld blast,
On yonder lea, on yonder lea;
My plaidie to the angry airt,
I'd shelter thee, I'd shelter thee:
Or did misfortune's bitter storms
Around thee blaw, around thee blaw,
Thy bield should be my bosom,
To share it a', to share it a'.

Or were I in the wildest waste,
Sae black and bare, sae black and bare,
The desart were a paradise,
If thou wert there, if thou wert there.
O were I monarch o' the globe,
Wi' thee to reign, wi' thee to reign;
The brightest jewel in my crown,
Wad be my queen, wad be my queen.

WRITTEN ON THE 25, JANUARY, 1793,

ON THE BIRTH-DAY OF THE AUTHOR,

On hearing a Thrush Sing in a Morning Walk.

SING on, sweet thrush, upon the leafless bough,
Sing on sweet bird, I listen to thy strain,
See aged winter 'mid his surly reign,
At thy blythe carol clears his furrow'd brow.

So in lone poverty's dominion drear,
Sits meek content with light, unanxious heart,
Welcomes the rapid moments, bids them part,
Nor asks if they bring ought to hope or fear.

I thank thee, author of this op'ning day!
Thou whose bight sun now gilds yon orient skies;
Riches denied, thy boon was purer joys,
What wealth could never give nor take away!

Yet come, thou child of poverty and care,
The mite high heaven bestowed, that mite with thee I'll share.

HOLY WILLIE'S

PRAYER.

O THOU, wha in the heavens dost dwell,
Wha' as it pleases best thysel',
Sends ane to heaven and ten to hell,
A' for thy glory,
And no for ony guid or ill
They've done afore thee!(1

I bless and praise thy matchless might,
Whan thousands thou hast left in night,
That I am here afore thy sight,
For gifts an' grace,
A burnin' an' a shinin' light,
To a' this place.

What was I, or my generation,
That I should get such exaltation,
I wha deserve sic just damnation,
For broken laws,
Five thousand years 'fore my creation,
Thro' Adam's cause.

e my mither's womb I fell,
ght hae plunged me in hell,
my gums, to weep and wail,
In burnin' lake,
amned devils roar and yell,
Chain'd to a stake.

here a chosen sample,
thy grace is great an' ample;
a pillar in thy temple,
Strong as a rock,
a buckler, an' example
To a' thy flock.

hou kens what zeal I bear,
inkers drink, and swearers swear,
in' there, and dancin' here,
Wi' great an' sma';
keepit by thy fear,
Free frae them a'.

O L—d! confess I must,
I'm fash'd wi' fleshly lust,
times too, wi' warldly trust,
Vile self gets in;
remembers we are dust
Defil'd in sin.

O L—d! yestreen, thou kens, wi' Meg,
Thy pardon I sincerely beg,
O! may't ne'er be a livin' plague
To my dishonour,
An' I'll ne'er lift a lawless l-g
Again upon her.

Besides, I farther maun avow,
Wi' Lizie's lass, three times I trow;
But, L—d, that Friday I was fow,
When I came near her,
Or else thou kens, thy *servant true*
Wad ne'er hae steer'd her.

Maybe thou lets this *fleshly thorn*,
Beset thy servant e'en and morn,
Lest he owre high and proud shou'd turn,
'Cause he's sae *gifted*;
If sae, thy han' maun e'en be borne,
Until thou lift it.

L—d bless thy chosen in this place,
For *here* thou hast a *chosen race*;
But G—d confound their stubborn face,
And blast their name,
Wha bring thy elders to disgrace,
An' public shame.

L—d mind G—v—n H—m—n's deserts,
He drink's, an' swears an' plays at carts,
Yet has sae monie takin' arts,
Wi' grit an sma',
Frae G—d's awn priest the people's hearts
He steels awa'.

An whan we chasten'd him therefore,
Thou kens how he bred sic a splore,
As set the warld in a roar
O' laughin' at us;
Curse thou his basket and his store,
Kail an' potatoes.

L—d hear my earnest cry an' pray'r,
Against that presbyt'ry o' Ayr;
Thy strong right hand, L—d make it bare,
Upo' their heads,
L—d weigh it down, and dinna spare,
For their misdeeds.

O L—d my G—d, that glib-tongu'd A—k—n,
My vera heart an' saul are quakin',
To think how I sat sweetin', shakin',
An' p—d wi' dread,
While *Auld* wi' hangin' lip gaed snakin',
And hid his head.

L—d in the day of vengeance try him,
L—d visit them wha did employ him,
An' pass not in thy mercy by 'em,
Nor hear their prayer!
But for thy people's sake destroy 'em;
And dinna spare.

But, L—d, remember me and mine
Wi' mercies temp'ral and divine,
That I for gear and grace may shine,
Excell'd by nane,
An' a' the glory shall by thine,
Amen, Amen.

EPITAPH

ON

HOLY WILLIE.

HERE Holy Willie's sair worn clay
Taks up its last abode;
His saul has ta'en some other way,
I fear, the left-hand road.

Stop! there he is as sure's a gun,
Poor silly body see him;
Nae wonder he's as black's the grun,
Observe wha's standin' wi' him.

Your brunstane devilship I see
Has got him there before ye;
But ha'd your nine-tail cat a wee;
Till ance you've heard my story.

Your pity I will not implore,
For pity ye hae nane;
Justice, alas! has gi'en him o'er,
And mercy's day is gaen.

But hear me, Sir, de'il as ye are,
Look something to your credit;
A coof like him wou'd stain your name,
If it were kent ye did it.

ON

THE DEATH OF MR. RIDDEL,

NO more, ye warblers of the wood, no more,
Nor pour your descant grating on my ear:
Thou young-eyed spring, thy charms I cannot bear:
More welcome were to me grim winter's wildest roar.

How can ye please, ye flowers, with all your dies?
Ye blow upon the sod that wraps my friend:
How can I to the tuneful strain attend?
That strain pours round th' untimely tomb where Riddel lies.

SENT TO A GENTLEMAN
WHOM HE HAD OFFENDED.

THE friend whom wild from wisdom's way,
The fumes of wine infuriate send;
(Not moony madness more astray)
Who but deplores that hapless friend?

Mine was the insensate frenzied part,
Ah why should I such scenes outlive!
Scenes so abhorrent to my heart!
'Tis thine to pity and forgive.

A VERSE.

Composed and repeated by BURNS *to the Master of the house on taking leave at a place in the Highlands, where he had been hospitably entertained.*

WHEN death's dark stream I ferry o'er
A time that surely shall come;
In Heaven itself, I'll ask no more,
Than just a Highland welcome.

DELIA.

AN ODE.

FAIR the face of orient day,
Fair the tints of op'ning rose;
But fairer still my Delia dawns,
More lovely far her beauty blows.

Sweet the Lark's wild-warbled lay,
Sweet the tinkling rill to hear!
But, Delia, more delightful still,
Steal thine accents on mine ear.

The flower-enamour'd busy Bee
The rosy banquet loves to sip?
Sweet the streamlet's limpid lapse
To the sun-brown'd Arab's lip;

But, Delia, on thy balmy lips
Let me, no vagrant insect, rove!
O let me steal one liquid kiss!
For Oh! my soul is parch'd with love!

EXTEMPORE.

ON THE LATE

MR. WILLIAM SMELLIE,

ther of the Philosophy of Natural History, and Member of the Antiquarian and Royal Society of Edinburgh.

The Crochallan came (16)
e old cock'd hat, the grey surtout, the same;
bristling beard just rising in its might,
vas four long nights and days to shaving-night,
uncomb'd grizzly locks wild staring, thatch'd
ıead for thought profound and clear, unmatch'd
t tho' his caustick wit was biting, rude,
heart was warm, benevolent, and good.

TO

A MOUSE,

ON TURNING HER UP IN THE NEST,

WITH THE PLOUGH, NOVEMBER, 1785.

Wee, sleekit, cowrin, tim'rous beastie,
O, what a panic's in thy breastie!
Thou need na start awa sae hasty,
Wi' bickering brattle!
I wad be laith to rin an' chase thee,
Wi' murd'ring *pattle!*

I'm truly sorry Man's dominion
Has broken Nature's social union,
An' justifies that ill opinion,
Which makes thee startle,
At me, thy poor, earth-born companion,
An' *fellow mortal!*

I doubt na, whyles, but thou may thieve;
What then! poor beastie, thou maun live!
A *daimen icker* in a *thrave*,
'S a sma' request
I'll get a blessin wi' the lave,
And never mis't!

Thy wee bit *housie*, too, in ruin!
It's silly wa's the win's are strewin!
An' naething, now, to big a new ane
O' foggage green!
An' bleak December's winds ensuin,
Baith snell and keen!

Thou saw the fields laid bare an' waste,
An' weary Winter comin fast
An' cozie here, beneath the blast,
Thou thought to dwell,
'Till crash! the cruel *coulter* past
Out thro' thy cell.

That wee bit heap o' leaves an' stibble,
Has cost thee mony a weary nibble!
Now thou's turn'd out, for a' thy trouble,
But house or hald,
To thole the Winter's sleety dribble,
An' cranreuch cauld!

But, Mousie, thou art no thy lane,
In proving *foresight* may be vain:
The best-laid schemes o' *Mice* an' *Men*,
Gang aft a-gley,
An' lea'e us naught but grief and pain
For promis'd joy.

Still thou art blest, compar'd wi' *me!*
The present only toucheth thee:
But, Och! I backward cast my e'e,
On prospects drear
An' forward, tho, I canna *see*,
I *guess* and *fear*!

SONGS.

THE LAMMAS NIGHT.

Tune,—*Corn rigs are Bonie.*

'T was upon a Lammas night,
When Corn rigs are bonie.
Beneath the moon's unclouded light,
I held awa to Annie:
The time flew by, wi' tentless heed,
Till 'tween the late and early;
Wi' sma' persuasion she agreed,
To see me thro' the barley.

The sky was blue, the wind was still,
The moon was shining clearly;
I set her down, wi' right good will,
Amang the rigs o' barley
I ken't her heart was a' my ain;
I lov'd her most sincerely;
I kiss'd her owre and owre again
Amang the rigs o' barley.

I lock'd her in my fond embrace;
Her heart was beating rarely;
My blessings on that happy place,
Amang the rigs o' barley!
But by the moon and stars so bright,
That shone that hour so clearly!
She ay shall bless that happy night,
Amang the rigs o' barley.

I hae been blythe wi' comrades dear
I hae been merry drinking;
I hae been joyfu' gath'rin gear;
I hae been happy thinking:
But a' the pleasures e'er I saw,
Tho' three times doubl'd fairly,
That happy night was worth them a',
Amang the rigs o' barley.

CHORUS.

Corn rigs, an' barley rigs.
An' corn rigs are bonnie:
I'll ne'er forget that happy night
Amang the rigs wi' Annie.

THE LEA-RIG.

WHEN o'er the hills the eastern star
Tells bughtin-time is near, my jo;
And owsen frae the furrow'd field,
Returns sae dowf and weary O;
Down by the burn, where scented birks
Wi' dew are hanging clear, my jo,
I'll meet thee on the lea-rig,
My ain kind dearie O.

In mirkest glen, at midnight hour,
I'd rove, and ne'er be eerie O,
If thro' that glen I gaed to thee,
My ain kind dearie O.
Altho' the night were ne'er sae wild,
And I were ne'er sae wearie O
I'd meet thee on the lea-rig,
My ain kind dearie O.

The hunter lo'es the morning sun,
To rouse the mountain deer my, jo;
At noon the fisher seeks the glen,
Alang the burn to steer, my jo:

Gie me the hour o' gloamin grey,
It makes my heart sae cheery, O,
To meet thee on the lea-rig,
My sae kind dearie, O.

DUNCAN GRAY.

DUNCAN Gray came here to woo,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't,
On new-year's day when we were fou,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't:
Maggie coost her head fu' high,
Look'd asklent and unco skeigh,
Gart poor Duncan stand abeigh,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't,

Duncan fleech'd, and Duncan pray'd,
Ha' ha' the wooing o't,
Meg was deaf as Ailsa craig,
Ha, ha' the wooing o't
Duncan sigh'd baith out and in,
Grat his een baith bleer'd and blin',
Spak o' lowping o'er a linn,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't:

ime and chance are but a tide,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
ighted love is sair to bide,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't;
Shall I like a fool, quo' he,
For a haughty hussy die;
he may gae to France for me,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

low it comes let Doctors tell,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't,
leg grew sick, as he grew well,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't,
Something in her bosom wrings,
For relief a sigh she brings,
nd oh! her een they spak sic things,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

uncan was a lad of grace,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
aggy's was a ticklish case,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't,
Duncan could not be her death,
Swelling pity smoor'd his wrath;
ow they're crouse and canty baith,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

MY NANIE O.

BEHIND yon hills where Stinchar flows,
'Mang moors an' mosses many, O,
The wintry sun the day has clos'd,
And I'll awa to Nanie, O.

The westlin wind blaws loud an' shrill;
The night's baith mirk and rainy O;
But I'll get my plaid an' out I'll steal,
An' owre the hill to Nanie, O.

My Nanie's charming, sweet an' young,
Nae artfu' wiles to win ye, O:
May ill befa' the flattering tongue
That wad beguile my Nanie, O!

Her face is fair, her heart is true,
As spotless as she's bonnie, O;
The op'ning gowan, wat wi' dew,
Nae purer is than Nanie, O.

A country lad is my degree,
An' few there be that ken me, O;
But what care I how few there be,
I'm welcome ay to Nanie, O.

riches a's my penny-fee,
ın' I maun guide it cannie, O;
t warl's gear ne'er troubles me,
My thoughts are a', my Nanie, O.

r auld Guidman delights to view
His sheep an' kye thrive bonnie, O;
t I'm as blythe that hauds his pleugh,
An' has nae care but Nanie, O.

me weel come woe, I care na by,
I'll tak what Heav'n will sen' me, O;
e ither care in life have I,
But live, an' love my Nanie, O.

BESS AND HER SPINNING WHEEL.

) LEEZE me on my spinning wheel,
leeze me on my rock and reel:
ae tap to tae that cleeds me bien,
id haps me fiel and warm at e'en!
l set me down and sing and spin,
hile laigh descends the simmer sun,
est wi' content, and milk and meal—
leeze me on my spinning wheel.

On ilka hand the burnies trot,
And meet below my theekit cot;
The scented birk and hawthorn white
Across the pool their arms unite.
Alike to screen the birdie's nest:
And little fishes caller rest:
The sun blinks kindly in the biel',
Where, blythe I turn my spinning wheel.

On lofty aiks the cushats wail,
And echo cons the doolfu' tale;
The lintwhites in the hazel braes,
Delighted, rival ither's lays:
The craik amang the claver hay,
The paitrick whirrin o'er the ley,
The swallow jinkin round my shiel,
Amuse me at my spinning wheel.

Wi' sma' to sell, and less to buy,
Aboon distress, below envy,
O, wha wad leave this humble state,
For a' the pride of a' the great?
Amid their flairing, idle toys,
Amid their cumbrous, dinsome joys,
Can they the peace and pleasure feel
Of Bessy at her spinning wheel.

AGAIN REJOICING NATURE SEES.

AGAIN rejoicing Nature sees
Her robe assume its vernal hues,
Her leafy locks wave in the breeze
All freshly steep'd in morning dews.

CHORUS. (16)
And maun I still on Menie (17) *doat,*
And bear the scorn that's in her e'e!
For it's jet, jet black, an' it's like a hawk,
An' it winna let a body be!

In vain to me the cowslips blaw,
In vain to me the vi'lets spring;
In vain to me, in glen or shaw,
The mavis and the lintwhite sing.
And maun I still, &c.

The merry Ploughboy cheers his team,
Wi' joy the tentie Seedsman stalks,
But life to me's a weary dream,
A dream of ane that never wauks.
And maun I still, &c.

The wanton coot the water skims,
Amang the reeds the ducklings cry,
The stately swan majestic swims,
And ev'ry thing is blest but I.
And maun I still, &c,

The shep-herd steeks his faulding slap,
And owre the moorlands whistles shrill,
Wi' wild, unequal, wand'ring step
I meet him on the dewy hill.
And maun I still &c.

And when the lark, 'tween light and dark,
Blythe waukens by the daisy's side,
And mounts and sings on fluttering wings,
A woe-worn ghaist I hameward glide,
And maun I still, &c.

Come, Winter! with thine angry howl,
And raging bend the naked tree;
Thy gloom will soothe my chearless soul,
When Nature all is sad like me!

And maun I still, on Menie doat,
And bear the scorn that's in her e'e!
For it's jet, jet black, an' it's like a hawk,
An' it winna let a body be.

THE GALLANT WEAVER.

WHERE Cart rins rowin to the sea,
By mony a flow'r and spreading tree,
'here lives a lad, the lad for me,
He is a gallant weaver.

)h I had wooers aught or nine,
'hey gied me rings and ribbons fine;
ın' I was fear'd my heart would tine,
An' I gied it to the weaver.

Ay daddie sign'd my tocher-band
'o gie the lad that has the land,
ut to my heart I'll add my hand,
An' give it to the weaver.

Vhile birds rejoice in leafy bowers;
Vhile bees delight in opening flowers;
Vhile corn grows green in simmer showers,
I'll love my gallant weaver. (18)

WILLIE BREW'D A PECK O' MAUT.

O WILLIE brew'd a peck o' maut,
An' Rob an' Allan cam to see;
Three blyther hearts, that lee-lang night,
Ye wad na find in Christendie.

We are na fou, we're nae that fou,
But just a drappie in our e'e;
The cock may craw, the day may daw,
An' ay we'll taste the barley bree.

Here are we met, three merry boys,
Three merry boys I trow are we;
And mony a night we've merry been,
An' mony mae we hope to be!
We are na fou, &c.

It is the moon, I ken her horn,
That's blinkin in the lift sae hie;
She shines sae bright to wyle us hame,
But by my sooth she'll wait a wee!
We are na fou, &c.

irst shall rise to gang awa,
ickold, coward loun is he!
irst beside his chair shall fa',
is the king amang us three!
We are na fou, &c.

A' THE ARTS THE WIN' CAN BLAW.

a' the arts the win' can blaw,
arly like the west,
iere the bonny lassie lives,
lass that I lo'e best;
wild woods grow, and rivers row,
mony a hill between,
day an' night my fancy's flight
ver wi' my Jean.

ier in the dewy flowers,
lovely, sweet an' fair,
her voice in ilka bird,
music charm the air;

There's not a bonny flower that springs
  By fountain, shaw, or green,
Nor yet a bonny bird that sings,
  But minds me o' my Jean.

FOR THE SAKE O' SOME BODY.

MY heart is sair I dare na tell,
  My heart is sair for somebody;
I could wake a winter night
  For the sake of somebody,
    Oh-hon! for somebody!
    Oh-hey! for somebody!
I could range the world round,
For the sake o' somebody.

Ye powers that smile on virtuous love,
  O, sweetly smile on somebody;
Frae ilka danger keep him free,
  And send me safe my somebody.
    Oh-hon! for somebody!
    Oh-hey! for somebody!
I wad do—what wad I not?
For the sake o' somebody!

THE BANKS O' DOON.

YE banks an' braes o' bonny Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fresh an' fair;
How can you chant, ye little birds,
An' I sae weary, fu' o' care!
Thou'll break my heart thou warbling bird,
That wantons thro' the flow'ring thorn:
Thou minds me o' departed joys,
Departed, never to return.

Oft hae I rov'd by bonnie Doon,
To see the rose and woodbine twine;
An' ilka bird sang o' its love,
An' fondly sae did I o' mine.
Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree;
An' my fause lover stole my rose,
But, ah! he left the thorn wi' me.

A MAN'S A MAN, FOR A' THAT.

Is there for honest poverty,
  Wha hangs his head, and a' that?
The coward slave we pass him by,
  And dare be poor, for a' that,
For a' that, and a' that,
  Our toils obscure, an' a' that,
The rank is but the guinea stamp,
  The man's the gowd, for a' that.

What though on hamely fare we dine,
  Wear hodden grey, and a' that?
Gie fools their silk, and knaves their wine,
  A man's a man for a' that;
For a' that, and a' that,
  Their tinsel shew, an' a' that;
An honest man, though ne'er sae poor,
  Is chief o' men, for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,
  Wha struts and stares, and a' that,
Tho' hundreds worship at his word,
  He's but a cuif for a' that.

For a' that, and a' that,
His ribband, star, and a' that;
A man of independent mind,
Can look, and laugh at a' that.

The king can mak a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that,
An honest man's aboon his might,
Guid faith he manna fa' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
His dignities, and a' that:
The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
Are grandeur far than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,
As come it shall for a' that;
That sense an worth o'er a' the earth,
Shall bear the gree, and a' that;
For a' that, and a' that,
It's comin yet, for a' that;
That man to man, the warld o'er,
Shall brothers be, for a' that.

Written and sung at a General Meeting of the Excise-Officers in Scotland.

THE de'il cam fiddling thro' the tow,n
And danc'd awa wi' the Exciseman ;
And ilka auld wife cry'd 'Auld Mahoun,
'We wish you luck o' the prize man.

CHORUS.

'We'll mak our maut, and brew our drink,
'We'll dance and sing and rejoice man;
'And mony braw thanks to the muckle black de'il
'That danc'd awa wi' the Exciseman.

'There's threesome reels, and foursome reels,
'There's hornpipes and strathspeys, man;
'But the ae best dance e'er cam to our lan',
'Was the de'il's awa wi, the Exciseman.'

CHORUS.

'*We'll mak our maut, &c.*'

HERE AWA THERE AWA, &c.

HERE awa, there awa, wandering Willie.
Here awa, there awa, haud awa hame;
Come to my bosom, my ain only deary,
Tell me thou bring'st me, my Willie, the same.

Winter winds blew, loud and cauld, at our parting,
Fears for my Willie brought tears in my e'e;
Welcome, now Simmer, and welcome, my Willie;
The Simmer to Nature, my Willie to me.

Rest, ye wild storms, in the cave of your slumbers,
How your dread howling a lover alarms!
Wauken, ye breezes! row gently ye billows;
And waft my dear Laddie ance mair to my arms.

But ah, if he's faithless, and minds na his Nanie,
Flow still between us, thou wide roaring main.
May I never see it, may I never trow it,
But, dying, believe that my Willie's my ain.

ON A BANK OF FLOWERS.

ON a bank of flowers one summer's day,
For summer lightly dress'd,
The youthful blooming Nelly lay,
With love and sleep oppress'd.
When Willy, wand'ring thro' the wood,
Who for her favour oft had su'd,
He gaz'd, he wish'd, he fear'd he blush'd,
And trembl'd when he stood.

Her closed eyes, like weapons sheath'd,
Were seal'd in soft repose,
Her lips still as the fragrant breath'd,
It richer dy'd the rose.
The springing lilies sweetly press'd,
Wild wanton kiss'd her rival breast;
He gaz'd, he wish'd, he fear'd, he blush'd,
His bosom ill at rest.

Her robes, light waving in the breeze,
Her tender limbs embrace,
Her lovely form, her native ease,
All harmony and grace.

multuous tides his pulses roll,
A flatt'ring ardent kiss he stole:
gaz'd, he wish'd, he fear'd, he blush'd,
And sigh'd his very soul.

flies the partridge from the brake,
On fear inspired wings;
Nelly startling, half awake,
Away affrighted springs.
t Willy follow'd as he should,
He overtook her in the wood,
vow'd, he pray'd, he found the maid
Forgiving all and good,

TAM GLEN.

MY heart is a-breaking, dear tittie;
Some counsel unto me come len';
anger them a' is a pity,
But what will I do wi' Tam Glen?
To anger them, &c.

I'm thinking, wi' sic a braw fallow,
In poortith I might mak a fen';
What care I in riches to wallow,
If I mauna marry Tam Glen.
What care I, &c.

There's Lowrie the laird o' Drumeller,
Gude day to you brute, he comes ben,
He brags and he blaws o' his siller,
But whaa will he dance like Tam Glen?
He brags, &c.

My minnie does constantly deave me,
And bids me beware o' young men;
They flatter, she says to deceive me,
But wha can think sae o' Tam Glen?
But wha can, &c.

My daddie says, gin I'll forsake him,
He'll gie me gude hunder marks ten:
But if it's ordain'd I maun tak him,
O wha will I get but Tam Glen?
O wha will, &c.

Yestreen at the valentines dealing,
My heart to my mou' gied a sten'

thrice I drew ane without failing.
ınd thrice it was written Tam Glen.
For thrice, &c.

: last hallowe'en I was waukin
ły droukit sark sleeve, as ye ken,
likeness cam up the house stauking,
ınd the vera grey breeks o' Tam Glen.
And the vera, &c.

ne counsel, dear tittie, don't tarry;
'll gie you my bonnie black hen,
ı ye will advise me to marry
'he lad I lo'e dearly, Tam Glen.
Gin ye will, &c.

A ROSE-BUD BY MY EARLY WALK.

ROSE-BUD by my early walk,
own a corn-inclosed bawk,
: gently bent its thorny stalk,
ıll on a dewy morning.

Ere twice the shades o' dawn are fled,
In a' its crimson glory spread,
And drooping rich the dewy head,
It scents the early morning.

Within the bush, her covert nest
A little linnet fondly prest,
The dew sat chilly on her breast
Sae early in the morning.

She soon shall see her tender brood,
The pride, the pleasure o' the wood,
Amang the fresh green leaves bedew'd,
Awake the early morning.

So thou, dear bird, young Jeany fair,
Go trembling string or vocal air,
Shall sweetly pay the tender care
That tents the early morning.

So thou, sweet rose-bud, young and gay
Shalt beauteous blaze upon the day,
And bless the parent's ev'ning ray
That watch'd thy early morning.(19)

LAST MAY A BRAW WOOER.

.ST May a braw wooer came down frae the glen,
nd sair with his love he did deave me ;
d there was naething I hated like men,
ut, how could the gowk e'er believe me, believe,
me ?
ut, how could the gowk e'er believe me ?

ıpak o' the dart o' my bonny black een,
nd vow'd for my love he was dying ;
id he might die when he liked for Jean,
ut the Lord forgi'e me for lying, for lying,
ut the Lord forgi'e me for lying.

eel stocket mailen, himsel' for the laird,
nd marriage aff han' was his proffer ;
ver let on that I kent it or car'd,
ut thought I might get a waur offer, waur offer,
ut thought I might get a waur offer.

what do you think ! in a fortnight or less,
'he de'il tak his haste to gang near her ;
up the lang lane to my black cousin Bess,

Guess ye how the slut I could bear her, could bear her.
Guess ye how the slut I could bear her.

But a' the niest week as I fretted wi' care.
I gaed to the tryste o' Dalgarnock,
And wha but my fine fickle lover was there,
I glowr,d as I'd seen a warlock, a warlock,
I glowr'd as I'd seen a warlock.

But o're my left shou'der I gae him a blink,
Least neebors might say I was saucy;
My wooer he caper'd as he'd been in drink,
And vow'd I was his dear lassie, dear lassie,
And vow'd I was his dear lassie.

I spier'd for my cousin fu' couthy and sweet,
Gin she had recover'd her hearin,
And how her new shoon fit her auld shackl't fee
But, heavens! how he fell a swearin, a swear
But, heavens! how he fell a swearin.

He begged, for Gudesake! I wad be his wife.
Or else I wad kill him wi' sorrow:
So e'en to preserve the poor body in life
I think I maun wed him to-morrow, to-mor
I think I maun wed him to morrow.

GREEN GROW THE RASHES.

A FRAGMENT.

CHORUS.

Green grow the rashes, O:
Green grow the rashes, O;
The sweetest hours that e'er I spend,
Are spent amang the lasses, O.

THERE'S nought but care on ev'ry han'
In ev'ry hour that passes, O:
What signifies the life o' man,
An' 'twere na for the lasses, O.
Green grow, &c.

The war'ly race may riches chase.
An' riches still may fly them, O;
An' tho' at last they catch them fast,
Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O.
Green grow, &c.

But gie me a canny hour at e'en.
My arms about my Dearie, O;
An' war'ly cares, an' war'ly men,
May a' gae tapsalteerie, O!

Green grow, &c.

For you sae douse, ye sneer at this,
Ye're nought but senseless asses, O:
The wisest Man the warl' saw,
He dearly lov'd the lasses, O.

Green grow, &c.

Auld Nature swears, the lovely Dears
Her noblest work she classes, O;
Her prentice han' she try'd on man,
An' then she made the lasses, O.

Green grow, &c.

* * * * * * * *

JOHN ANDERSON MY JO.

IMPROVED BY ROBERT BURNS.

JOHN Anderson, my jo, John,
I wonder what you mean,
To rise so soon in the morning,
And sit up so late at e'en.
Ye'll blear out a' your e'en, John,
And why should you do so,
Gang sooner to your bed at e'en,
John Anderson my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
When nature first began
To try her canny hand, John,
Her master-work was *Man;*
And you amang them a' John,
Sae trig frae top to toe.
She proved to be nae journey-work,
John Anderson, my jo,

John Anderson, my jo, John,
Ye were my first conceit,
And ye need na think it strange, John,
Tho' I ca' ye trim and neat;
Tho' some folk say ye're auld, John,
I never think ye so,
But I think ye're ay the same to me,
John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
We've seen our bairns' bairns,
And yet, my dear John Anderson,
I'm happy in your arms,
And sae are ye in mine, John—
I'm sure ye'll ne'er say no,
Tho' the days are gone that we have seen,
John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
What pleasure does it gie,
To see sae many sprouts, John,
Spring up 'tween you and me,
And ilka lad and lass, John,
In our footsteps to go,
Makes perfect heaven here on earth,
John Anderson my Jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
'When we were first acquaint,
Your locks were like the raven,
'Your bonny brow was brent,
But now your *head's turn'd bald*, John,
'Your locks are like the snow,
Yet blessings on your frosty pow,
'John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
Frae year to year we've past,
And soon that year maun come, John,
Will bring us to our last;
But let na' that affright us, John,
Our hearts were ne'er our foe,
While in innocent delight we lived,
John Anderson, my jo.

'John Anderson, my jo, John,
'We clamb the hill thegither,
'And mony a canty day, John,
'We've had wi' ane anither;
'Now we maun totter down, John,
'*But* hand in hand we'el go.
'And *we'll* sleep thegither at the foot.
'John Anderson, my Jo.

SIC A WIFE AS WILLIE HAD.

WILLIE Wastle dwalt on Tweed,
The spot the ca'd it Linkumdoddie,
Willie was a wabster gude,
Cou'd stown a clue wi' ony boddie;
He had a wife was dour an' din
O Tinkler Madgie was her mither:
Sic a Wife as Willie had,
I wad na gie a button for her.

She has an e'e, she has but ane,
The cat has twa the vera colour;
Five rustie teeth forby a stump,
A clapper tongue wad deave a miller;
A whiskin beard about her mou,
Her nose and chin they threaten ither;
Sic a Wife, &c.

She's bow-hough'd, she's hein shinn'd,
Ae limpin leg a hand-breed shorter;
She's twisted right, she's twisted left,
To balance fair in ilka quarter;
She has a hump upon her breast,
The twin o' that upon her shouther:
Sic a Wife, &c.

ld baudrons by the ingle sits,
An' wi' her loof her face a washin:
t Willie's wife is nae sae trig,
She dights her grunzie wi' a hushion;
r walie nieves like midden-creels,
Her face wad fyle the Logan-water;
Sic a Wife as Willie had,
I wad nae gie a button for her.

THE FAREWELL.

TO THE BRETHREN

ST. JAMES'S LODGE, TARBOLTON.

TUNE,—Goodnight, and joy be wi' you a'.

ADIEU! a heart-warm, fond adieu!
Dear brothers of the *mystic tye!*
ye favoured, *enlighten'd* Few,
Companions of my social joy:
Tho' I to foreign lands must hie,
Pursuing Fortune's slipp'ry ba',
With melting heart, and brimful eye,
I'll mind you still, tho' far awa'.

Oft have I met your social Band,
And spent the chearful, festive night;
Oft, honour'd with supreme command,
Presided o'er the *Sons of light*;
And by that *Hieroglyphic* bright,
Which none but *Craftsmen* ever saw!
Strong Mem'ry on my heart shall write
Those happy scenes when far awa'.

May Freedom, Harmony, and Love,
Unite you in the *grand design*,
Beneath th' Omniscient Eye above,
The glorious *Architect* Divine;
That you may keep th' *unerring line*,
Still rising by the *plummet's law*,
Till *Order* bright completely shine,
Shall be my pray'r when far awa'.

And *You* farewell! whose merits claim,
Justly, that *highest badge* to wear!
Heav'n bless your honour'd, noble Name
To *Masonry* and *Scotia* dear!
A last request permit me here,
When yearly ye assemble a',
One *round*, I ask it with a *tear*,
To him, *the Bard, that's far awa'*.

CALEDONIA.

THEIR groves o' sweet myrtles let foreign lands reckon,
Where bright-beaming summers exalt the perfume;
Far dearer to me yon lone glen o' green breckan,
With the burn stealing under the lang yellow broom.

Far dearer to me yon low humble broom bowers
Where the blue bell and gowan lurk lowly unseen;
For there, lightly tripping amang the wild flowers,
A list'ning the linnet aft wanders my Jean.

Tho' rich is the breeze, in their gay sunny vallies,
And cauld Caledonia's blast on the wave;
Their sweet-scented woodlands that skirt the proud palace.
What are they?—the haunt o' the tyrant and slave.

The slave's spicy forests, and gold bubbling fountains,
The brave Caledonian views wi' disdain;
He wanders as free as the wind on his mountains,
Save love's willing fetters—the chains of his Jean.

O LET ME IN THIS AE NIGHT.

O LASSIE, art thou sleeping yet,
Or art thou wakin, I would wit,
For love has bound me, hand and foot,
And I would fain be in, jo.

CHORUS.

O let me in this ae night,
This ae, ae, ae, night;
For pity's sake this ae night,
O rise and let me in, jo.

Thou hear'st the winter wind and weet,
Nae star blinks thro' the driving sleet;
Tak pity on my weary feet,
And shield me frae the rain, jo.
O *let me in*, &c.

The bitter blast around me blaws
Unheaded howls, unheaded fa's;
The cauldness o' thy heart's the cause
Of a' my grief and pain, jo.
O *let me in*, &c.

HER ANSWER.

O TELL na me o' wind and rain,
Upbraid na me wi' cauld disdain,
Gae back the gate ye cam again.
I winna let you in, jo.

CHORUS.

I tell you now this ae night,
This ae, ae, ae, night;
And ance for a' this ae night,
I winna let you in, jo.

The snellest blast, at mirkest hours,
That round the pathless wand'rer pours,
Is nocht to what poor she endures
That's trusted faithless man, jo,
I tell you now, &c.

The sweetest flower that deck'd the mead,
Now trodden like the vilest weed:
Let simple maid the lesson read,
The weird may be her ain, jo.
I tell you now, &c.

The bird that charm'd his summer-day,
Is now the cruel fowler's prey;
Let witless, trusting woman say
How aft her fate's the same, jo.

I tell you now, &c.

THE BRAES O' BALLOCHMYLE.

THE Catrine woods were yellow seen,
The flowers decay'd on Catrine lee;
Nae lav'rock sang on hillock green,
But nature sicken'd on the e'e.
Thro' faded groves Maria sang,
Hersel in beauties bloom the while,
An' ay the wild-wood echoes rang,
Fareweel the braes o' Ballochmyle.

Low in your wint'ry beds, ye flowers,
Again ye'll flourish fresh and fair;
Ye birdies dumb, in with'ring bowers,
Again ye'll charm the vocal air.
Nae joys, alas! for me are here,
Nae plesure find I in this soil,
Until Maria 'gain appear,
Fareweel the braes o' Ballochmyle.

O FOR ANE AN' TWENTY TAM.

An' O, for ane an' twenty, Tam!
An' hey, sweet ane an' twenty, Tam!
I'll learn my kin a rattlin sang,
An' I saw ane an' twenty, Tam!

THEY snool me sair, and haud me down,
An' gar me look like bluntie, Tam!
But three short years will soon wheel roun',
An' then comes ane an' twenty, Tam.
An' O, for ane, &c.

A gleib o' lan', a claut o' gear,
Was left me by my auntie, Tam;
At kith or kid I need na spier,
An' I saw ane an' twenty, Tam.
An' O, for ane, &c.

They'll hae me wed a wealthy coof,
Tho' I mysel hae plenty, Tam;
But hear'st thou, laddie, there's my loof,
I'm thine at ane an' twenty, Tam!
An' O, for ane, &c.

THEN GUIDWIFE COUNT THE LAWIN.

GANE is the day and mirk's the night,
But we'ell ne'er stray for faute o' light,
For ale and brandy's stars and moon,
And blude red wine's the rysin sun.

Then guidwife count the lawin, the lawin, the lawin,
Then guidwife count the lawin, and bring a coggie mair.

There's wealth and ease for gentlemen,
And semple-folk maun fecht and fen,
But here we're a' in ae accord,
For ilka man that's drunk's a lord.
Then guidwife count, &c.

My coggie is a haly pool,
That heals the wounds o' care and dool;
And pleasure is a wanton trout,
An' ye drink it a' ye'll find him out.
Then guidwife count, &c.

WHAT CAN A YOUNG LASSIE, &c.

WHAT can a young lassie, what shall a young lassie,
What can a young lassie do wi' an auld man?
Bad luck on the pennie that tempted my minnie
To sell her poor Jenny for siller an lan'!
Bad luck on the pennie, &c.

He's always compleenin frae mornin to e'enin,
He hosts and he hirples the weary day lang;
He's doyl't and he's dozin, his blude it is frozen,
O, dreary's the night wi' a crazy auld man!

He hums and he hankers, he frets and he cankers,
I never can please him, do a' that I can;
He's peevish, and jealous of a' the young fellows,
O, dool on the day I met wi' an auld man!

My auld auntie Katie upon me takes pity,
I'll do my endeavour to follow her plan;
I'll cross him, and wrack him until I heart-break him
And then his auld brass will buy me a new pan.

THE BIRKS OF ABERFELDY.

Bonny lassie, will ye go, will ye go, will ye go,
Bonny lassie, will ye go, to the Birks of Aberfeldy!

NOW simmer blinks on flow'ry braes,
And o'er the chrystal streamlets plays,
Come let us spend the lightsome days
In the birks of Aberfeldy,
Bonnie lassie, &c.

While o'er their heads the hazels hing,
The little birdies blythely sing,
Or lightly flit on wanton wing
In the birks of Aberfeldy.
Bonnie lassie, &c.

The braes ascend like lofty wa's,
The foaming stream deep roaring fa's,
O'erhung wi' fragrant spreading shaws,
The birks of Aberfeldy.
Bonnie lassie, &c.

he hoary cliffs are crown'd wi' flowers,
/hite o'er the linns the burnie pours,
nd rising weets wi' misty showers
The birks of Aberfeldy.

Bonnie lassie, &c.

:t fortune's gifts at random flee,
hey ne'er shall draw a wish frae me.
ipremely blest wi' love and thee
In the birks of Aberfeldy.

Bonnie lassie, &c.

THE BIG-BELLY'D BOTTLE.

TUNE,—*Prepare my dear Brethren to the tavern let's fly*, &c.

NO Churchman am I for to rail and to write,
o Statesman nor Soldier to plot or to fight,
o sly Man of Business contriving a snare,
or a big-belly'd bottle's the whole of my care.

he Peer I don't envy, I give him his bow;
corn not the Peasant, tho' ever so low;
it a club of good fellows, like those that are here,
nd a bottle like this are my glory and care.

Here passes the Squire on his brother—his horse;
There Centum per Centum, the Cit with his purse;
But see you the Crown how it waves in the air,
There a big-belly'd bottle still eases my care.

The wife of my bosom, alas! she did die;
For sweet consolation to church I did fly;
I found that old Solomon proved it fair,
That a big-belly'd bottle's a cure for all care.

I once was persuaded a venture to make;
A letter inform'd me that all was to wreck;
But the pursy old landlord just waddl'd up stairs,
With a glorious bottle that ended my cares.

'Life's cares they are comforts!(20)—a maxim laid down
By the Bard, what dy'e call him, that wore the black gown;
And faith I agree with th' old prig to a hair
For a big-belly'd bottle's a heav'n of care.

A Stanza added in a Mason Lodge.

Then fill up a bumper and make it o'erflow,
And honours masonic prepare for to throw;
May every true brother o[f] th' Compass and Square
Have a big-belly'd bottle when harass'd with care.

THE BANKS OF THE DEVON.

How pleasant the banks of the clear winding
Devon,
With green spreading bushes, and flowers blooming fair,
But the bonniest flower on the banks of the Devon,
Was once a sweet bud on the braes of the Ayr.
Mild be the sun on this sweet blushing flower,
In the gay rosy morn, as it bathes in the dew;
And gentle the fall of the soft vernal shower,
That steals on the ev'ning each leaf to renew.

O spare the dear blossoms, ye orient breezes,
With chill heary wing, as ye usher the dawn;
And far be thou distant, thou reptile that seizes
The verdure and pride of the garden and lawn.
Let Bourbon exult in her gay gilded lilies,
And England, triumphant display her proud rose;
A fairer than either adorns the green vallies,
Where Devon, sweet Devon, meandering flows.

THE CHEVALIERS LAMENT

AFTER THE BATTLE OF CULLODEN.

TUNE.—Captain O'Kain.

THE small birds rejoice in the green leaves returning,
The murm'ring streamlet runs clear thro' the vale,
The primroses blow in the dews of the morning,
And wild scatter'd cowslips bedeck the green dale,
But what can give pleasure or what can seem fair,
When the lingering moments are number'd by care?
No birds sweetly singing, nor flowers gaily springing
Can soothe the sad bosom of joyless despair.

The deed that I dar'd, cou'd it merit their malice,
A king and a father to place on his throne!
His right are these hills, and his right are these valies,
Where the wild beasts find shelter, but I can find none.
But 'tis not my sufferings, thus wretched, forlorn,
My brave gallant friends, 'tis your ruin I mourn
Your faith prov'd so loyal in hot bloody trial,
Alas! can I make it no better return.

HEY FOR A LASS WI' A TOCHER.

AWA wi' your witchcraft o' beauty's alarms,
slender bit beauty you grasp in your arms;
gie me the lass that has acres o' charms,
gie me the lass wi' the weel-stockit farms.

CHORUS.

hey for a lass wi' a tocher; then hey for a lass wi' a tocher,
hey, for a lass wi' a tocher; the nice yellow guineas for me.

r beauty's a flower, in the morning that blows,
withers the faster, the faster it grows
:he rapturous charm o' the bonie green knowes,
›ring they're new deekit wi' bonie white yowes,
Then hey, &c.

›'en when this beauty your bosom has blest,
›rightest o' beauty may cloy, when possest;
he sweet, yellow darlings wi' Geordie imprest,
anger ye hae them—the mair they're carest.
Then hey, &c.

FROM THEE ELIZA, I MUST GO.

TUNE,—*Gilderoy.*

FROM thee, *Eliza*, I must go,
And from my native shore:
The cruel fates between us throw
A boundless ocean's roar:
But boundless oceans, roaring wide,
Between my Love and me,
They never, never can divide
My heart and soul from thee:

Farewell, farewell, *Eliza* dear,
The maid that I adore!
A boding voice is in mine year,
We part to meet no more!
But the last throb that leaves my heart,
While death stands victor by,
That throb, *Eliza*, is thy part,
And thine that latest sigh!

NOTES

TO VOLUME SECOND.

NOTE 1, P. 17.

t is a well known fact that witches, or any evil its, have no power to follow a poor wight any ther than the middle of the next running stream. may be proper likewise to mention to the be-ghted traveller, that when he falls in with *bogles*, hatever danger may be in his going forward, there much more hazard in turning back.

NOTE 2, P 54.

See Note 43, P· 159, vol. I.

NOTE 3, P. 59.

Dr. Taylor of Norwich.

NOTE 4, P. 73.

See Ossian's Caric-thura.

NOTE 5, P. 74

See Johnson's Tower to the Hebrides.

NOTE 6, P. 80.

Vide his Antiquities of Scotland.

NOTE 7, P. 80.

Vide his Treatise on Ancient Armour and Weapons.

NOTES 8, P. 82.

Mr Grose was exceedingly corpulent, and used to rally himself, with the greatest good humour, on the singular rotundity of his figure.

NOTE, 9, P. 97.

Bruar Falls, in Athole, are exceedingly picturesque and beautiful; but their effect is much impaired by the want of trees and shrubs.

NOTE 10, P. 112.

This is partly composed on the plan of an old song known by the same name.

NOTE 11, P. 121.

A certain humorous *dream* of his was then making a noise in the country-side.

NOTE 12, P. 122,

A *song* he had promised the Author.

NOTE 13, P. 142.

Goldsmith.

NOTE 14, P. 158.

This young lady was drawing a picture of Coila, from the vision.

NOTE 15, P. 174.

This is highly characteristic of the sentiments and dispositions of many ignorant Bigots, who 'have a zeal for God, (as they imagine) but not according to knowledge;' and the author here as also in his Holy Fair and several other pieces, exercises his ingenious talent of satire to expose their ignorance and hypocrisy.

Farther to confirm the reality of this pharisaical character, it may be worthy of observation, in this place, that the Rev. George Whitfield, in one of his visits to Scotland, was solemnly reprobated by the Seceders, because he refused to confine his itinerant labours *wholly* to them. The reason assigned for this monopoly was, that they were EXCLUSIVELY God's people! Mr Whitfield smartly replied, that *they* had, therefore, the *less need* of his services; for his aim was to turn *sinners* from the error and wickedness of their ways, by preaching among *them* glad tidings of great joy.

NOTE, P. 183.

Mr Smellie, and our Poet, were both members of a club in Edinburgh, under the name of Crochallan Fencibles.

NOTE 16, P. 195.

This Chorus is part of song composed by a Gentleman in Edinburgh, a particular friend of the Author's

NOTE 17. P. 183.

Menie is the common abbreviation of *Marianne*.

NOTE. 18. P. 197.

In some Editions *sailor* is substituted for *weaver*.

NOTE. 19. P. 210

This song was written during the winter of 1787. Miss J. C. daughter of a friend of the Bard, is the heroine.

NOTE 20, P. 232.

Young's Night Thoughts.

GLOSSARY.

ch and *gh* have always the guttural sound. The of the English diphthong *oo*, is commonly spelled The French *u*, a sound which often occurs in the sh language, is marked *oo*, or *ui*. The *a* in genuine sh words, except when forming a diphthong, or fol- l by an *e* mute after a single consonant, sounds rally like the broad English *a* in *wall*. The Scottish thong *ae*, always, and *ea*, very often sound like the ich *e* masculine. The Scottish diphthong *ey*, sounds the Latin *ei*.

A.

, all
ack, away, aloof
eigh, at a shy distance
oon, above, up
oread, abraod in sight
oreed, in breadth
e, one
ff, off; aff loof, unpremeditated
afore, before
aft, oft
aften, often
agley, off the right line, wrong
aiblins, perhaps
ain, own
airl-penny, earnest-money
airn, iron
aith, an oath
aits, oats
aiver, an old horse
aizle, a hot cinder
alake, alas!
alane, alone
akwart, akward
amaist, almost
amang, among
an', and, if
ance, once
ane, one, and
anent, over against
anither, another
ase, ashes
asklent, asquint, aslant.
asteer, abroad, stirring.
athart, athwart
aught, possession; as, in a' my aught, in all my possession.
aul lang syne, older time, days of other years.
auld, old
auld farran, or auld farrant, sagacious, cunning, prudent
ava, at all
awa', away
awfu', awful
awn, the beard of barley oats, &c.
awnie, bearded
ayont, beyond.

B.

Ba', ball
backets, ash boards
backlins, comin', coming back, returning

bad, did bid
baide, endured, did stay
baggie, the belly
bainie, having large bones, stout
bairn, a child
bairntime, a family of children, a brood
baith, both
ban, to swear
bane, bone
bang, to beat, to strive
bardie, diminutive of bard
barefit, barefooted
barmie, of, or like barm
batch, a crew, a gang
batts, botts
baudrons, a cat
bauld, bold
bawk, bank
baws'nt, having a white stripe down the face.
be, to let be, to give over, to cease
bear, barley
beastie, dimin. of beast
beet, to add fuel to fire
beld, bald
belyve, by and by
ben, into the spence or parlour
benlomond, a noted mountain in Dumbartonshire
bethankit, grace after meat
beuk, a book
bicker, a kind of wooden dish, a short race
bie, or bield, shelter
bien, wealthy, plentiful
big, to build
biggin, building, a house
biggit, built
bill, a bull
billie, a brother, a young fellow
bing, a heap of grain, potatoes, &c.
birk, birch
birken-shaw, birchen-wood-shaw, a small wood
birkie, a clever fellow
birring, the noise of partridges, &c. when they spring
bit, crisis, nick of time
bizz, a bustle, to buzz
blastie, a shrivelled dwarf, a term of contempt
blastit, blasted
blate, bashful, sheepish
blather, bladder
blaud, a flat piece of any thing; to slap
blaw, to blow, to boast
bleerit, bleared, sore with rheum
bleert and blin, bleared and blind
bleezing, blazing
blellum, idle talking fellow
blether, to talk idly, nonsense
bleth'rin, talking idly
blink, a little while, a smiling look, to look kindly, to shine by fits
blinker, a term of contempt
blinkin, smirking
blue-gown, one of those beg-

et annually on
rth-day, a blue
own, with a

lling
, a large piece
it, to gush in-

d, vomited
gold coin
, hobgoblins
ny, handsome

id of thick cake
small jannack,
e of oatmeal,
d
shrub elder;
ich of old in
rn-yards, &c.
d, must needs
the wall
ry tumour
g, gushing out
ing
bage.
crooked,

y, a precipice.
a hill

d forward
of harrow
in rashly for-

nade insolvent
d of wooden
ses.

brash, a sudden illness
brats, coarse clothes, rags, &c.
brattle, a short race, hurry, fury
braw, fine, handsome
brawlyt, or brawlie, very well, finely, heartily
braxie, a morbid sheep
breastie, dimin. of breast
breastit, did spring up or forward
breckan, fern
breef, an invulnerable or irresistable spell
breeks, breeches
brent, smooth
brewin, brewing
brie, juice, liquid
brig, a bridge
brunstane, brimstone
brisket, the breast, the bosom
brither, a brother
brock, a badger
brogue, a hum, a trick
broo, broth, liquid, water
broose, broth; a race at country weddings, who shall first reach the bridegroom's house on returning from church
brugh, a burgh
bruilzie, a broil, a combustion
brunt, did burn, burnt
brust, to burst, burst
buchan-bullers, the boiling of the sea among the rocks on the coast of Buchan

buckskin, an inhabitant of Virginia
bught, a pen
bughtin-time, the time of collecting the sheep in the pens to be milked
buirdly, stout-made, broad-built
bum-clock, a humming beetle that flies in the summer evenings
bummin, humming as bees
bummle, to blunder
bummler, a blunderer
bu: ker, a window-seat
burdies, dimin. of birds
bure, did bear
burn, water, a rivulet
burnewin, i. e. burn the wind, a blacksmith
burnie, dimin, of burn
buskie, bushy
buskit, dressed
busks, dresses
busle, a bustle, to busle
buss, shelter
but, bot, with
but an' ben, the country kitchen and parlour
by himself, lunatic, distracted
byke, a bee-hive
byre, a cow-stable, a shippen

C.

Ca', to call, to name, to drive
ca't, or ca'd, called, driven, calved
cadger, a carrier
cadie, or caddie a person, a young fellow
caff, chaff
caird, a tinker
cairn, a loose heap
calf-ward, a small for calves
callan, a boy
caller, fresh, soun ing
canie, or cannie, g dextrous
cannilie, dextrou
cantie, or canty, merry
cantraip, a charm
cap-stane, cope-s stone
careerin, cheerful
carl, an old man
carlin, a stout old
cartes, cards
caudron, a caldr
cauk and keel, ch clay
cauld, cold
caup, a wooden vessel
cesses, taxes
chanter, a part o
chap, a person, blow
chaup, a stroke,
cheekit, cheeked
cheep, a chirp, t
chiel, or cheel, a low
chimla, or chimli te, fire-place
chimla-lug, the fi
chittering, shiver bling

:hoaking,
chew; cheek for
ide by side
.t-faced
a small village a-
church, a hamlet
claes, clothes
›th
clothing
onsense, not speak-
se
per of a mill
/rote
idle tale, the story
lay
› tell little idle sto-
n idle story
snatched at, laid

lean, to scrape
ıcraped
lle stories
crath
:lothe
›thes
ıving caught
rking, clinkin
ell, who rings the
·bell
:rs
ıver, idle conver-

hatch, a beetle
atching
› hoof of a cow,
&c.
ı old name for the

ımp or swelling af-
ter a blow
cluds, clouds
coaxin, wheedling
coble, a fishing boat
cockernony, a lock of hair tied upon a girl's head; a cap
coft, bought
cog, a wooden dish
coggie, dimin. of cog
Coila, from Kyle, a district of Ayrshire; so called, saith tradition from Coil, or Coilus, a Pictish monarch
collie, a general, and sometimes a particular name for country curs
collieshangie, quarelling
commaun, command
cood, the cud
coof, a blockhead, a ninny
cookit, appeared, and disappeared by fits
coost, did cast
coot, the ancle or foot
cootie, a wooden kitchen dish: —also those fowls whose legs are clad with feathers are said to be cootie
corbies, a species of the crow
core, corps, party, clan
corn't fed with oats
cotter, the inhabitant of a cot-house, or cottage
couthie, kind, loving
cove, a cove
cowrin, cowering,

cowe, to terrify, to keep under, to lop; a fright; a branch of furze, broom, &c.
cowp, to barter, to tumble over, a gang.
cowpit, tumbled
cowte, a colt
cozie, snug
cozily, snugly
crabbit, crabbed, fretful
crack, conversation to converse
crackin, conversing
craft, or croft, a field near a house, in old husbandry
craiks, cries or calls incessantly, a bird
crambo-clink, or crambo-jingle, rhymes, doggrel verses.
crank, the noise of an ungreased wheel.
crankous, fretful, captious.
cranreuch, the hoar frost.
crap, a crop, to crop.
craw, a crow of a cock, a rook.
creel, a basket; to have one's wit in a creel, to be craz'd, to be fascinated.
creeshie, greasy.
crood, or croud, to coo as a dove.
croon, a hollow and continued moan; to make a noise like the continued roar of a bull! to hum a tune
crooning, humming
crouchie, crook-backed
crouse, cheerful, courageous
crously, cheerfully, courageously
crowdie, a composition of oatmeal, and boiled water, sometimes from the broth of beef, mutton, &c.
crowdie-time, breakfast-time
crowlin, crawling
crummock, a cow with crooked horns,
crump, hard and brittle; spoken of bread
crunt, a blow, on the head with a cudgel
cuif, a blockhead, a ninny
cummock, a short staff with a crooked head
curchie, a curtesy
curler, a player at a game on the ice, practised in Scotland, called curling
curlie, curled, whose hair falls naturally in ringlets
curling, a well known game on the ice
curmurring, murmuring, a slight rumbling noise
curpin, the crupper
cushat, the dove, or wood-pigeon
cutty, short, a spoon broken in the middle

D.

Daddie, a father (ness
daffin, merriment, foolish-

giddy, foolish
:, now and then;
ker, an ear of
and then
sant, good hu-
ıgreeable
, valleys
·kling
ash, to abuse
:,
l
ıurk, a day's la-
'id
;e piece
dawtet, fondled,
in. of dears
ear
ıafen
ɜ! no matter!
ıt!
lirious
describe
pe, to clean corn
ff
ed from chaff
ns
rst, to push
ɔt
ght, tremulous
pain
liz'n, a dozen
ɔified, hebetated
ed, crazed
ucky
w; to sing dool.
t, to mourn.

dorty, saucy, nice
douce or douse, sober wise, prudent
doucely, soberly, prudently
dought, was or were able
doup, backside
doup skelper, one that strikes the tail
doure, stout, durable, stubborn, sullen
dour, and din, sullen sallow
dow, am or are able
dowff, pithless, wanting force
dowie, worn with grief, fatigue, &c.
downa, am or are not able, cannot
doylt, stupid
drap, a drop, to drop
drapping, dropping
dreep, to ooze, to drop
dreigh, tedious, long about it
dribble, drizzling, slaver
drift, a drove
droddum, the breech
drone, part of a bag-pipe
droop, rumpl't, that droops at the crupper
droukit, wet
drounting, drawling
drouth, thirst, drought
drumley, muddy
drummock, meal and water mixed; raw.
drunt, pet, sour humour
dub, a small pond
duds, rags, clothes
duddie, ragged

dung, worsted; pushed, driven
dunted, beaten, boxed
dush, to push as a ram, &c.
dush't, pushed by a ram, ox, &c.

E.

E'e, the eve
e'en, the eyes
e'enin, evening
eerie, frighted, dreading spirits
eild, old age
elbuck, the elbow
eldritch, ghastly, frightful
en', end
Enbrugh, Edinburgh
eneugh, enough
especial, especially
ettle, to try, attempt
eydent, diligent

F.

Fa', fall, lot, to fall
fa's, does fall, water-fall
faddom't, fathomed
fae, a foe
faem, foam
faiket, unknown
fairin, a fairing, a present
fallow, fellow
fand, did find
farl, a cake of bread
fash, trouble, care; to trouble, to care for
fash't troubled
fastereen-een, Fastens-even
fauld, a fold; to fold
faulding, folding
faut, fault
fawfont, decent, seemly
feal, a field, smooth
fearfu', frightful
fear't frighted
feat, neat, spruce
fecht, to fight
fechtin, fighting
feck, many, plenty
fechet, waistcoat
feckfu', large, brawny, stout
feckless, puny, weak, silly
feg, a fig
fen, successful struggle, fight
feide, feud, enmity
fell, keen, biting; the flesh immediately under the skin; a field pretty level on the side or top of a hill
fen, successful struggle, fight
fend, to live comfortably
ferlie or ferly, to wonder; a wonder, a term of contempt
fetch, to pull by fits
fetch't, pulled intermittently
fidge, to fidget
fiel, soft, smooth
fient, fiend, a petty oath
fier, sound, healthy; a brother, a friend
fisle, to make a rustling noise to fidget or bustle
fit, a foot
fittie-lan, the nearer horse of the hind most-pair in the plough
fizz, to make a hissing noise, like fermentation
flainen, flannel

GLOSSARY.

ch and *gh* have always the guttural sound. The f the English diphthong *oo*, is commonly spelled ıe French *u*, a sound which often occurs in the language, is marked *oo*, or *ui*. The *a* in genuine words, except when forming a diphthong, or fol- y an *e* mute after a single consonant, sounds ly like the broad English *a* in *wall*. The Scottish ng *ae*, always, and *ea*, very often sound like the *e* masculine. The Scottish diphthong *ey*, sounds Latin *ei*.

A.

ıway, aloof
at a shy distance
above, up
abraod in sight
in breadth

aff loof, unpremedi-

›efore

›ften
off the right line,
g
perhaps
n
ıny, earnest-money
›n
ı oath
ts
ın old horse
hot cinder
ılas!
ılone
, akward
almost
among
d, if

ance, once
ane, one, and
anent, over against
anither, another
ase, ashes
asklent, asquint, aslant.
asteer, abroad, stirring.
athart, athwart
aught, possession; as, in a' my aught, in all my possession.
aul lang syne, older time, days of other years.
auld, old
auld farran, or auld farrant, sagacious, cunning, prudent
ava, at all
awa', away
awfu', awful
awn, the beard of barley oats, &c.
awnie, bearded
ayont, beyond.

B.

Ba', ball
backets, ash boards
backlins, comin', coming back, returning

ghaist, a ghost
gie, to give; gied, gave; gien, given
giftie, dimin. of gift
giglets, playful girls
gillie, dimin. of gill
gilpey, a half grown, half informed boy or girl, a romping lad
gimmer, an ewe from one to two years old
gin, if, against
gipsey, a young girl
girn, to grin, to twist the features in rage, agony, &c.
girning, grinning
gizz, a periwig
glaikitt, inattentive, foolish
glaive, a sword
gawky, half-witted, foolish
glaizie, glittering, smooth like a glass
glaund, aimed, snatched
gleck, sharp, ready
gleib, glebe
glen, dale, deep valley
gley, a squint, to squint a-gley, off at a side, wrong
glib-gabbet, that speaks smothly and readily
glint, to peep
glinted, peeped
glintin, peeping
gloamin, the twilight
glowr, to stare, to look, a stare, a look
gowan the flower of the daisy dandelion, &c.
glowred, looked, stared
gowany gowany glens, daisied, dales
gowd, gold
gowff, the game, of Golf; to strike as the bat does the ball at golf
gowff'd, struck
gowk, a cuckoo, a term of contempt
gowl, to howl
grane, or grain, a groan, to groan
grain'd and grunted, groaned and grunted
graining, groaning
graip, a pronged instrument for cleaning stables
graith, accoutrements, furniture, dress, geer
grannie, grandmother
grape, to grope
grapit, groped
grat, wept, shed tears
great intimate, familiar
gree, to agree; to bear the gree, to be victor
gree't, agreed
greet, to shed tears, to weep
greetin, crying, weeping,
grippet, catched, seized
groat, to get the whistle of one's groat, to play a losing game
gronsome, loathsomely, grim
grozet, a gooseberry
grumph, a grunt, to grunt
grumphie, a sow
grun', ground

grunstane, a grindstone
gruntle, the phiz, a grunting noise
grunzie, mouth
gruishie, thick, of thriving growth
GUDE, the SUPREME BEING; good
guid, good
guid-mornin, good morrow
guid-e'en, good evening
guidman, and guidwife, the master and mistress of the house; young guidman, a man newly married
gully, or gullie, a large knife
guidfather, guidmother, father-in-law, and mother-in law
gumlie, muddie
gusty, tasteful

H.

Ha' hall
ha' bible, the great bible that lies in the hall
hae, to have
haen, had, the participle
haet, fient heat, a petty oath of negation; nothing
haffet, the temple, the side of the head
haflins, nearly half, partly
hag, a scar, or gulf, in mosses and moors
haggis, a kind of pudding boiled in the stomach of a cow or sheep
hain, to spare, to save
hain'd spared
hairst, harvest
haivers, nonsense, speaking without thought
hal', an abiding place
hale, whole, tight, healthy
haly, holy
hame, home
hallan, a particular partitionwall in a cottage, or more properly a seat of turf at the outside
Hallowmas, Hallow-eve, the 31st of October
hamely, homely, affable
han', or haun', hand
hap, an outer, garment, mantle, plaid, &c. to wrap, to cover, to hap
happer, a hopper
happing, hopping
hap step an' loup, hop skip and leap
harkit, hearkened
harn, very coarse linen
hash, a fellow that neither knows how to dress nor act with propriety
hastit, hastened
haud, to hold
haughs, low lying, rich lands, valleys
haurl, to drag, to peel
haurlin, peeling
haverel, a half witted person, half witted
havins, good manners, decorum, good sense
hawkie, a cow, properly one with a white face

heapit, heaped
healsome, healthful, wholesome
hearse, hoarse
hear't, hear it
heather, heath
hech! oh! strange
hecht, promised to foretel something that is to be got or given; foretold; the thing foretold
heckle, a board, in which are fixed a number of sharp pins, used in dressing hemp flax, &c.
heeze, to elevate, to raise
herd, to tend flocks, one who tends flocks
herrin, a herring
herry, to plunder; most properly, to plunder birds' nests
herryment, plundering, devestation
hersel, herself: also a herd of cattle, of any sort
het, hot
heugh, a cragg, a coal-pit
hilch, a hobble, to halt
hilchin, halting
himsel, himself
hiney, honey
hing, to hang
hirple, to walk crazily, to creep
hissel, so many cattle as one person can attend
histie, dry, chapt, barren
hitcht, a loop, a knot
hissie, huzzy, a young girl
hoddin, the motion of a sage countryman riding on a cart-horse; humble
hog-score, a kind of distance line, in curling, drawn across the rink
hog-shouther, a kind of horse play, by justling with the shoulder; to justle
hool, outer skin or case, a nutshell, pease-swade
hoolie, slowly, leisurely
hoolie, take leisure, stop
hoord, a hoard; to hoard
hoordit, hoarded
horn, a spoon made of horn
hornie, one of the many names of the devil
host, or hoast, to cough
hostin, coughing
hosts, coughs
hotch'd, turned topsy-turvey blended, mixed
houghmagandie, fornication
houlet, an owl
housie, dimin. of house
hove, to heave, to swell
hov'd, heaved, swelled
howdie, a midwife
howe, hollow, a hollow or dell
howebackit, sunk in the back spoken of a horse, &c.
howff, a landlady, a house of resort
howk, to digg
howkit, digged
howkin, digging

howlet, an owl
hoy, to urge
hoy't, urged
hoyse, a pull upwards
hoyte, to amble crazily
Hughoc. dimin. of Hugh
hurcheon, a hedgehog
hurdies, the loins, the crupper
hushion, cushion

I.

I', in
icker, an ear of corn
ier-oe, a great-gran-child
ilk, or ilka, each, every
ill-willie, ill-natured, malicious, niggardly
ingine, genius, ingenuity
ingle, fire, fire-place
ise, I shall or will
ither, other, one another

J.

Jad, jade; also a familiar term among country folks for a giddy young girl
jauk, to dally, to trifle
jaukin, trifling, dallying,
jaup, a jerk of water; to jerk as agitated water
jaw, coarse raillery, to pour out, to shut, to jerk as water
jillet, a jilt, a giddy girl
jimp, to jump, slender in the waist, handsome
jink, to dodge, to turn a corner, a sudden turning, a corner
jinker, that turns quickly, a gay sprightly girl, a wag
jinkin, dodging
jirk, a jerk,
jocteleg, a kind of knife
jouk, to stoop, to bow the head
jow, to jow, a verb which includes, both the swinging motion, and pealing sound of a large bell
jundie, to justle

K.

Kae, a daw
kail, colewort, a kind of broth
kail runt, the stem of the colewort
kain, fowls, &c. paid as rent by a farmer
kebbuck, a cheese
keek, a peep; to peep
keepit, kept
kelpies, a sort of mischievous spirits, said to haunt fords and ferries at night, especially in storms
ken, to know
kend, or ken't, knew
kenspeckle, well known
kennin, a small matter
ket, a matted, hairy fleece of wool
kiaugh, carking anxiety
kilt, to truss up the clothes
kimmer, a young girl, a gossip
kin, kindred
king's hood, a certain part of the entrails of an ox &c.

kintra cooser, country stallion
kirn, the harvest supper, a churn; to churn
kirsen, to christen
kist, chest, a shop counter
kitchen, any thing that eats with bread; to serve for soup, gravy, &c.
kith, kindred
kittle, to tickle; ticklish; lively
kittlin, a young cat
kiuttlin, cuddling
knaggie, like knags or points of rocks
knappin hammer, a hammer for breaking stones
knowe, a small round hillock
knurl, dwarf
kye, cows
Kyle, a district of Ayrshire
kyte, the belly
kythe, to discover, to show one's self

L

Laddie, dimin. of lad
laggen, the angle between the side and bottom of a wooden dish
laigh, low
lairing, wading, and sinking in snow, mud, &c.
laith, loath
laithfa', bashful, sheepish
lallans, Scottish language
lambie, dimin. of lamb
lampit, a kind of shell-fish
lan', land, estate
lane, lone; my lane, myself
lane, lonely
lang, long; to think lang, to long, to weary
lap, did leap
lapfu', lapful
laughin, laughing
lave, the rest, the others
laverock, the lark
lawfu', lawful
Lawlan, Lowland
lea'e, to leave
leal, loyal, true, faithful
lear, prenounce
lare, learning
lee-long, live-long
lee rig, grassy ridge
leesome, pleasant
leeze me, a phrase of congratulatory endearment
leister, a three pronged dart for striking fish
leugh, did laugh
leuk, a look, to look
libbet, gelded
lift, sky
lightly, sneeringly, tosneer at
lilt, a ballad, a tune, to sing
limp't, limp'd hobbled
limmer, a kept mistress; a strumpet
link, to trip along
linkin, triping
linn, a waterfall
lint, flax
linti' the bell, flax in flower
lintwhite, a linnet
loan, or loanin, the place of milking

livin, living
loof, the palm of the hand
loot, did let
looves plural of loaf
loun, a fellow, a ragamuffin, a woman of easy virtue
loup, jump, leap
lowe, a flame
lowin' flaming
lowrie, abbreviation of Lawrence
lowse, to loose
lows'd, loosed
lug, the ear, a handle
lugget, having a handel
luggie, a small wooden dish with a handle
lum, the chimney
lunch, a large piece of cheese, flesh, &c.
lunt, a column of smoke; to smoke
luntin, smoking
lyart, of a mixed colour, grey

M.

Mae, more
mair, more
maist, most, almost
maistly, mostly
mak, to make
makin' making
mailen, farm,
Mallie, Molly
mang, among
manse, the parsonage-house where the minister lives
manteele, a mantle
mark, marks. (This and several other nouns which in English require an s, to form the plural, are in Scotch, like the words sheeep, deer, the same in both numbers.)
Mar's year, the year 1715
mashlum, meslin, mixed corn
mask, to mash, as malt, &c.
maskin pat, a tea-pot
maukin, a hare
maun, must
mavis, the thrush
maw, to mow
mawin, mowing
meere, a mare
meickle, much
melancholious, mournful
melder, corn, or grain of any kind, sent to the mill to be ground
mell, to meddle. Also a mallet for pounding barley in a stone trough
melvie, to soil with meal
men', to mend
mense, good manners, decorum
menseless, ill-bred, rude, impudent
messin, a small dog
midden, a dunghill
midden-hole, a gutter at the bottom of a dunghill
mim, prim, affectedly meek
min', mind, remembrance
mind't, mind it, resolved, intending
minnie, mother, dam
mirk, mirkest, dark, darkest

misca' to abuse, to call names
misca'd, abused
mislear'd, mischievous, unmannerly
misteuk, mistook
mither, a mother
mixtie-maxtie, confusedly mixed
moistify, to moisten
mony, or monie, many
moop, to nibble as a sheep
moorlan, of or belonging to moors
morn, the next day, to-morrow
mou, the mouth
moudiwort, a mole
mousie, dimin. of mouse
muckle, or mickle, great, big, much
musie, dimin. of muse
muslin-kail, broth, composed simply of water, shelled barley, and greens
mutchkin, an English pint
mysel, myself

N.

Na', no, not, nor
nae, no, not any
naething, or naithing, nothing
naig a horse
nane, none
nappy, ale, to be tipsy
negleckit, neglected
neebor, a neighbour
nenk, nook
nicst, next
nieve, the fist
nievefu', handful
niffer, an exchange; to exchange, to barter
niger, a negro
nine-tailed-cat, a hangman's whip
nit, nut
norland, of or belonging to the north
nor-west, north-west
notic't noticed,
nowte, black cattle

O

O', of
observin, observing
ochels, the name of mountains
O haith, O faith; an oath
ony or onie, any
or, is often used for ere, before
o't, of it
ourie, shivering, drooping
oursel or oursels, ourselves
outler, not housed
owre, over, too
owre-hip, a way of fetching a blow with a hammer over the arm

P

Pack, intimate, familiar; twelve stones of wool
painch, paunch
paitrick, a partridge
pang, to cram
parle, speech
parritch, oatmeal pudding, a well-known Scotch dish

pat, did put, a pot
pattle, or pettle, a plough-staff
paughty, proud, haughty
pauky, or pawkie, cunning, sly
pay't, paid, beat
pech, to fetch the breath short, as in an asthma
pechan, the crop, the stomach
peelin, peeling
pet, a domesticated sheep, &c.
pettle, to cherish; a plough-staff
philibegs, short petticoats worn by the Highlandmen
phraise, fair speeches, flattery, to flatter
phraisin, flattery
pickle, a small quantity
pine, pain, uneasiness
pit, to put
placad, a public proclamation
plack, an old Scotch coin, the third part of a Scotch penny, twelve of which make an English penny
plackless, pennyless, without money
platie, dimin. of plate
plew, or pleugh, a plough
pliskie, a trick
plumpit, did plump
poind, to seize, on cattle, or take the goods, as the laws of Scotland allow for rent
poortith, poverty
pou, to pull
pouk, to pluck
poussie, a hare, a cat
pout, a poult, a chick
pou't, did pull
poothery, like powder
pow, the head, the skull
pownie, a little horse
powther, or pouther, powder
preen, a pin
prent, printing
prie, to taste
pridfu', proud, saucy
prie'd, tasted
prief, proof
prig, to cheapen, to dispute
priggin, cheapening
primsie, demure, precise
propone, to lay down, to propose
provoces, provosts,
pund, pound, pounds
pyle, a pyle o' caff, a single grain of chaff

Q.

Quat, to quit
quak, to quake
quey, a cow from one to two years old

R.

Ragweed, herb ragwort
raible, to rattle nonsense
rair, to roar
raize, to madden, to inflame
ram-feezl'd, fatigued, overspread
ram-stam, thoughtless, forward

raploch, properly a coarse cloth, but used as an adnoun for coarse
rarely, excellently, very well
rash, a rush; rash-buss, a bush of rushes
ratton, a rat,
raucle, rash, stout, fearless
raught, reached
raw, a row
rax, to stretch
ream, cream; to cream
reamin, brimful, frothing
reave, rove
reck, to heed
rede, counsel, to counsel
red-wat-shod, walking in blood over the shoe-tops
red-wud, stark mad
ree, half drunk, fuddled
reek, smoke
reekin, smoking
reekit, smoked, smoky
remead, remedy
requite, requited
rest, to stand restive
restit, stood sestive, stunted withered
restricked, restricted
rew, repent
rief, reef, plenty
rief, randies, sturdy beggars
rig, a ridge
rin, to run, to melt; runnin running
rink, the course of the stones a term in curling on ice
rip, a handful of unthreshed corn
riskit, made a noise like the tearing of roots
rockin, spinning on the rock, or distaff
rood, stands likewise for the plural roods
roon a shed
roose, to praise, to commend
roun', round in the circle of neighbourhood
roupet, hoarse, as with a cold
routhie, plentiful
row, to roll, to wrap
row't, rolled, wrapped
rowte, to low, to bellow
rowth, or routh, plenty
rowtin, lowing
rozet, rosin
rung, a cudgel
runkled, wrinkled
runt, the stem of colewort or cabbage
ruth, a woman's name; the book so called; sorrow

S.

Sae, so
saft, soft
sair, to serve, a sore
sairly, or sairlie, sorely
sair't, served
sang, song
sark, a shirt
sarkit, provided in shirts
saugh, the willow
saul, soul
saumont, sa'mon
saunt, a saint
saut, salt
saw, to sow

sax, six
scaith, to damage, to injure injury
scar, to scar, a scar
scaud, to scald
scauld, to scold
scaur, apt to be scared
scawl, a scold,
scon, a kind of bread
sconner, a loathing, to lothe
scraich, to scream, as a hen, partridge, &c.
screed, to tear, a rent
scrieve, to glide swiftly along
scrievin, gleesomely, swiftly
scrimp, to scant
scrimpet, did scant, scanty
see'd, did see
seizin, seizing
sel, self; a body's sel, one's self alone
sell't, did sell
sen', to send
sen't, I, he, or she sent, or did send, sent it
servan', servant
settlin, settling; to get a settlin, to be frighted into quietness
sets, sets off, goes away
shaird, a shred, a shard
shangan, a stick cleft at one end for putting the tail of a dog, &c. into, by way of mischief, or to frighten him away
shaver, a humourous wag, a barber
shaw, to shew, a small wood in a hollow place
sheen, bright, shining
sheep-shank: to think one's self nae sheep-shank, to be conceited
sherra-moor, sheriff-moor, the famous battle fought in the Rebellion, A. D. 1715
sheugh, a ditch, a trench, a sluice
shiel, a shed
shill, shrill
shog a shock, a push off at one side
shool, a shovel
shoon, shoes
shore, to offer, to threaten
shor'd, offered
shouther, the shoulder
sic, such
sicker, sure, steady
sidelins, sidelong, slanting
siller, silver, money
simmer, summer
sin, a son
sin', since
skaith, see scaith
skellum, a worthless fellow
skelp, to strike, to slap; to walk with a smart tripping step; a smart stroke
skelpi-limmer, a technical term in female scolding
skelpin, stappin, walking
skiegh, or skeigh, proud nice, high mettled
skinklin, a small portion
skirling, shrieking, crying

sawin, sowing
skirl, to shriek, to cry, shrilly
skirl't, shrieked
sklent, slant, to run aslant, to deviate from truth
sklented, ran, or hit, in an oblique direction
skreigh, a scream, to scream
slae, sloe
slade, did slide
slap, a gate, a breach in a fence
slaw, slow
slee, sly; sleest, slyest
sleekit, sleek, sly
sliddery, slippery
slype, to fall over, as a wet furrow from the plough
slypet, fell
sma', small
smeddum, dust, powder, mettle, sense
smiddy, a smithy
smoor, to smother
smoor'd, smothered
smoutie, smutty, obscene, ugly
smytrie, a numerous collection of small individuals
snapper, stumble
snash, abuse, Billingsgate
snaw, snow, to snow
snaw-broo, melted snow
snawie, snowy
sneck, latch of a door
sned, to lop, to cut off
sneeshin, snuff
sneeshin-mill, a snuff-box
snell, bitter, biting
snick-drawing, trick, contriving
snick, the latchet of a door
snool, one whose spirit is broken, with oppressive slavery; to submit tamely; to sneak
snoove, to go smoothly and constantly, to sneak
snowk, to scent, or snuff, as dog, horse, &c.
snowkit, scented, snuffed
sonsie, having sweet engaging looks, lucky, jolly
soom, to swim
sooth, truth, a petty oath
sough, a sigh, a sound dying on the ear
souple, flexible swift
souter, a shoemaker
sowens, a dish made of oatmeal, the seeds of oatmeal sowred, &c. boiled up till they make an agreeable pudding
sowp, a spoonful, a small quantity of any thing liquid
sowth, to try over a tune with a low whistle
sowther, solder, to solder, to cement
spae, to prophesy, to divine
spairge, to dash, to soil, as with mire
spak, did speak
sparin, sparing
spates, swollen streams

spaul, a limb
spaviet, having the spavin
speat, or spate, a sweeping torrent, after rain or thaw
speel, to climb
spence, the country parlour
spier, to ask, to inquire
spier't, inquired
splatter, a splutter, to splutter
spleughan, a tobacco-pouch
splore, a frolic, a noise, riot
sprattle, to scramble
spreckl'd, spotted, speckled
spring, a quick air in music, a Scottish reel
springin, springing
sprit, a tough-rooted plant something like rushes
sprittie, full of sprits
spunk, fire, mettle, wit
spunkie, mettlesome, fiery; will-o'-wisp, or ignis fatuus
squad, a crew, a party
squatter, to flutter in water, as a wild duck, &c.
squattle, to sprawl
squeel, a scream, a screech, to scream
stacher, to stagger
stack, a rick of corn, hay, &c.
staggie, the diminutive of stag
stalwart, strong, stout
stant', to stand; stan't, did stand
stane, a stone
stank, did stink; a pool of standing water
stap, stop
stark, stout
startin, starting
startle, to run as cattle stung by the gadfly
starvin, starving
staumrel, halfwitted
staw, did steal; to surfeit
stech, to cram the belly
stechin, cramming
steek, to shut; a stitch
steer, to molest, to stir,
steeve, firm, compacted
stell, a still
sten, to rear as a horse
sten't, reared
stents, tribute-dues of any kind
stey, steep; steyest, steepest
stibble, stubble; stibble-rig, the reaper, in harvest, who takes the lead
stick an' stow, totally, altogether
stilt, a crutch; to hault, to limp
stimpart, the eight part of a Winchester bushel
stirk, a cow or bullock a year old
stock, a plant of colewort, cabbage, &c.
stockin, stocking
stoor, sounding, hollow, strong and hoarse
stot, an ox
stoup, or stowp, a kind of jug or dish with a handle

stoure, dust, more particularly dust in motion
stowlins, by stealth
stown, stolen
stoyte, stumble
strack, did strike
strae, straw; 'to die a fair-strae death, to die in bed
straik, to stroke
straikit, stroked
strappan, tall and handsome
straught, straight
streek, stretched, to stretch;
streekit, stretched
strewin, strewing
striddle to straddle
stringin, stringing
stroan, to spout, to piss
stroan't, spouted, pissed
strunt, spirituous liquor of any kind; to walk sturdily
studdie, an anvil
stuff, corn, or pulse of any kind
stumpie, dimin. of stump
sturt, trouble; to molest
sturtin, frighted
sucker, sugar
sud, should
sugh, the continued rushing noise of wind and water
suthron, southren, an old name for the English nation
swaird, sward
swall'd, swelled
swank, stately, jolly
swankie, or swanker, strapping young fellow or girl
swap, an exchange, to barter
swarf, swoon
swat, did sweat
swatch, a sample
swats, drink, good ale
sweaten, sweating
sweer, lazy, averse; deadsweer, extremely averse
swoor, swore, did swear
swinge, to beat, to whip
swirl, a curve, an eddying blast, or pool, a knot in wood
swirlie, knaggy, full of knots
swith, get away
swither, to hesitate in choice an irresolute wavering in choice
syne, since, ago, then

T.

Tackets, a kind of nails for driving into the heels of shoes
tae, a toe; three-tae'd; having three prongs
tairge, target
tak, to take; takin, taking
Tamtallan, the name of a mountain
tangle, a sea-weed
tapetless, heedless, foolish
tap, the top
tarrow, to murmer at one's allowance
tarrow't, murmured
[illegible]ry-breeks, a sailor
[illegible]d, or tald

taupie, a foolish thoughtless young person
tauted, or tautie, matted together; spoken of hair or wool
tawie, that allows itself peaceably to be handled; spoken of a horse, cow, &c.
teat, a small quantity
tedding, spreading after the mower
ten-hours-bite, a slight feed to the horses while in the yoke, in the forenoon
tent, a field pulpit, head caution, take head
tentie, heedful, cautious
tentless, heedless
teugh, tough
thack, thatch; thack on rape clothing, necessaries
thae, these
thairms, small guts, fiddle-strings
thankit. thanked
theekit, thatched
thegither, togeiher
themsel, themselves
thick, intimate, familiar
thieveless, cold, dry, spited; spoken of a person's demeanour
thir, these
thirl, to thrill
thirled, thrilled, vibrated
tholes to suffer, to endure
thowe, a thaw, to thaw
thowless, slack, lazy
thrang, throng, a crowd
thrapple, throat, wind-pipe
thraw, to sprain, to twist, to contradict
throwin, twisting, &c.
thrawn, sprained, twisted, contradicted, contradiction
threap, to maintain by dint of assertion
threshin, thrashing
threteen, thirteen
thristle, thistle
through, to go on with, to make out
throuther, pell-mell, confusedly
thud, to make a loud intermittent noise
thumpit, thumped
thysel, thyself
till't, to it
timmer, timber
tine, to lose; tint, lost
tinkler, a tinker
tint the gate, lost the way
tip, a ram
tippence, two-pence
tirl, to make a slight noise, to uncover
tirlin, uncovering
tither, the other
tittle, to whisper
tittlin, whispering
tocher, marriage-portion
tod, a fox
toddle, to totter like the walk of a child
toddlin, tottering
toom, empty
toop, a ram

toun, a hamlet, a farm house
tout' the blast of a horn or trumpet; to blow a horn, &c.
tow, a rope
towmond, a twelvemonth
towzie, rough, shaggy
toy, a very old fashion of female head-dress
toyte, to totter like old age
transmugrify'd, transmigrated, metamorphosed
trashtrie, trash
trews, trowsers
trickie, full of tricks
trig sprouce, neat
trimly, excellently
trottin, trotting
trow, to believe
trowth, truth, a petty oath
tryin, trying
tryfled, appointed; to trifle, to make an oppontment
try't tried
tug, raw hide, of which, in old times, plough traces were frequently made
tulxie, a quarrel; to quartel, to fight
tunefu', tuneful
twa, two
twa-three, a few
twad, it would
'twel, twelve
twalpennie-worth, a small quantity, a penny-worth
twin, to part
tyke, a dog

U

Unco, strange, uncouth, very great, prodigious
uncos, news
uncaring, disregarding
undoin, undoing
unkenn'd, unknown
unskith'd, undamaged, unhurt
unsicker, unsure, unsteady
unweeting, unwotting unknowing
urchin, a hedge-hog
upo', upon

V

Vap'rin, vapouring
vera, very
virl, a ring round a column, &c.

W

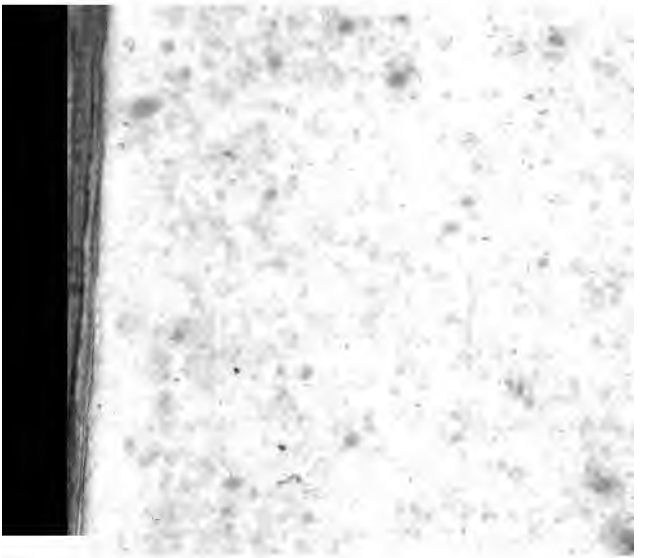
Wa', wall; wa's, walls
wabster, a weaver
wad, would; to bet; a bet, a pledge
wadna, would not
waful, woeful
waesucks! or waes me! alas! O the pity
waft, the woof
waifu', wailing
wair to lay-out, to expend
wal'd, chose, choose
wallie, ample, large, jolly; also an interjection of distress
wame, the belly; wamefou, a bellyful
wanchancie, unluckie

wanerestfu', restless
wark, work
wark-lume, a tool to work with
warlock, a wizzard
warly, worldly, eager on amassing wealth
warran, a warrant,
warst, worst
warstl'd, or warsl'd, wrestled
wastrie, prodigality
wat, wet; I wat, I wot, I know
water-brose, brose made of meal and water without milk, butter, &c.
wattle, a twig, a wand
wauble, to swing, to reel
waught, draught
waukit, thickened as fullers do cloth
waukrife, not apt to sleep
waur, worse, to worst
wean, or weanie a child
wearie, or weary; many a wearie body, many a different person
weason, weasand
wee, little; wee things, little ones; wee bit, a small matter
weel, well; weelfare, welfare
weet, rain, wetness
weird, fate
we'se, we shall
wha, who
whaizle, to wheeze
whalpit, whelped
whang, a leathern string, a piece of cheese, bread, &c. to give the strappado
whare, where; whare'er, wherever
wheep to fly nimbly, to jerk; penny-wheep, small-beer
whase, whose
whatreck, nevertheless
whid, the motion of a hare, running but not frighted, a lie
whidden, running as a hare or coney
whigmeleeries, whims, fancies, crotchets
whingin, crying, complaining, fretting
whirligigums, useless ornaments, trifling, appendages
whissle, a whistle, to whistle
whisht, silence; to hold one's whisht, to be silent
whisk, to sweep, to lash,
whiskit, lashed
whitter, a hearty draught of liquor
whun-stane, a whin-stone
whyles, whiles, sometimes
wick, to strike a stone in an oblique direction, a term in curling
wi', with
wicker, willow (the smaller sort)
wiel, a smal lwhirl-pool
wimple, to meander
win't, winded, as a bottom of yarn

win, to win, to winnow
win', wind; win's, winds
winna, will not
winnock, a window
winsome, hearty, vaunted, gay
wintle, a staggering motion; to stagger, to reel
winze, an oath
wiss, to wish
withoutten, without
wizen'd, hide-bound, dried, shrunk
wonner, a wonder, a contemptuous appellation
wons, dwells
woo', wool
woo, to court, to make love to
woodie, a rope, more properly one made of withs or willows
wooer-bab, the garter knotted below the knee with a couple of loops
wordy, worthy
worset, worsted
wow, an exclamation of pleasure or wonder
wraek, to teaze, to vex
wraith, a spirit, a ghost; an apparation exactly like a living person, whose appearance is said to forebode the person's approaching death
wrang, wrong, to wrong
wreeth, a drifted heap of snow
wud-mad, distracted
wumble, a wimble
wyle, beguile
wylicoat, a flannel vest
wyte, blame, to blame

Y.

Ye; this pronoun is frequently used for thou
yearns, longs much
yea ngs, born in the same year, coevals
year, is used both for singular and plural years
yell, barren, that gives no milk
yerk, to lash, to jerk
yerkit, jerked, lashed
yestreen, yesternight
yett, a gate
yill, ale
yird, earth
yokin, yoking, about
yont, beyond
yowe, a ewe
yowie; dimin. of yowe
yule, Christmas

THE END

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